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THE FAN AND THE SWORD

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

Add but a handle to the moon,
And what a pretty fan it makes!
— SOKAN, 1465-1554

WHEN I was a boy in corduroys and a broad collar, tucked away in the drawer of a Boule cabinet adorning our chill front parlor was a Japanese print which colored all my waking imagination. It was the year 1880 which marked my professional soldiering, and Corporal Trim was not more straitly engaged in tactical problems than I. My eighth birthday had been glorified by an army of tin soldiers right from Paris in the likeness of the Day beside the Pyramids. There were the Pyramids in all their eternity, the Sphinx itself, and the palm trees standing firm on flat tin stands; there was a battalion of French heroes; bashi-bazouks and turbaned Turks curvetted about on dappled horses, and there, majestic on his camel, was the First Consul, recalling to his men that forty centuries contemplated their deeds. This was my world, and I had thought the whole drama of war complete when a Japa-

nese print shattered my ideal of what a warrior should be.

It was the portrait of a Daimyo. What its value as a work of art, I do not know, but as a portrayal of ferocity it was unmatched. Neither Blake's Tiger nor Dirk Hatteraick himself could surpass the impression it left upon my mind of the passion of a will to have its way. How was I to know that the figure was short and squat, as Japanese armor shows it must have been? The warrior looked gigantic in his harness of blue and gold. The visor up revealed the menacing brow corrugated with anger. The glaring eyes turned inward till they crossed. The nose was a hawk's beak, the mouth a venomous slit. The razored scalp wore a blue stain. On his thigh was a two-handed sword, passed sacredly down from some remote ancestor, and his right hand reached for the hilt. I did not know then, but might have guessed, that had that blade been drawn two

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inches from the scabbard it could not, by the code, be sheathed again until its work was done. Such is the ritual. Once the final gesture is made, there is no turning back. The warrior's mien breathed fire, pestilence, and death, but in his left hand was — a fan.

Now in those days a fan was to me the consummation of the 'sissy' world. Such a feminine adornment was a thing to laugh at, but there was nothing laughable about this bearer of it. Instinctively I understood that there was something symbolic here; but only after fifty years have I come to realize that the whole paradox of Japan was printed on that brilliant and compelling sheet.

The Sword and the Fan! Majesty, dominion, power, the illusion of force, the delusion of destiny — this is the meaning of the sword. The arts of living, beauty, friendship, manners — all that civilization has struggled for, all that it has won, finds expression in the fan.

II

To the Japanese the fan is not the trivial plaything it means to us. To them it is in its essence a symbol of authority — not the domination of a drawing-room, but a jurisdiction compelling civil obedience and social order. Originally, as the archæologues will tell you, the fan was a sceptre, shaped more or less like a mighty paper-cutter. Why it is that some manual symbol of power has always been thought essential you must ask Sir James Frazer or some other scholar who has gone blinking through the half-light before the dawn of history, but all of us know by instinct that a fairy cannot turn pumpkins into coaches without a wand, and that a grenadier without a baton in his knapsack never becomes a Marshal of France. Certain it is that between power and the sceptre which expresses it there is the closest relation, and in

Japan some early genius saw the possibility of enclosing within the sceptre the folds of a fan. To the Japanese, *sujehiro* — the folding fan — always suggests the expanding future and so proclaims the promise of good fortune. How consummate the invention which both invests the ruler with authority and keeps him cool in the exercise of it!

The impassivity of the Japanese is proverbial, and to one observer their power of perfect quiet seems the necessary prelude to their power of action. Of the language of gesture they are wholly ignorant. A foreigner may talk his way from Lombardy to the Abruzzi by gesticulation. By gesture he can ask his road to any French post office or find a Tyrolean path to the nearest inn, but in Japan gesture will not guide you to the first crossroad. Before the unspoken word a Japanese is helpless, and, with every wish in the world to assist the stranger, the simplest and most natural inquiry by head or hand falls, I was about to say, on deaf eyes.

Upon this gestureless people the fan confers a certain convenient supplement to speech. Nobody well brought up, West or East, would point with the finger in public, and it goes without saying that it is boorish to stick your forefinger at a shrine or any sacred place, but by historic custom a Japanese may use a fan to designate anything he wishes to draw attention to. Even the Lord Buddha, sitting for a thousand years on his golden lotus, *thinks* it no shame to be pointed at by a fan; and the preacher sitting cross-legged on his chair beside the altar makes 'the impassable way' quite plain to his rapt congregation, squatting comfortably before him, with the silent and convincing emphasis of his fan.

It is at the theatre that the fan comes into its complete inheritance. Watch the great Kikugoro, sixth of an illustrious line, give the final touch to

the grace and delicacy of his Spring Dance by the fluttering of a fan. I say 'the final touch,' but in truth the fan is the soul and spirit of his whole performance. It was my fortune to be introduced to him behind the scenes. The custom of the Japanese theatre is to put on one play immediately after another, and an eight-hour performance is none too long to satisfy the playgoer to whom here, as elsewhere, time is an incident completely to be disregarded. Kikugoro had just dominated a tremendous scene, dying as a daimyo should at the end of it, and my impression of him was that of a man of Herculean build, masculine as the Bull of Bashan. In his greenroom (it is anything but green in Japan) he stood before a long mirror, and as I peered over his shoulder, before my incredulous eyes the burly warrior shrank to a dancing maiden. Oh, that Ovid had seen him! Pan and Syrinx would have given place to a greater Metamorphosis. Pulling a drawstring encircling his face, what had been square before visibly became oval. The rampant eyebrows grew demure, the wide mouth narrowed, the eyes took on a seductive glance, the waist contracted, the lips were transformed to ripe cherries. Then his fan opened: the hero was a maiden, and when he danced a Mohammedan would have left his houris alone in Paradise.

III

When the fan first came to Japan you must ask the scholars, who will dispute much and give no answer, but certain it is that toward the close of the fifth century the cruel Emperor Yuryaku ordered his servants to make him a silk hat and a *sashih*, or round fan with a long handle. So this wicked man who robbed his faithful Taka of a lovely wife, even as the Lord's Servant David stole the wife of Uriah, blessed

his people through the centuries, bequeathing to them the symbol of civilization, courtesy, and manners. For in Japan manners, far from being the smooth and easy lip service we Westerners like to think them by way of justifying our own curter and rougher ways and our heritage of 'downright candor,' are the woof and the warp of the national character.

The critical traveler who gives a fortnight to Japan on his way home from the Orient might be led to juster conclusions by a little further study. The truth is that from the earliest times Japanese manners have been not only the subject of systematic instruction but the intense preoccupation of statesmen. In the *Jushichi Kempo*, or Constitution of the year 604, promulgated by the celebrated prince reformer and saint, Shotoku Taishi, are clauses which would have appealed to many of our forefathers and which one American wishes had been incorporated into our own Constitution.

'Ministers and functionaries should make decorous behavior their guiding principle, for decorous behavior is the main factor in governing the people. If superiors do not behave with decorum, inferiors are disorderly. If inferiors are wanting in proper behavior, offenses are inevitable. When the people behave with propriety the government of the state proceeds of itself.'

Had this been democratic doctrine, one thinks with regret of the long line of satisfactory impeachments to which our legislators would have been subjected during one hundred and fifty years of American political freedom and social license.

Another clause from this remarkable Constitution is worth quoting:—

'Let us cease from wrath and refrain from angry looks. Nor let us be resentful when others differ from us. For all men have hearts and each heart has

its own leanings. Their right is our wrong, and our right is their wrong. We are not sages, nor they unquestionable fools. Both of us are simply ordinary men.'

These precepts both people and rulers stored in their hearts. From them sprang the Tea Ceremony, which is, in its infinite decorum, a sort of condensed object lesson in the beautiful arts of quiet and of manners. I say 'condensed,' though the space of five hours and more required for its complete performance suggests a more spacious adjective to the Western mind. Like the fan, the Tea Ceremony symbolizes not yeasty and vaporous ideas, but practical and precise rules of living. In the seventeenth century — marked in Japan, much as it was in England, by civil wars — a triumvirate of men of genius springing from the people gave permanence to their reforms by curbing the emotional instability of their countrymen through prescribed rituals of manners and ceremonies, both political and social.

How odd and instructive it is to find a Cromwell of a man like Hideyoshi, coarse-fibred and violent, civilizing himself and learning to rule others under the guidance of a Tea Master. Go to his Teahouse, long since transported from his unscalable Momeyama — the Peach Hill to which his castle gave legendary fame, and where the illustrious Emperor Meiji now rests under his mighty tumulus of stone. You will find it now in the Court of the Nishi Hongwan-ji, — the rich and beautiful temple forever associated with the worship of Shinran-Shonin, whom seventeen millions of Japanese yet call blessed, — still protected by a pond, though not the lake which originally encompassed it. In his occasional hours of rest Hideyoshi found it comfortable to be safe. In his island pleasure house, with a boat moored alongside and four swordsmen

hidden under the stair to guard him from attack, the Ruler of Japan took his steaming bath in comfort, and, after contemplating the portraits of the thirty-six poets which adorned his walls, would repair to his tiny tearoom, eight mats square, where through the narrowest of apertures, such as we should call a cellar window, his greatest chieftains, one by one, would, doffing their helmets, crawl in backward, thus teaching themselves humility before squatting at their master's side. There, face to face with the Tea Master, they would follow his sure and ordered movements through the long ritual of a communion of friendship and loyalty.

So it is to-day. Through all the primary grades of school, manners, an essential branch of morals, are inculcated by daily instruction. I have been curious enough to run through the Englished syllabus of half a dozen of these books. They are purely official in their compilation, and seem to be written by some perennial Miss Edgeworth employed by the Japanese Government, for every page glistens with its moral and every maxim is illustrated by some simple tale embodying lessons of virtue, chivalry, and courtesy. For five years at the least these books are studied and their maxims engraved upon young minds. The whole didactic system has about it a faint aroma of Queen Victoria's virtuous days, rather inhibiting to initiative; but what struck me as illuminating was the constant iteration of the virtues of politeness. 'Do not laugh at foreigners, however odd they may seem to you,' the child is counseled; 'they may have something to teach you.' And again, 'Always be kind to strangers. If you see one who has lost his way, make haste to help him. Good children never fail in their politeness to visitors.'

It is astonishing how this training sticks. In moments of perplexity

everybody in the vicinity wants to help the wayfarer. That the people so seldom can understand you or you them is your misfortune and not their fault. The other day I was seeking a particular address, armed as always with a map and a card written in Japanese, but since streets have no names (and, if they had, one could n't read them) maps are a snare and a delusion. In three minutes I was uncertain, in six puzzled, and in ten quite lost. Seeing an intelligent-looking man in a chemist's shop, I took off my hat and showed my card. Instantly he rose, bowed, and started off, I in his wake. Up this street he turned, down that. Five minutes passed, ten, twenty, still he walked on, and must have traversed a full mile before reaching my address. Then he bowed, this time twice in return to my salutation, and set off briskly on his return journey. I only wish his grade teacher of twenty years before had witnessed so signal a proof of the enduring efficacy of his teaching.

But if the Japanese is instructed in courtesy, he is also self-taught. Two gentlemen meet and bow and bow and bow. To an observer there is something faintly comic in this elaborate ornament of a chance conversation. But the Japanese recognizes the practical advantage of it. During the leisurely progress of the courtesies each establishes in his own mind the precise social status of the other, and in feudal fashion recognizes it by being the first — or the last — to cease his salutations, and further so orders his thoughts that he can proceed with his interview free from any chance irritation or preoccupation with other matters. Had I not this on high authority, I should hardly credit it.

No discussion of Japanese manners should omit a remarkable fact I have not seen in the books. Since to show emotion is to feel it, and to give vent to perturbation is to augment it, the

Japanese never rouses himself or insults another by an oath. Expletives, except among the lowest classes, are simply unknown. Self-control is the basis of Japanese strength, and every Japanese knows it.

IV

While discussing one day with a Japanese gentleman the real hallmarks of civilization, he remarked: 'I think the planting of trees is a manifestation of it.' Now amongst the Japanese the planting of trees is not second nature, but nature itself. In the spring it seems to be the main business of the inhabitants. The roads are blocked with Birnam Wood upon the move. Nowhere in the world do trees pass so lively an existence. They are rooted, uprooted, re-rooted, plucked of every superfluous leaf, manicured, barbered, and wrapped in straw, twisted and turned in any required direction. A famous pine at Miajima, trained by monkish skill, has been dwarfed at some sixteen or eighteen feet, but the branch to which it owes its celebrity runs by my measurement full sixty feet along the pathway. In the parks the willows, loveliest and most fairylike among trees, are supported in every direction by bamboo crutches, which, like the shrouded figures in charge of the properties on the Japanese stage, are simply to be ignored by the beholder.

The Japanese are native brothers to all things that grow; there is no doubt about the relationship. They love and understand them as no other people. No tree that shades or ornaments a garden but is pruned and thinned. Not a withered spine is left on the fir; the leaves of the maple are plucked of their abundance, and the clusters which remain stand out against the sky like galaxies of stars. The love of the people is not for the fruits, but

for the flowers. One remembers Ruskin's despairing rhetoric when he asks whether the time will ever come when Englishmen will learn to prefer the blossoms to the fruit.

If the cherry is the intoxication of a Japanese and the maple his delight, the pine is his most enduring friend. The convoluted roots of an ancient pine charm his imagination. The bold trunk promises him security and long life. The pine and the rock — these for him are the enduring things, and he celebrates them endlessly on his screens and in his verse, while in his gardens and beside his temples they are his companions and his protectors, strong bonds between him and the eternal.

Perhaps there is no line in English that will express to the Japanese mind the consummation of earthly things more perfectly than Wordsworth's

Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

V

The planting of trees may be a capricious test of civilization. Let us take a measure that all will acknowledge — the character of the women it produces. Of a young Japanese on the threshold of marriage, to whom I had given much information concerning the Western world, I asked in return what it is that makes the perfect life. And he made answer: —

An American house
A French cook — and
A Japanese wife.

I am not sure whether large possibilities of this world's happiness may not be measured by the formula. Of Japanese women our conceptions are still colored by Madame Butterfly and her sister Madame Chrysanthème. But to anyone privileged to enter a Japanese household such a picture seems fantastic. True it is that 'a

servant does not tread in the shadow of his master, nor a woman in the shadow of her lord.' But the two paces which part a man from his wife when he walks abroad do not impair the intimate confidence between them. Nor does the total absence of any display of intimacy — kissing and its Western concomitants are absolutely unknown in Japan — have any other effect, I think, than to strengthen the domestic relationship. Privacy in Japan is absolute and unquestioned. The frail shoji and the paper screen give more effective seclusion to matters which concern the family alone than all our bolted oak and soundproof plaster.

Since the basis of Japanese society is the family, marriage takes on the nature of an alliance rather than individual relationship. A girl with whom I had been thrown into circumstances of some intimacy talked with me of the problem of her marriage. She had been educated in America, spoke English fluently, and had an excellent position in which she could employ her unquestioned capacities. Yet she saw clearly that at twenty-eight the time was soon coming when she would wish of her own choice to barter her independence for a master — and children.

'And what sort of man must you have?' I asked. 'He must,' she answered, 'be mannerly and entirely respectable,' which has a comic sound in our ears, but carries with it the Japanese philosophy of husbands. They must in family conclave be adjudged wholly worthy of respect, for without respect authority is a sham. And then my confidante went on to say that, although she had had unusual opportunities for education, she realized that a family without a head is an anomalous thing, and the bicephalous arrangement prevalent in America was to her unthinkable. She would, however, be entitled to her own kingdom. The children should be hers till they went to

school, their characters already formed. The house would be her domain. A house without furniture and with never a guest, or very seldom, scarcely seems to an American girl a full opportunity for a career. But with flower arrangement, embroidery, and a standard of perfection in cleanliness and order, it fills a woman's days, and not unseldom in these times her husband takes her to a restaurant and occasionally to the supreme dissipation of the theatre.

In Japan, one must remember, children are a woman's life to an extent we hardly know. Not only is the Japanese birth rate infinitely higher than our own, but, except in the uppermost classes, a woman and her child are never parted. Its cradle is the mother's back. Perched in place of her obi, bound in endless convolutions of scarfs, a baby begins its public life at three months or less. One would suppose that a woman washing her husband's shirts in the brook would find it convenient to lay her baby down. But no, the little oscillating head goes bobbing from one shoulder to the other at every scrub. In the department stores the bright beady eyes of the baby are forever peering and prying over the rim of the maternal shoulder, and at the theatre an infant's coos and cries are considered a legitimate part of the performance.

The life of a Japanese woman is not quite so empty as one would think.

Then there is dress. My friend Edward Bok, whose mind was a microcosm of infinite femininity, used to make it a part of his editorial discipline to listen to the chatter of women on the seat in front, and two conversations out of three, he maintained, invariably dealt with dress. In America feminine modes filter from Paris through Palm Beach, Atlantic City, and Fifth Avenue to all points west. They are neither native nor natural, and it is difficult for

a man to comprehend their importance till he journeys to Japan. There and there only is the ultimate justification of fashion, for there are ladies dressed as a young man's divinity should be costumed for eternity. It may well be that it is for woman's eye rather than man's that their graceful kimonos are embroidered with wistaria, plum, cherry, pear, or maple against the rippling background of pale grays and greens, blues and yellows. But be that as it may, the Queen of Sheba was not more glorious without. If a man's eyes, with no undue insistence, can catch a transient picture of a Japanese lady as she passes the background of a golden screen, her enchanting costume, with its obi, a culminating radiance of light and color, that night he will know the iridescence of a dream.

Wherein does the charm of woman dwell? I have traveled through the world, and my opinion is that man's perfect tribute to woman is to her who listens well. If this be true, what is the meed of praise for a Japanese lady as she sits still as Galatea before Pygmalion, her small and comely hands lying in her lap, her dark eyes on the speaker's lips, paying to him her compliment of a sweet and silent smile?

VI

Take off your shoes before you step on the polished boards. Push back the shoji and look within the room. It is smooth-carpeted with mats of fresh and fragrant straw, all of one size, but matching perfectly the room's dimensions. Of furniture there is none, except perhaps a table raised a bare six inches from the floor, with four cushions about it. The walls are of rice paper, covering a delicate lattice of soft white wood, and at the further end a recess with a shelf or *takemono*, the single ornament of the apartment. Here stands the arrangement of flowers on which the

housewife has spent hours of labor. Here is a single bronze, choice and small, and above it a *kakemono* changed according to the seasons and the predilections of the master. That is absolutely all.

In such a room the covetousness of life dies away. A multitude of possessions cannot enrich it. Envy and desire pause at the threshold. A man has what is needful — nothing more. Fire or earthquake can rob him of little. Here a man's house takes its color from his thoughts, his dreams, and his deeds. His mind is stored with the precepts of Tenkai: —

The more one gets,
The more one wants.
Blessed he, unfilled,
And yet content.

This is the Empire of the Fan.

VII

The Japanese are the most instinctive people in the world. I am told that the German philosophies are a favorite study of the undergraduates at the Imperial Universities, but I cannot believe that those billowy ideas, yeasty and sterile as the waves of the sea, will become endemic there. The people are too primitive, their thought too derivative from the early inheritance of the race. They borrow, but they borrow to transform. The vast Oriental tide from China which seemed to engulf the country in the sixth and seventh centuries is paralleled by the Western flood of the Meiji era, which has been continued to recent times. But, visibly now, that inundation is being stayed, and gradually transmuted, as was the earlier invasion, into something of which a native Japanese can say, 'This is mine own.'

Individual thought in the Western sense is difficult for these people. A single Japanese is apt to be incompetent, and not till a little group gathers

does competence succeed. This multiplying of individual inefficiencies into superlative efficiency is a miracle, explain it how you will. Perhaps the family which thinks as a unit under the directing head is the key to the riddle, but certain it is that only the lonely captains of the race who have led their people through the Valley of Decision can sustain the bitter weight of thought.

For ratiocination the crowd has no liking. They distrust the question to which there is no answer. It is the raveling philosophies of the Chinese which have brought their country to its futile present; and the ceaseless iteration in the West of why, whither, whence, the endless answers of each generation as endlessly refuted in the next, seem to the Japanese a waste of energy when there is an empire to be built. Rather they prefer to rely on the unformulated wisdom which seeps through the generations, leaving its anonymous and precious silt. The Japanese are a hive of bees, and Virgil's simile of the building of Carthage admirably describes them, toiling together for a toilless ruler, scouring the flowered fields for the honey that will support the tribe and thinking nothing of fulfilling their destiny by dying in defense of the precious distillation which it is their duty to protect.

This primitive instinct is, I think, the reason for their acceptance of the naturalness of all things. Death is merely a beat in the slow rhythm of eternity. Rocks and stones, the enduring things, are fellow travelers in the timeless journey of the race. They have personality like the trees, and in every garden the stones which give it character are known and called by individual names. An inscription in verse or prose often bears this witness. 'The rock bathed in the beams of the crescent moon' is a name one often meets; and in the garden of the Silver

Pavilion at Kyoto, hard by a miniature Fuji of sand so compacted that it has stood white and perfect for three hundred years, is a sentinel rock with a legend to mark it: 'At the foot of the mountain where we await the rising of the moon, destined soon, alas, to set'; and the shadow of the hill beyond already darkening the pool reminds the visitor how many a lover of gardens has waited there for his brief tryst with Diana.

Trees, streams, rocks, and pools for the common folk still have their Kami — the 'over' people. The Japanese have no word for God save the imported one; but the Kami, who never had reason to fly like Pan from the sight of the Christian Cross, knowing well that the Western Deity will never take their people captive, still dwell on every mountaintop and in the heart of every ancient tree. They are a friendly race, these Kami, and will not frighten children, but their dignity as immortals constrains respect; and if, for instance, you live in view of some mountain peak, it is well to pile a few stones before your house as a sort of recognition that the mountain spirit is not far from your thoughts.

These Kami are not gods in the familiar sense; every good Japanese becomes a Kami when he dies. So vivid is this realization of the tie between those who were and those who are, it does not occur to a Japanese that he lives on the very borderland of the supernatural. A man's ancestors are quite as much a part of his world as his wife or children. If the youthful Hojo or Takeda does well at school, his parents remark that Uncle Togotomi will be gratified, though Uncle Togotomi has been part of his country's dust these twenty years.

Every man is entitled to his immortality, but those Kami who on earth have proved their worth maintain immortally their eminence. Time and

legend lend their weight, and of course the Kami connected with imperial tradition are still imperially great. Not infrequently the Emperor invests with some posthumous honor the spirits of the mighty dead, much as Catholics beatify their saints. And it was not out of the common when last autumn the General commanding the manoeuvres in Manchukuo invited the foreign attachés to pay their respects, after due purgation by the priests, at the shrine of Ninigo-no-Mikoto, who brought down the sacred sword from Heaven and gave Japan her first symbol of power.

Everywhere signs of ancient fetishes abound. Stroll into the Asakusa quarter of Tokyo and, save for the jacket and trousers of an occasional workman, you will find a population almost untouched by the West. At the Shrine of the Fox you will see a constant procession of worshipers; families off for a picnic in the park (it is astonishing, in a country where holidays are few, how multitudinous each morning are the holiday crowds) pass the Sentinel Foxes that guard the shrine, and bow their heads before a power they know not quite what; shoppers with their bundles, geishas, their polished hair fashioned with fantastic artifice and bright with spangles, clap their hands in ancient ceremonial, and, bending their self-conscious little heads, disclose the angular tracing at the back of the neck, sign manual of their profession.

Whether one believes or not, everybody likes to have these comforting little foxes somewhere in the vicinity, and in the department stores shrines gay with gilding are dedicated to them, for they bring luck as certain as the rabbit's foot to the Negro or a horseshoe to the rest of us.

Only over a people who preserve the ancient simplicities could the tradition of the Fan so long hold sway.

VIII

The day after to-morrow and the day before yesterday keep step in Japan. In the most modern life curious survivals crop up at every turn. The common folk do not care to move from a house which faces one way to a home that faces another. People like to marry when the stars promise harmony. Seldom are the auguries neglected, and the astrologers do a rushing business with all classes of society. The oracles are never silent.

Yet, in considering these things with that sense of superiority which is so comforting to the Western mind, it is salutary to recall the ghostly writing and spirit rappings, the astral photographs, trances, séances, mediums, table tipping, the paraphernalia of spiritism and the vagaries of our sectarian beliefs. Theosophy, animism, Bahaism — all the way down to voodooism. Is it possible that we children of the Light are contaminated by superstitions quite as gross as those we find so quaintly amusing in our Oriental friends? It was Ben Franklin, I think, who reminded us that all are people walking in a fog. 'Just see,' we say to ourselves, 'those poor folk over there, fair blinded by the mist. How fortunate are we to be able to see just a little.'

The truth is that all of us, West and East alike, are struggling out of the jungles of our ancestors. The light is fitful and uncertain, the road unmarked. Here and there an individual stumbles a few paces ahead, but over us all the black shadows still press down.

It is this primitive character of the Japanese people which makes their relations with God's creatures so natural and charming. Kim would have lived tolerantly among them. Who ever saw a Japanese cruel to his horse or his bullock or his children? Theirs is not the happiness of having grown up with dogs, for matted floors

and paper walls are outrageous to canine nature; but watch how trustfully wild animals approach them. Perhaps it is from their power of quiet that the boundaries between them and the wild creatures are less formalized than in the Western world.

At Beppu, on the Inland Sea, I was told that each month in the dark of the moon the Bandar-log folk troop down from Monkey Mountain to the shore where the hot springs pour comfortably into the sea, and sitting up to their noses in the warm water, chattering undisturbed by the bathers, rid themselves deliciously of their fleas. Still pleasanter it is to think of the turtles swimming up the Japan Stream from the tropics and finding at this same Beppu a little local paradise of steam-heated water. Occasionally they entangle themselves in the fisherman's nets, — and turtles are good eating, — but tradition rules among the people, and the fisherman, saying, 'How these fellows enjoy themselves,' gives them a little nip of sake that their joy may be full and slips them over the side to make sure that happiness grows not less in the world.

I have spoken at random and most imperfectly of many characteristics of a happy and unique civilization of which the Fan is the satisfying symbol. How fortunate that a land of infinite loveliness should belong to a people fitted beyond all nations of the earth to understand and to enjoy it — a gay people, though not a humorous one, for humor has its mordant and malignant side; a kindly people, hospitable to strangers; a people of unyielding standards and strong beliefs, a people to whom Duty is the First and Great Commandment.

But there is a symbol still older than the Fan, thrown heavily in the balance against it. It is the symbol of the Sword. If my readers have patience to listen, I shall speak of that next month.

MR. PENNYFEATHER ON YACHTING

BY DONALD MOFFAT

I

THE tail end of a light southwest breeze, hardly strong enough to fill the sails, pushed us lazily along to our evening anchorage. The tide, its flood nearly spent, filled the brimming basin of the cove ahead of us, and gave us soothing promise that if the wind would continue to serve for another half hour we should be able to fetch the cove and anchor decently, without shouting and heaving, and — even more important from my friend Pennyfeather's point of view — without having to start the auxiliary motor. He does n't like motors, and motors know it and obey him promptly — in downright fear of the consequences, I've sometimes thought. His mildest epithet for them is 'stinkpot,' and his strongest are clad in rich purple and gold.

The setting sun turned the shore line into a bright tapestry of vivid green and black, outlining each candled twig of spruce and fir in living emerald: the armies of the coast of Maine, the patient, stubborn trees, marching eternally forward to dip their gnarled feet in the rock-bound sea. Behind us, to the south, the low blanket of fog — muffled, silent, mysterious — through which we had sailed all day moved stealthily into the wind which had blown us hither. Against its cotton-whiteness the sharp mainsail and gleaming hull of a tall racing cutter, just emerged from its folds and overhauling us rap-

idly in the light air, showed whiter still, as if cut out of paper.

Mr. Pennyfeather emerged from the cabin, a saucepan of unshelled peas in his hand, his head wreathed in smoke from the wood fire he had just kindled in the galley, and took his customary seat on the deck against the port rail, his back to the sun, peace and contentment in every line of his relaxed body. The boat, a small ketch, is his; I, his guest on board, was also his, though I might have been co-owner for all he did to make me feel subordinate. I asked him what made the fog travel upwind the way it did; he said, in a lazy voice that was almost a whisper, that he did n't know: something to do with the tide, was n't it? We let it go at that. My lack of scientific curiosity is equaled only by his own. Moreover, when Pennyfeather does n't know, he never tries to pretend he does. I have never heard him manufacture a half-baked or merely plausible explanation for an unfamiliar fact simply to be polite, or because he's ashamed of not knowing the answer, or for any of the other common reasons. One has the impression only that he does n't know — and does n't mind not knowing.

He looked solid, contented, lazy, sitting there with his broad back propped against the rail, placidly shelling peas. The day had suited him. We had n't had to hurry. A leisurely beat

out through the Thoroughfare, the satisfaction (despite the fog) of picking up all the marks on the nose as we reached across the ledge-studded bay; and now the prospect of a decently conducted ending, with a fire in the galley and a good supper to be cooked and eaten at our leisure. The big white sloop was catching us fast, slipping along at a rate that would get her in while we were still off the little round island at the cove's mouth.

'Trim that mainsail a hair, Pennyfeather,' I suggested. 'See if we can't beat her in.' The main sheet was belayed at his elbow.

He took his pipe from his mouth and squinted down the funnel of smoke expelled from pursed lips, and otherwise moved no muscle.

'Why?' he muttered, after a pause that lasted so long I thought he had n't heard me. 'What for?'

The mainsail was hanging almost slack, hardly pulling an ounce. I considered the question. 'I don't know. Why not? To see if we could, that's all.'

Pennyfeather wagged his head. 'If you want to go about beating boats —' He stopped, as if the effort of completing his thought were too much for him. 'You belong in Marblehead; plenty racing there. Why do you want to beat her in?'

'I suppose I want to get the best I can out of her,' I replied, 'and —'

'Of course,' he interrupted with more animation. 'Naturally. But you don't need another boat for that. Use your imagination. People who always want to beat someone else are people without imagination. There's that boat, here's this one. You see her overhauling us, and your first thought is to beat her. Why? It's childish. Why beat any boat, anywhere? We have nothing in common with that cutter except that we're both headed in the same direction. Yet that accidental and wholly

irrelevant fact is enough to make you want to stir up your emotions by making a competition of it. Blasphemous! Are you capable of feeling the essence of the moment? This moment? Yes. You are. That's why you're on board. I don't take everyone cruising. Yet you speak of beating that boat.' He smiled at me. 'Very careless of you,' he said, flinging a handful of peas overboard and carefully placing the pods in the saucepan.

'Careless!' I pointed a finger at the pods.

'Oh yes, a human failing, I know.' He got to his feet. 'The important thing is feeding the stove.' He went below, taking the shelled peas with him. I heard the rattle of coal, the clank of iron, and presently the wood-perfumed smoke from the stovepipe turned acrid and stank. Pennyfeather's head came up the hatch, and he stayed there, his elbows resting on the top step.

The cutter had caught us. Now she was almost abeam, to windward. I could see the blue-uniformed sailing master at the wheel, two white-clad sailors on the foredeck, busy with the spinnaker. Behind a canvas screen amidships I observed four passengers, young people by their looks: two men, two girls, smartly turned out in 'yachting costumes,' playing cards at a table, too absorbed to glance at the lovely composition of sea and shore and sun round them, or even at the tubby little ketch wallowing slowly along — already behind them, so swiftly did the cutter glide by.

Pennyfeather turned his head to follow the vision as long as it remained in his sight. Then he closed his eyes and sighed gently. 'There are folks,' he observed, 'who never ought to be allowed near salt water. Do you know who said that?' I shook my head. 'Conrad,' he said, and disappeared down the hatch.

The cutter had anchored, her sails

were furled and covered, and her launch was riding to its boom by the time we drifted in past her, to an anchorage near the north end of the cove, and farther away from the landing float pertaining to a large white summer cottage on the eastern point. We had only just way enough to turn into the wind. I went forward and dropped the headsails, let go the anchor. When she started to settle back I gave her more scope, then went aft and dropped the mizzen, and furled and stopped it, waiting in laziness for Pennyfeather to come on deck and give me a hand with the heavy main.

The sun was cut in half by the purple hills of the back country by the time I'd finished. The wind had wholly died; yet between us and the vividly green shore — artificially green, like a lawn under a searchlight — the silver surface of the water seemed to flow like a rippling river current, stationary though I knew it to be. I leaned against the shrouds, watching, sniffing the sharp, clean scent of salt and fir, mesmerized by the clear light and its clear beauty. And as I gazed the sun sank, the sea turned steel-black, and the shore to dull olive and gray, dead, like the ashes of an old fire. Three gulls swung slowly by, low over the water, cruel eyes alert, yellow feet tucked up against snowy tail feathers, headed for some chilly ledge along the shore. The syrupy electric voice of a radio sounded from the cutter, a shrill laugh, and a catcall. I shivered, suddenly chilly, and called to Pennyfeather to give me a hand on the main.

The cork buoys of a herring net wound like a snake from shore to shore across the surface of the cove. As we furled the mainsail, the four young people of the cutter got into the launch held by a waiting sailor, and started for the landing float. The seine was obviously in their course — but that did n't faze them. We heard and saw

it all: the launch slowing up, stopping; one of the men complaining loudly that the so-and-so fishermen had no right to block the cove; the other calling out with a laugh, 'Wait a minute, Harry! I'll fix 'em!' Then we saw him pick up a bight of the net, cut it with a knife, throw the ends aside, and the launch continue on its course.

I have seldom seen Pennyfeather so angry. When he had simmered down enough to speak, he did so, and it was a treat to hear. It did him good; for finally he laughed, ruefully. 'No,' he said, 'the fishermen had no right to net off the cove. But would n't you think those muckers would show a little decency? Yachters! If anything ever turns me bright red, it's a thing like that. Set the riding light. Let's get supper.'

II

Mr. Pennyfeather is a pretty good cook. I say 'pretty good' because, although he likes cooking, and brings to it the necessary care and patience, his dishes sometimes turn out to be something less than masterpieces. His attitude toward the art is hopeful, and a little apologetic; he approaches the stove with a certain humility. Yet he seldom makes excuses for his failures, as well he might, considering that the stove draws feebly when the vessel is on the starboard tack, and like a blast furnace on the port; and that the coal, picked up here and there along the coast by the bagful, may vary in consistency between slate and powder. Such a state is not conducive to well-regulated cookery.

To-night, he said, we'd better have the stew warmed up, green peas, corn bread, and rhubarb for dessert. This pleased me, because stew always improves on the second go, and his corn bread (over which he exhibits a positively bride-like anxiety) is nothing

short of elegant — sometimes. Deep furrows scar the Pennyfeather brow as soon as the pan goes into the oven, and stay there through the series of furtive glances by which he checks its state of health during its brief imprisonment. I tell him he must n't open the oven so often, that corn bread does n't like Peeping Toms. He says he knows that, and can't help it; but behind his helplessness, we both know, is the sad fact that he fully trusts neither the chemistry of heat nor his own hand for cooking.

His last moments at the stove before serving are anxious and a little frantic: he's never quite sure of his timing. Thus he looks like a xylophone artist playing 'Kitten on the Keys,' with his last-minute stirrings and dippings and pepper-and-saltings. To-night, however, the results were good. The stew was thick, the peas sweet and tender, and the corn bread, as he drew it steaming from the oven and placed it on the table, a crisp golden-brown. The furrows vanished from his brow and reappeared on each side of a broad smile of triumph. 'Hot dog!' said Mr. Pennyfeather. 'Let's eat!'

We sat late in the cabin, — hunger satisfied, minds and bodies fatigued but not tired, skin burning with the sting of the sun fog, — and enjoyed the peace that comes only with the seclusion of a longshore cruise. Pennyfeather had put out the rum and water after we'd washed the dishes, and lit his pipe, and now lay stretched out on the starboard bunk. The little cabin felt very warm and snug; bright where the overhead lamp shone down on the table, dimly shadowed elsewhere. Now and then, as the cutter's launch passed on its frequent trips to and from the shore, the boat rocked gently, with a slap of rigging and a faint groaning of blocks, and a whispered curse from Pennyfeather: the eaglets were gathering on board the cutter. From my po-

sition, leaning back against the forward end of my bunk, too contented to speak, and conscious of the delicious drowsiness of the rum creeping up through my head, I could see one great cold star blazing down through the open hatch.

Pennyfeather is a good man to cruise with. He does his share of the work with smooth competence, and lets you alone to do yours in your own fashion. He has the rare ability to watch a man doing a job in an inefficient manner without giving way to the impulse to correct him. He does n't talk too much — by which I mean he does n't talk without provocation. He likes conversation, of course; but his feeling for the appropriateness of sympathetic silence is instinctive. He does n't gabble, or tell anecdotes merely because he thinks you may not have heard them; he seldom hums, or whistles, or fidgets. He never lets confusion get the upper hand. Only once have I heard him raise his voice in alarm, and on that occasion his sudden shout to the man at the wheel saved the boat from certain collision with another vessel groping blind, like ourselves, through a foggy night offshore. He hates to be hurried. Frenzied seamanship, like sloppy seamanship, annoys him.

He himself is a wholly competent seaman. He has what might be called the professional point of view, in so far as the professional point of view can be transmuted into that of the amateur. Cruising suits his temperament: the isolation; the dependence on self; the challenge, never offered twice on the same terms, to get the best he can out of his boat — which he properly regards as a tool whose effective use depends on his own care, forethought, knowledge, resourcefulness, and judgment. He likes the way of life, with its constant necessary work in a sane environment, and the sense it gives of being master, even on make-believe

terms, of his own destiny. He knows that his welfare depends on his own efforts alone, knows that a man in a boat may never relax and say to himself, 'Now I am safe'; and he confirms it by quoting Conrad's assertion that 'a seaman laboring under an undue sense of security becomes at once worth hardly half his salt.'

Pennyfeather demands this security less for his own sake than for that of his vessel; he insists on it, and prepares for it, because it is one of the attributes of good seamanship to be always prepared for an emergency and to know how to meet it when it arrives. Everything works in a boat of Pennyfeather's, even the loathed motor. He carries the usual aids to navigation: charts, tide tables, Coast Pilot, barometer, chronometer, lead and line, patent log and foghorn, and so forth; but, unlike many men I have cruised with, he can put his hand on them at need, and he knows he'll find them in working order. He's gone on rocks plenty of times — but always, so to speak, with his eyes open, in the course of exploring out-of-the-way creeks and coves, which he likes to do. He has never yet gone on by mistake, any more than on purpose. He ships a motor as he does a fire extinguisher, the one for convenience, the other for emergency; but he uses his motor only for the purpose of bucking a head tide, clearing a crowded anchorage or a lee shore, or, for comfort's sake, getting into an easeful anchorage on a rough night. Of course, given a motor, he says, a man would be a fool not to use it when necessary or convenient.

On this particular evening he could n't seem to get the cutter out of his head, and it led us to talk about the different types of cruising men we knew. 'I really don't know why they go to sea, people like that,' he said. 'Maybe because owning a yacht feeds their vanity or gives them a standing with their

friends. There's a lot of 'em like that. They generally buy their boat off the shelf and let the paid crew handle her, while they play cards, just as they do at home. Maybe they enjoy the illusion of going places — though of course they don't go places, really, for all they get out of it. One anchorage is as good as another. If they had telephones they'd be perfectly happy; and they'll have them, too, before long. Keep in touch with the market, call people up for a cocktail, make a fourth at bridge. In fact they try to make sea life resemble shore life as closely as possible, even to traveling under power instead of sail most of the time.

'You know Guy Ritter? Now he's one of the romantic tribe. A good sailor, too. But he loves to quote sea poetry, and beat his chest and let the wind whistle through his hair, and "go where the wind listeth," which is silly. A good seaman uses the wind and sea to the best of his ability to get where he wants to go. Guy takes a sort of fatalistic delight in making his boat a football for the elements. He's never so happy as when he's put himself in actual danger, all on account of his incorrigible romanticism. He's making believe, all the time: pretending he's a clipper-ship master, when he knows full well that the captains of those vessels — the finest seamen in the finest ships the sea has ever known — took risks only when risks successfully taken meant better profits. Romantic self-deception, like Guy's, is not one of the attributes of good seamanship. He's a fool for speed, too; takes pride in keeping the lee rail under even when the boat would sail better if eased. Men seem to carry their temperaments to sea with them.'

'They do,' I agreed. 'I once spent three days with a crowd whose idea of cruising was to visit every golf course on the coast of Maine. We ate out of

tin cans and off paper plates. The cabin was a welter of golf clubs and gin bottles. It was bad. Fun, too, in its way. But —'

'All temperament, I know,' Pennyfeather interrupted. 'I never did trust the kind of story in which a man's nature is transformed by the sea — purified or brutalized. Nothing changes men's *natures*, from birth to death. Did you ever cruise with Palmer Royce? He's another type. He lays down an iron-clad schedule before he starts, and sticks to it come hell or high water: so many miles each day, such-and-such a cove each night, get up early or stay out late to make it good. If he runs behind schedule he gets nervous and gives everyone else on board the fidgets too. He only breaks it when he thinks he can make a record day's run and so get ahead of it, — why do people want to break records? — and then, no matter how good the wind or how well the boat is doing, he's all for shifting canvas, starting the motor, thinking up trick rigs and setting sail on the bowsprit or the Charlie Noble or the lee rail — anywhere! One day he made us all lie flat on the foredeck for an hour, on a reach, to see if the trim would help her speed. Damn nuisance. I told him so, too, when we got in. He was simply astonished!'

Pennyfeather was well warmed up. I tilted the rum. 'Thanks, just a drop,' he said. 'Yes, there are all kinds. Slobs like this crowd in the cutter — I bet that paid crew have a hell of a time of it! And the opposite variety, so afraid of their crews that they never leave the mooring for fear of wetting their brasses or spoiling their paint. When one of that kind does go out he navigates his vessel like an ocean liner, never moving off the direct line between buoys, never at ease unless he knows he's got forty fathom of water under his keel. Tim Barr's like that: I was with him once. He was be-

low working out courses; I had the wheel, and was making a leg inshore to fetch a buoy on the next hitch. I got in a mite close — bold shore, plenty of water; I knew it like my own bathtub. He came on deck, and looked, and — you know, he screamed, literally screamed! It was awful.' Pennyfeather shook his head and laughed.

'Reminds me of the two kids I met at Castine last summer,' I said. 'They lay next to us, in a little sloop with grass on her bottom a yard long. We'd watched them coming in, at high water, sailing right over a flock of ledges. We asked 'em aboard. Well, it seems they'd sailed clear from Plymouth with nothing but the back of a railroad timetable for a chart. They wanted to know what all the red and black sticks in the water were for. Spar buoys, we told them. They said, "Oh." We gave them spare charts, and showed them how to use a parallel rule, and I don't believe they had any fun the rest of the trip, they were that scared, seeing what they'd come through. Shove the water over. Thanks.'

III

We discussed the racing crowd, too. Pennyfeather does n't care for organized racing himself, though he has respect for those who do — or for some of them — and readily admits that there's no better way to learn boat handling. 'But the real trouble with racing,' he said, 'is its effect on certain individuals. Racing seems to render some men unworthy of their own boats. They are n't so much interested in racing — or even in sailing — as they are in winning. Competition is bad for some natures. I know men — so do you — who never look at their boats, never even sail in them, except to race. The paid hands prepare the boat, tune it, mother it, serve it. The owner steps on board in time to get out to the start-

ing line; after the race he tosses the reins to the groom and forgets his boat till it's time to race again. He treats his lovely and faithful creature as he would a tennis racket. Such a man is unworthy of his boat; and such a man, incidentally, wins fewer races than his more devoted competitor — except perhaps for the most important leg of all: the race to the Committee boat, after crossing the finish line, to lodge his protests.'

Mr. Pennyfeather reached up to the shelf behind his bunk and brought down his familiar blue-covered copy of *The Mirror of the Sea*. He turned at once to the place he wanted. 'Listen: "I would say that the yacht-racing skipper who thought of nothing but the glory of winning would never attain to any eminence of reputation. The genuine masters of their craft have thought of nothing but of doing their very best by the vessels under their charge. To forget oneself, to surrender all personal feeling in the service of that fine art, is the only way for a seaman to the faithful discharge of his trust."

'And that is my only objection to yacht racing as a sport — or, as Conrad calls it, as a fine art: the thing it does to so many of the participants. Unless they are men of firm character, the competitive element dissolves their sense of proportion, and often, eventually, destroys their human integrity as well. For rules in yacht racing are not regulations indicating practices to be avoided. They have come rather to be thought of in the light of aids, rewarding the man who is more clever than his opponent in interpreting and taking advantage of their ambiguities. To an upright man of simple honor the slickness required for successful racing is obviously despicable. Rules are not restraints applicable to all contestants alike, but handicaps which have the effect of penalizing not only the lazy,

the sloppy, and the less shrewd, but also the men of greater natural simplicity and generosity. I understand that in the big races certain owners go so far as to ship a special rule-book expert with the afterguard, a sea lawyer whose function it is to advise the master as to how far he may go in shaving the rules. And at the post-race hearings before the Committee — which appear to be an accepted corollary to all the big races — this fellow also acts as an expert witness for the defense. The Committee members are thus forced into the rôle of nautical G-men, to be outwitted if possible, and subsequently blamed for failure to get their man. Boats are debased by shenanigans like that, or would be if they were susceptible of corruption. As it is, only their masters are debased, which is perhaps of minor importance.

'Listen to this, now.' He turned to *The Mirror* again. 'You know the way Conrad continually emphasizes the friendliness of ships, as he keeps harping on the unworthiness of men, and the enmity of the sea? Every line he wrote proclaimed the beauty, the fidelity, of that most beautiful and faithful creation of man — the sailing vessel. Here it is: "Of all the living creatures upon sea or land, it is ships alone that cannot be taken in by barren pretenses, that will not put up with bad art from their masters."

'And that's quite true, you know, just as true as what he says about the sea's eternal bitterness. Nobody honestly loves the sea — it's not capable of awakening love. The seashore, yes; swimming, rowing, sailing, and the other pastimes connected with water — not forgetting the universal temptation to write about it in juicy verse or prose. But the sea itself, never! Anybody who sails long enough comes to regard the sea as a sly, mighty, and never-to-be-trusted enemy, feared as a brave man fears any worthy foe: with

respect, and with confidence in his own ability, aided by his ship, to withstand its relentless, treacherous assault.'

IV

Pennyfeather closed the book and lay back in his bunk, his expression solemn. It is not often that he lets himself go, and I wondered what had caused it this time. The rum? No. Rum and Conrad? Well, perhaps — following his earlier and quickly conquered rage at our neighbors. Rum does liberate thought, as it also releases the ego from its self-conscious fetters. (Therefore rum is to be praised.) But in this case the net cutting had set the key of his sombre mood, and the rum had merely performed its usual office of intensifying a temper otherwise evoked. Mr. Pennyfeather never gets drunk by accident, any more than he runs on rocks by accident. When he does, on occasion, get drunk, he does so unafraid and deliberately, in the belief (whether well or ill founded I know not) that the exaltation of drink has a mysterious cleansing quality, easing the strain on a spirit perturbed by the pricks and goads of existence. Not that he was in the least drunk on this occasion; but his spirit and his tongue were both somewhat liberated, and this I welcomed.

He had apparently done with yacht racing for the evening. He lay back, eyes half closed, the fact that he was still awake indicated only by the slow contraction of his lips as he pulled at his pipe. I picked up *The Mirror of the Sea* and turned to the essay entitled 'Emblems of Hope,' in which Conrad speaks of the function and meaning of anchors, and in which also he says his say about those who misuse nautical language. 'Your journalist,' he wrote, 'whether he takes charge of a ship or a fleet, almost invariably "casts" his

anchor. Now, an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech.' As I read, I had a mental image of a sort of nautical cowboy standing on the foredeck of a ship and whirling an anchor round his head like a lasso before casting it out on the water.

And I thought too of the type of sea chronicle which is invariably written with a lumbering waggishness, as if there were something intrinsically comic in, say, the figure of an elderly mariner, to whom the reporter, in the course of his dissertation on matters unfamiliar to him, always refers as 'Cap'n.' Now, nobody has ever said 'cap'n' for 'captain'; the *t* is always faintly sounded; and if the word is used colloquially it should be so written: 'capt'n.' Another common irritant, much used by show-offs, is to write such words as 'gunwale, forecastle, tackle, sheave,' as they are generally pronounced: 'gunnel, fo'c'sle, taikle, shiv.' The scribes are usually fifty per cent lucky with the points of the compass: they are likely to use 'nor'west' and 'sou'west' correctly, and then make the mistake, as they go east, of employing the same system, when everyone qualified to use such colloquialisms knows that 'no'theast' and 's'utheast' (with the *th* hard in both cases) are the common pronunciations.

Many a time have Pennyfeather and I together deplored such sloppiness, and grieved that even so careful a writer as Kipling should go wrong, as he occasionally does in *Captains Courageous*. As Pennyfeather says, everything on board a ship has its own proper name; a spade is a spade, and is used — or was — for cutting blubber. The vocabulary of the sea is the result of generations of use; it is precise, workmanlike, and unambiguous to the

initiated. In addition to the purely technical terms, there are hundreds of simple English words in the dictionary which have one meaning on shore and another at sea, — words like 'trim, heel, sheet, warp, hand, bend, trip, stem, pin, port,' to name a few, — any of which may betray the writing lubber, and make him guilty of 'a crime against perfected speech.'

V

Pennyfeather presently came partly to life, as I was reflecting on these matters, and asked me if I'd ever thought about the number of yachts and yacht clubs there were in the land of the free. I said no, I had n't. He replied that he, on the contrary, had; and had furthermore looked into the question and was in a position to give me the facts if I wanted them, or not if I did n't. I told him that I did n't care one way or the other, and that I'd certainly forget them at once in any case, as I forgot most facts and all figures. All I knew was that sometimes there seemed to be too much of everything in the world, including yachts, and everyone seemed to think that if his town had more of a thing than the next, it was therefore a better town. And this I questioned.

He sat up. 'I'm going to tell you, anyhow. *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts* lists about 5700 vessels by name in United States, Canadian, and adjacent waters. There are presumably the same number of owners, more or less. There are some 650 yacht clubs, including a good many which have no right to the name — canoe, power-boat, and outboard racing associations, for example.'

'What of it?' I said.

'This,' he replied. 'More than half of these 5700 yachts are owned and sailed in the most crowded and difficult sailing grounds in the country — that is, the small area between New York

and the Canadian border: the area of most fog, strongest tides and currents, most numerous ledges and sand bars, and winds as strong and variable as anywhere in the middle latitudes. There must be some connection other than the obvious one that here also are found harbors and shelters in great number. About 2200 yachts are registered in the districts adjacent to Long Island Sound: New York, Long Island, Connecticut, Rhode Island. Nearly a thousand more are owned north of Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. (Of course there are hundreds of little power-craft and sailboats which are n't even registered.) The remaining 2500-odd hail from the West Coast, the Gulf, the inland lakes and rivers, Canada, and the Atlantic coast south of New York — I should say *west* of New York: I once heard an old Maine lobsterman speak of a Florida hurricane as a "bad storm to the west'rd."

'The clubs are proportionately distributed; and they include some honeys, too, — you know, the old-fashioned verandah type, built round a barroom, a couple of ancient catboats, and a fleet of queer-looking power-craft, a cross between a houseboat and a boathouse, and used for Sunday-afternoon drowning parties. They include dozens of children's racing clubs, and of course the big ones, like the Eastern and the New York. Also the Cruising Club of America, whose members are undoubtedly the most competent amateur seamen in the country, — they can't become members till they've proved it, — and also, in their point of view toward the sport, the most civilized.

'Strange how quickly shipping has disappeared from the coast of Maine. To-day the sea is nearly empty except for those who use it for their pleasure: for making believe in a nursery — an old and dangerous nursery, it is true, full of traps and perils for the unwary,

but now a place for make-believe, nevertheless. Most of us feel a certain sadness over this change. We like to recall the old days of sail, when every little port from Boston to Eastport had its shipyard; when every town turned its face to the sea and lived simply in proud self-sufficiency on its commerce with the whole wide world; when the coastwise traffic in goods and passengers was carried not by the turnpikes but by the sea thoroughfares.' Penny-feather took another book from the shelf behind him, and turned to the back. 'In this book —'

'What is it?' I asked.

'It's called *Sailing Days on the Old Penobscot*,' he answered. 'By George S. Wasson and Lincoln Colcord. Wasson died only a few years ago — a great old man. He was a painter, till his eyes began to fail. It was then he took up writing — or so I've been told. He wrote *Home from the Sea*, and *Captain Simeon's Store*, and *The Green Shay*. All out of print now, but still the most authentic Maine stories ever written, though old-fashioned in some respects. He wrote this *Sailing Days* before it should be too late, and Lincoln Colcord compiled the appendix, from old customhouse and other records: a list of some 2500 vessels — pinks, sloops, schooners, barks, brigs, ships — built during the last century in twenty-five Penobscot Bay towns. He says that the roster is far from complete, at that. And this area was not by any means New England's most noted shipbuilding district. Look at some of these names: *Rippling Wave*, *Seaman's Bride*, *Starlight*, *Rose in Bloom*, *Sparkling Sea*. Nice, eh? Most of them were named after men and women — some queer ones, too. Imagine calling a ship *Sam*, or *John*; and here's the *Jew*, a brig, one hundred and eighty-seven feet over all, built in Brewer, in 1822. And how about *Dr. Kane*, and *Wealthy Pendleton*, and *Reverend Salvation John*

Murray, a Deer Isle pink built in 1840?

'Here are some others I marked — queerer than the names they give to race horses, some of them: *Improvement*, *Experiment*, *Syntax*, *Deposit*, *Rail Road*, *Dime*, *Temperance*, *Maine Law*, *Science*. And here's one called *Thinks-I-To-Myself*, a schooner burned by the British at Castine, in 1814.

'But romance has n't gone from the sea. It could n't: it was never on the sea, but only in men's hearts, which change little enough through the ages. True, maritime Maine's chief commodity — summer folks — is considerably less savory than the India goods, China silks and tea, the ivory and peacocks of the old days; and true also that the substitution of steam and gasoline for wind as a motive power has taken from seafaring its fine quality of art — it is less a matter of love, as Conrad says. To-day the sea carries yachtsmen, and the working boats and few remaining coasters carry what they and the summer people need: coal, wood, oil, gasoline. A few battered little steamers, locally owned, still ply between the mainland and the outer islands, and they are almost the last vestige of the fleets of sail and steam packets that used to connect every little town on the coast of Maine with every other.

'It's a miracle, in a way, that the down-Easters have retained their pride of character as they have, considering the extent to which they have been forced into dependence on summer people for a living. Yet their Yankee reserve, their uncommunicativeness, their self-reliance, even their stiff, gruff, ungracious manner, have survived with little deterioration — as an outward sign, perhaps, that their inward independence is merely lying fallow, waiting for better times. Another thing they have never lost is their deep and inarticulate affection for their way of

life, and for the severe beauty of their stubborn coast. A man I know, who worked as boatman for some summer people, and who after years of service lost his job when they lost their money, took his fix not only philosophically but with a certain grim humor. He admitted he was having a hard time to make both ends meet; "but," he said, "long's the tide comes in twice a day I guess we don't need to starve." Of course he has his vegetable garden and his fruit trees, same as all the natives. They put things up for the winter. The depression has been just as hard on them as on everyone else. But you don't hear them yelling about it so much. And the best of them have found that in their natures which resents outside patronage: they'd rather be pinched than obliged. The character is still there, though cash is lacking, and economic opportunity, for the moment anyway, seems to be restricted to the summer trade.

'People who live by the sea set their lives by its pulse. And the tide is regular. It breeds patience; it never changes. As long as this is so, the down-East character, in its fundamentals, will be a thing to count on. I'd a lot rather depend on any one of them than on these rich stiffes in the cutter, so help me!'

Mr. Pennyfeather laughed, and stood up. He drew a glass of water and unhooked his toothbrush from the rack by the cabin steps. 'Guess it's about time to turn in,' he said, and went on deck to brush his teeth. When he came down again he was smiling to himself, a little sheepishly, I thought.

'What's up?' I asked.

He rubbed his eyes, and yawned. 'I had a strong impulse on deck just now,' he said, 'to slip over in the dinghy and cut the cable on that cutter — see how they like it, eh? But of course a boat that size would anchor to a chain, damn 'em!'

A CONSERVATIVE SPEAKS

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I SPEAK as a Conservative. In my youth I ran the gamut of revolutionary movements. Anarchist, pacifist, I. W. W. sympathizer, I have sought this path and that to a better, a more commodious life, not only for myself, but for all men.

In Russia, I witnessed the mass struggle of millions. I saw them try to move from pre-capitalism to Communism at one step. In China, I lived through the agonizing torture of man as he sought to free himself from the barbarities of feudalism — glamorous and luxurious for those on top, retching misery for those at the bottom. In Europe, I felt the pangs of instability and insecurity.

Therefore I speak as a Conservative. Let no man think of me as a Tory, as a Bourbon, as a heartless marauder in a predatory world. For I have nothing to defend — not even chains to lose. Like so many who have written for a living, I have nothing of the goods of this world but what I earn and consume to-day. And I can earn that and consume that no matter which cause I favor, for such is the way of my work.

Therefore I plead no personal cause. My tax bill will be not much higher or lower whichever way we go. The household servants I employ will be as few one way as the other and their loss would not seriously affect my personal life. All the property I own is an old farm which can sustain me on a low but comfortable standard of living one way

or the other. Not a single personal interest — that is, not a single materialist consideration — moves me to hold or express my opinion.

If my current views associate me with similarly-minded individuals who may be capitalists, manufacturers, merchants, other views would associate me with equally if not more interesting individuals. And if there is a monetary reward for defending my point of view I have long known that colleagues who defend other and opposite points of view are as well or even better paid. My income-tax statement, I am sure, cannot compare with that of such an opponent of Conservatism as Mr. Heywood Broun.

I go into these personalities to clear the decks. I want to say what I have to say without any consideration of praise or disdain. I want to project some ideas without having my presentation suffer from that personal equation which is whatever I am.

I

In terms of goods, poverty has been most general in non-capitalistic countries. For the immediate objective of capitalism is that standards of living shall ever be on the rise. More particularly, capitalism seeks that the purchasing capacity of a constantly increasing number of purchasers shall ever be on the rise.

Mass production, modern merchan-

dising, advertising, the creation of new commodities, the popularization of old ones, have but one objective — namely, increased usage, increased consumption. And in pursuance of this single objective it has become altogether clear, beyond the barest shadow of a doubt, that not the expensiveness of a commodity but its cheapness makes it of greater value to its producer. The less it costs to buy an article, the more readily that article comes within the purchasing power of an increasingly large number of people.

The classical example is the motor-car. Ford makes more money selling \$500 cars than anyone makes selling \$10,000 cars. This is so obvious that anybody understands the rule who understands anything at all. But we need not limit ourselves to motorcars.

Oranges were once luxuries. Beef was a luxury and very expensive — that is to say, even hamburger was beyond the daily purchasing power of workers. Students of food consumption note the popular shift from a large consumption of starchy foods, such as oatmeal, white bread, and potatoes, to protein foods, like beef, eggs, and green vegetables. It is the cheapening of the price of the latter, in ratio to wages earned, that has increased the number of those to whom they are available.

Take such an item as fruit — always a great luxury to city dwellers. Fruit in many forms, as juices, cocktails, or salads, in tins and jars, fresh and preserved, for the table or at a soda fountain, has been made available to millions who in my childhood knew only sour apples and black bananas.

Women's clothes indicate most remarkably the workings of this theory. For to-day a woman can purchase within any price range better styles, more durable cloths, sturdier dyes, and more alluring patterns for very much less money than ever before. The

mechanization of textile production, introduction of rayon and acetates, competitive improvements in undergarments, stimulation of the use of cosmetics, deodorants, hair removers, nail beautifiers, soaps and creams and whatnot, have served to give to the working woman the 'tone' which formerly belonged only to those who regarded themselves as ultra-exclusive.

In every human activity, every walk of life, this rule is constantly in evidence. To repeat the rule: in the capitalist system the objective of production is to bring prices down so that more people come within the price range of a commodity.

This, then, is the only economic system in which it is possible to give practical application to the moral dictum of the greatest good for the greatest number without utilizing political disturbance as a means to that end. In this alone, if in nothing else, capitalism justifies itself.

It is evident from this statement of the situation that in capitalistic production it is essential for wealth, in the sense of purchasing power, to be widely diffused. Thus, contrary to Marxian theory, in the United States the ownership of wealth is more widely diffused than in any other country on earth.

Opponents of the capitalist system suffer a confusion between actual ownership of wealth and control of the agencies of production and distribution. For instance, it may be said for the sake of argument that control of the management of the United States Steel Corporation rests with J. P. Morgan and Company. But it is evident that the ownership of the wealth produced by this corporation is divided between about 200,000 investors and 200,000 employees. Both groups, up to 1929, found that the amount of wealth which they took out of this corporation steadily increased, and the indications are that, except as exorbitant taxes

may intervene, the investor and the employee will continue to draw increasingly from this wealth-creating and wealth-diffusing agency.

In a country where more than one hundred billion dollars is invested in homes and farms, where one hundred and twenty billion dollars is in savings bank deposits and insurance policies, where the curve of wages is — over a period, say, of half a century — steadily moving upwards, it is evident that the diffusion of wealth is constant. No greater proof of that need be adduced than the volume of business done by chain and department stores even in a year like 1933 — usually referred to as a depression year. The volume of business amounted to \$25,037,225,000, or \$208.64 for every man, woman, and child in the country. Such trade is impossible unless the diffusion of wealth is widespread.

Here, however, we face a difficulty. In this constant shift of population from one economic bracket to another, a residue of unshiftable people appears. These marginal human beings lag behind, and their economic status is often pitiful. In the rural regions they are termed hillbillies and share-croppers, and in the cities they dwell in slums.

The capitalist system has within itself no adequate solution for the welfare of these marginal peoples. They often represent a psychological as well as an economic deficiency. Frequently they are hostages to a changing mechanization of production. Sometimes they represent a geographical shift of an economic centre with which they could not catch up, as, for instance, when a greater use is found for oil than for bituminous coal and miners get stuck in a profitless coal region.

These unfortunates often contrast with another and numerically smaller marginal group, the excessively rich. In the United States this group consists of a few individuals, principally

women who inherit wealth which they themselves do not employ with any social usefulness. Their personal conduct is often so distressing as to bring shame upon the original producers of the wealth. For instance, the investment of a huge inherited fortune in tax-exempt government bonds is an outrageous withdrawal of wealth from productivity.

Both these groups bear unfortunate witness to the imperfections of the capitalist system. But numerically the two groups are small as compared with the total population which benefits from widespread diffusion of wealth and the enlarged availability of an increasing number of desirable commodities. The marginal poor should become the object of state aid, that they might be educated, trained, or re-oriented to fit into the wage and price scales current for the whole population. The marginal rich should be taxed equably so that their wealth might be made available for productivity. For dead wealth — and nontaxable government bonds are dead wealth — serves no one beneficially.

Three specific characteristics mark the operations of the capitalist system at its best: —

(1) A higher return to the investor than he can receive from economic passivity, as when he invests in government bonds for security only.

(2) Wages so scientifically just that the purchasing power of the worker constantly increases.

(3) An adequate return to the farmer so that manufactured goods and the benefits of urban living are more generally available to him.

These three characteristics are normal in the United States.

II

The relationship between democracy and capitalism is not an inherent one,

but this is a self-evident truth: democracy continues to flourish in countries where capitalism is most developed; it declines and disappears in those countries where the capitalist system is underdeveloped or does not exist.

The capitalist system is most perfectly developed in the United States, Great Britain, France, the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Switzerland, and Czechoslovakia. These are, in exact parallel, the most democratic countries in the world. (I could include certain South American parallels which would bear out the conclusion.) France, where the capitalist system has been forced to undergo the test of the war, inflation, depression, and the fear of future wars, witnesses at the moment a simultaneous attack on both capitalism and democracy.

In Communist, Fascist, and pre-capitalist countries, democracy does not exist. In such a land as Japan, where there is a confusion between capitalism and feudalism, there is also a confusion between democracy and military plutocracy. China differs from India only in this, that, whereas in India democracy does not even appear, in China its development is abortive because of the shift from an emerging capitalism to new projections of colonization on China's soil.

We return, then, to the phenomenon of the simultaneous growth and recession of capitalism and democracy in specific areas.

To those for whom political liberty as enunciated, for instance, in the Constitution of the United States has no significance, the preservation of democracy is futile. But the current view of the world forces the overwhelming conviction that for the individual man there can be no will, no personality, no character, almost no value in life, unless he enjoys that liberty.

It may be true, as opponents of capitalism will argue, that man cannot

live by money incentive alone, and that in both Communist and Fascist countries men serve the state for no reward save the moral satisfactions which come from social service. That may or may not be true. Soviet Russia's admission of the theory of differentiated wages, Stakhanovism, the use of technical experts rather than ideologically correct party workers in management, and other evidences, force the conclusion that Russia's experience is much the same as ours — namely, that men work best when their rewards include a greater purchasing power than their neighbors achieve with less notable work. In a word, in both countries it is not only a case of living up to the Joneses, but also of getting more than the Joneses.

If, then, social consciousness does not provide ample stimulation for productivity, why should the individual sacrifice his liberties for a cause which in the end brings him back to capitalism, under which he could enjoy his liberties? What motive should impel me lightly to trade away my rights under the Constitution of the United States?

It is at this point that the individual must choose for himself between a tried human experience and an asserted philosophic idealism. Admitting certain specific weaknesses and imperfections in the capitalist system, I yet retain political and social liberties under democratic institutions which are invaluable to me as a human being. If I sacrifice those liberties, will mankind be rid of the weaknesses and imperfections of our economic order? Do I envisage such results in Soviet Russia, Germany, Italy, Japan? Why should I assume that potentially their systems will restore human liberty when it is evident that the very persistence of these systems depends upon the destruction of human liberty? Stalin may authorize his people to

smile or to use cosmetics, but there can be no liberty unless we can do either or neither without his interference.

Democracy, even in the well developed capitalist countries, is beginning to suffer from the expanding power of government. The Chief Justice of England, Lord Hewart of Bury, wrote a remarkable treatise, *The New Despotism*, against such expansion. We limit it here through the Supreme Court. Only in the United States is specific provision made in the organic law and in the machinery of government to limit the expanding power of government. Yet, when we analyze the provisions in our Constitution, we discover that many of them which in operation safeguard human personal rights were originally designed to safeguard property rights. In the American system, human rights and property rights are identical in theory and practice.

The interrelation between liberty and capitalism causes one to pause before any major revision of the capitalist system; for we have to measure the value of each reform by its possible effect upon democratic government and upon human liberty.

The question poses itself in this manner. Human beings can learn to live under any form of government. The Germans have lived under the dramatic semi-democracy of the Kaiser and under the sclerotic despotism of Hitler. The Russians built a subway in Moscow without utilizing the financial or engineering mechanism of capitalism. In China, during a twenty-year period of political and social revolution, when no one economic system applied to the entire country, remarkable progress was made in banking, manufacturing, communications, and every field of economic endeavor.

What, then, makes one system superior to another? Two factors, I think. One is the rising standard of living,

the greater availability of useful and pleasant commodities and services; the other is human liberty.

Liberty is no God-given benefit to man. No Moses, no Solon, handed it down. Every evidence of human liberty is the product of an endless, vigilant struggle between the individual man and government. Whether it is trial by jury or freedom of the press, or the right to a writ of habeas corpus, each manifestation of liberty marks a successful struggle — and each right can be destroyed unless man is willing to struggle to maintain his rights to liberty.

Shall I, then, not judge the value of an economic system by its relationship to human liberty? And shall I not accept the evidence of history and the experience of the race? When I shall see the human liberty in Soviet Russia, in Italy, in Germany, in China, that I see in the United States and Great Britain, then, and only then, shall I feel justified in revising my view of the value of the capitalist system. Until then I am morally bound to conserve capitalism because I seek to conserve democracy.

III

The capitalist system is by no means perfect. It is an evolving, changing, flexible process of production and distribution. Like every dynamic human experience, it contains within itself the germs of its own destruction, and against the spread of these germs we who seek to conserve the benefits of the system must be eternally vigilant. These evils may be summarized as follows: —

(1) The principal weakness of capitalism is a tendency to monopoly. Large-scale production, the control of capital by banking groups, government price-fixing as under the NRA, control of operations during wars, the nationalistic stabilization of essential indus-

tries, are but a few of the causes which may result in monopoly.

There are instances when monopolies represent the most efficient and socially beneficial structure for the production and distribution of goods, and these instances are often cited to prove a rule.

The error, however, lies in this: the capitalistic-democratic system can only maintain itself by the elimination of decadent energy and the generation of new, vital energy. Thus, in the more highly developed capitalistic countries, new initiative, new capacity, comes to the top in every change from one commodity type to another. For instance, no wagon-trust monopoly could prevent the rise of the automobile; no ice trust could destroy electrical refrigeration; no theatrical trust could impede radio; no banking group interested in cereals could limit the consumption of citrus fruits.

Monopolies tend to rigidities in the production of goods: take what we give you, for there is nothing else. Competition forces ingenuity and inventiveness to curry the favor of the consumer. Without competition the capitalistic system breaks down in its every phase. Nevertheless, those that have achieved the top seek to hold it, and will permit themselves the momentary luxury of seeking to do business by monopolistic rather than by competitive processes. It is a short-sighted error. Sooner or later a brilliant competitor will rise to destroy the monopoly. This has been American economic history in all but two or three fields.

(2) The tendency to bureaucracy is not only evident in government, but in business as well. After the initial pioneering group has disappeared from an enterprise the organization tends to become stabilized into a more or less self-perpetuating bureaucracy in which seniority rather than capacity marks

men off for advancement. In prosperous times such a tendency can do little harm, but during a depression or a competitive fight an enterprise may be utterly destroyed by a bureaucracy. And unfortunately psychological factors, nepotism, social relationships, often strengthen a bureaucratic group in its strangle hold upon an industry.

In the capitalist system there is no room for uncompetitive overhead, and that is what a bureaucracy represents. It destroys itself by the evidence of the balance sheet, and there comes a time when the most perfectly conceived alibis for unthinking management cease to be acceptable. The bureaucracy under capitalism is an error.

(3) Excessive wealth often defeats itself in Caligulan exhibitionism. Really the evil is limited to the individual. In fact his excesses, in economics, act as a means for a swifter redistribution of wealth.

Nevertheless the picture of a grandson of a great pioneer with five or six concubines or the granddaughter of a great pioneer in quest of Sybaritic excitation, in contrast with that of the other marginal people, those who have nothing, those who perhaps never can have anything because they are residual tail-enders in a fierce struggle — these contrasting pictures ever before us stir such pity, such an emotional antagonism to all wealth, to all ownership of property, that an entirely false conception of the capitalist system replaces experience and knowledge.

In England the social system of royalty intervenes to save society from its fools. In the United States no such social mechanism is possible. Education, the church, breeding, have failed to safeguard society against the psychopathic rich. They are one of the major liabilities of our way of life, and a means must be found to curb them.

(4) Capitalism and democracy both recognize the individual as the centre of

power; under Communism and Fascism the centre of power is the state. The individual in these systems possesses only such rights and powers as the state permits him to enjoy; under our system the state has only such powers as we delegate to it. Under these other systems the state can at its will completely destroy any individual or any class or group of individuals; under our system, at an election we can throw out of office all who control the state.

Herein lies the essential difference in point of view between our system and theirs. Under both Communism and Fascism, class distinctions are inevitable, whereas we seek to avoid class distinctions altogether.

As beneficial as this is to the individual in a democratic state, it has this essential weakness, that when an attack is made upon the capitalist system there are no capitalists to defend it, and when an attack is made on democracy there are no democrats to defend it. That sounds like a rhetorical inexactitude, but when we look at current literature, at current lecturing, even at the current drama, the emphasis is all in opposition and the defensive forces are weak. Even the so-called free press, even the great capitalistic monthlies, publish vicious, unjustified, and badly conceived attacks on the very system which keeps them alive.

Why is this? Is there no conserving force in the country? Where are the conservatives to state their case? The answer is that they are producing and distributing goods and services. The men they hire to advertise their wares are specialists in the science of merchandising and are not designed by training to defend economic and social systems. That is why so many of the notable leaders in industry and banking appear so feeble in public life.

In England, men are trained for both business and public life. But we

are only one generation from pioneering and our strong men are not philosophers. Nor do they think in terms of defending anything, because they are still building, still creating their world. It is not their function to study the whys and wherefores of their system. Theirs it is to create, produce, and distribute commodities, to arrange services, and to improve the purchasing power of their customers.

Yet the picture presents this weakness, that the non-producers are always flaw pickers. They can easily discover what is wrong with a system because they have nothing to do with its operations. The producers, on the other hand, have no time and less inclination to defend themselves. They are only capable of pouting against the injustice of an unappreciative world.

IV

Facing these situations, it is clear that capitalism and democracy in the United States must at the present stage fight a corrosive attack upon themselves, not by philosophic defense or by supine apologies, but by specific steps which are not to be remedies for some momentary distress or allurements designed to win an election. The objective should be the improvement of the capitalist system and the conserving of democracy.

First comes the whole problem of employment. In the United States unemployment and reemployment during the depression and the recovery have been considered politically. Both have become political weapons for the destruction and retention of political power.

The fact that no one in the United States knows how many unemployed there are as compared with the unemployed in 1929 is not only astonishing, but a self-evident criticism of government. Billions of dollars are available

for all sorts of useful and useless projects, but not a cent for an employment census, scientifically conducted. Not a single figure used by anyone on the subject of employment or unemployment has any validity whatsoever. All are guesses — and it is clear from the variety of evidence that all the guesses are quite distant from the facts.

An employment census is the most essential economic step which can be taken in the United States to-day.

Yet certain facts are clear even without supporting figures. We know that a large number of people are unemployed. We do not know whether it is necessary for them to be permanently pauperized either by unemployment or by government relief. We must assume, however, that under the capitalist system there can be no general prosperity if a large part of the population is without consuming power earned by its own activity.

Herein lies a danger not only to capitalism but to democracy, because when human beings depend upon the state for their livelihood they are likely to become enslaved politically to those who at the moment control the state. It is not a question of their corruption by a vicious political machine; they would be corrupted by an angelic political machine.

Secondly, in the United States we face the specific task of restoring orderly processes of democratic government. These processes have become disorganized and confused by the depression and the assumption of emergency permissive powers. The American democratic scheme depends for its successful operation upon a strict adherence to the doctrine of limited powers and authority. Ultimate power must remain vested in the people, and this is possible only when all legislation and government authority are controlled by the limitations upon author-

ity in the Constitution. Deviations from the essential structure, without orderly change, can only increase confusion and distress.

Thirdly, we have set up a form of relief to care for our marginal population. No matter how much this relief costs in money, it is justified by humane considerations. But it is now necessary to revalue the processes, for it is evident that relief has been so handled that a section of the population is being permanently pauperized and therefore being forced into a morally degraded condition. The problem is so to reorganize relief activities that they become focused on their own elimination. This can only be accomplished, except in certain specific instances, by making it possible for private enterprise to absorb an increasing number of employees.

Fourthly, restrictions placed upon economic activity, particularly state-imposed rigidities and exorbitant taxation, prevent private industry from expanding sufficiently to reemploy the total number of unemployed. These restrictions should be removed as rapidly as possible.

Finally, capitalism depends for its advance upon the stimulation and expansion of markets. In the United States this is always possible if prices are brought down so that increasingly numerous brackets of the population find that their purchasing power is available for greater consumption. Such stimulation and expansion must be left to the ingenuity and inventiveness of private enterprise and to the competitive process.

In a word, fundamentally our task, in conserving capitalism and democracy, is to restore freedom of action to the individual and to depend upon competition to achieve our main objective, which is to have our standard of living ever higher for a greater number of people.

A LETTER TO ROBERT FROST

BY ROBERT HILLYER

Our friendship, Robert, firm through twenty years,
Dares not commend these couplets to your ears:
How celebrate a thing so rich and strange —
Two poets whose affection does not change;
Immune to all the perils Nature sends,
World war and revolution and kind friends.
Something there is that does n't love a wall;
Your apples and my pines knew none at all,
But grow together in that ghostly lot
Where your Vermont meets my Connecticut.
Ours is a startling friendship, because art,
Mother of quarrels who tears friends apart,
Has bound us ever closer, mind and heart.

Before the War, among those days that seem
Bathed in the slanting afterglow of dream,
Were happy autumn hours when you and I
Walked down that street still bright in memory.
I was a boy apprenticed to my rhymes,
Your fame already rose above our times,
Your shadow walking tall, my shorter gait, —
Both taller now, the difference as great.

Of wisdom I learned much, an artist's creed
Of work the flower, and worldly fame the weed;
I have forgotten phrases; it remains
As part of me, it courses in my veins.
From many conversations I remember
One on a windy day in late November.
The sly recluse of Amherst in those times
Moved me, in spite of questionable rhymes.
We talked of women poets, nothing else,
From Sappho to our friend at Sevenels.

'Miss Dickinson is best!' You shook your head.
'Perhaps a genius, but mad,' you said.
Alas for Emily, alas for me,
That now I go much further than agree:
Once irresistible, now merely coy,
Her whims, her verbal airs and graces cloy.
Taste changes. Candid Louis Untermeyer
Consigns his past editions to the fire;
His new anthology, refined and thrifty,
Builds up some poets and dismisses fifty.
And every poet spared, as is but human,
Remarks upon his critical acumen.

Ah, could we know what vogue will be to-morrow,
What plumes of Paradise our pens could borrow!
Or to the Communistic muse entrust
Our sparrow feathers ruffling in the dust.
You bid me name no names, so I shall heed
By using cypher he who runs may read.
In short, I note the vogue no longer smiles
On one un-Briton in the British Isles;
Nor heeds from Italy that 'wandering voice'
Whose absence should make Idaho rejoice.
Ah, sir, commend me to your quiet wit
That smiles at fraud and so dismembers it.
These twenty years the precious frauds I've seen
Relieved themselves of gall — and me of spleen.
You with relentless patience watch them go,
My rage prolongs their stay a week or so.

Yet not alone among the modern names
Does Fashion choose; she rummages in Fame's.
One poet to be praised — and sometimes read —
She chooses, and the rest are safely dead.
One must be sacrificed if one is praised,
As Crashaw mounts, Shelley must be abased.
With what astonishment we witnessed Donne,
A poet we have always counted on,
Whisked from his niche among the second shelves
And placed with Chaucer, Shakespeare, — and ourselves!
While Blake departs, abandoned by the vogue,
To Beulah-land, where Reason is the rogue;
And Hopkins, fashion's choice to follow Donne,
Rattling his rusty iambs, climbs the sun.

Blest be thy name, O Vogue, that canst embalm
 A minor poet with a potted palm;
 Make me immortal in thy exegesis, —
 Or failing that, at least a Doctor's thesis.

Yet, Robert, through the charlatans who swarm
 Like blowing gnats before the social storm,
 The stout immortals stand in this our time,
 With manners, morals, metres, — even rhyme.
 Not every age can triumph over death
 In the bright train of Queen Elizabeth,
 And our ingenious and cynic age
 Has not quite lost the better heritage.
 Take Robert Bridges, laureate forever,
 Calm as the sea and flowing as a river,
 Who knew his source and end, but also knew
 The homely country he meandered through.
 Who, when we thought his broadening current spent,
 Flung high that sun-capped wave, his testament,
 The Testament of Beauty. Of the few
 Titles he gave his poems, all are true.
 And Robinson, what other age but this
 Has bred so classic an antithesis:
 Mild in his manner, mocking in his eye,
 Bold in appraisal, and in statement shy,
 He knew all men, — the Man against the Sky.
 And urbane Santayana, who alone
 Among philosophers still seeks their Stone;
 Whose irony, in golden prose alloyed
 With doubt, yet yields not to the acid Freud;
 Who after years of rightful fame defrauded,
 Wrote one bad book at last, — and all applauded.

If gold get rusty, what shall iron do?
 If poets, prophets, critics, are untrue
 Why blame the statesmen, who in turn reflect
 On dusty mirrors the uncircumspect?
 When poets laugh at metres, with applause,
 Why punish citizens who laugh at laws?
 All follies regimented are akin —
 Free verse and Bolshevism and bad gin.
 Surely a subtle spring, in flow or drought,
 Waters one age or burns another out.
 When worlds go mad, all things go mad together,
 Nations, philosophers, the arts, the weather.

Beholding war, Nature, who brooks no rival
In blind destruction, threatens Man's survival.
While underground he plants his dynamite,
She answers with an earthquake overnight.
While from ingenious wings his bombs rain down,
She rips the clouds apart and cities drown.
Machine guns clatter, but her ticking worm
Of death bombards his armies with a germ.
Nor can the propaganda of slow doubt
That one by one puts all faith's candles out
Find Nature unprepared; her insect ranks
For Man's destructive unbelief give thanks.
The ant, the termite, and their brotherhood
Wait busily, as all good soviets should,
To crack his concrete and to gnaw his wood,
And after war and storm have done their worst,
To view the last man, as they viewed the first.

From such dark thoughts only Dark Ages come;
I see not yet the end of Christendom; —
And if an end? In cloistered minds like yours
The classic wisdom of the past endures;
The ancient learning from the ancient guilt
Survives, and from slim chances worlds are built.
Black-armored barons, after Rome declined,
Warred on each other and on soul and mind;
Yet while they slept, cell after lonely cell,
Near-sighted eyes bent to the pliant quill.
The barons' mail adorns Park Avenue,
Quite spurious; — the words remain as true
As when, frail thread amid a mad sword-dance,
They led men to the sunlit Renaissance.
The things that make outlive the things that mar,
Rome and Byzantium crashed, — but here we are;
And even the dark spectre of dark ages
Calls forth old warriors who shame our sages:
Which would you choose, to put it in a word, —
To die with Arthur? or to live with Ford?

Men are as cells within a mighty brain
Swept with one thought of happiness or pain;
Thus when the Thinker gazed beyond all time
Egypt and China blossomed at their prime,
Both worshipers of beauty and of peace.
That mood resolved. He meditated Greece,

Whose culture, wedded to the arts of war,
 Brought beauty forth and slew the thing it bore.
 Less fortunate we who brought forth the machine
 And dare not slay it, lest the truth be seen
 That we, now helplessly identified
 With the machine, would perish if it died.
 We watch each other, our fates intertwined:
 It feeds us canned goods and we feed it mind;
 It kills us and then calls us from the grave
 With new machines, lest it should lack a slave.
 In war, where no one wins but the machine,
 I pondered as I brought the wounded in:
 Of these three choices — death, deformity,
 Or patched for war again, who would not die?
 And now the final triumph: the star actor
 In 'Steel: a Tragedy,' makes God a tractor.
 Yet let us still believe, in thinking deeper,
 These are but twitchings of a troubled Sleeper
 In whom the nightmare rages, and who can
 To-morrow dream the incredible — a Man.

Why, Robert, look! it's after midnight. Always
 At this hour I hear stirrings in the hallways.
 You would not mind. If I recall aright
 You and Miss Lowell would converse all night,
 Seldom agreeing, always the best friends
 That poetry can shape to different ends;
 Myself, too sleepy then as now, would run
 To catch the last car back at half-past one.
 Heigh-ho, I've seen worse things than morbid youth
 Inscribe in his dark diary. The truth
 Remains that my few perfect moments seem
 Eternal, and the bad ones but a dream.
 Like Johnson's friend, I woo philosophy,
 But cheerfulness creeps in in spite of me.
 So does the spirit sift a life away
 Into its best, preparing for the day
 When, from its golden nucleus, shall rise
 That happy part attuned to happier skies.

But happier skies? That phrase is fustian stuff, —
 This green Connecticut is good enough;
 My shining acres and the house I built,
 All mine, all earned, all mortgaged to the hilt.

If I may make some changes here and there
When halos play on my unhallowed hair,
New England winters well might be curtailed —
In May it snowed, and in July it hailed.
Rosebugs should all be banished, and with those
The people who see rosebugs on the rose.
And yet I shrink from this celestial boom,
Lest, with improvements, also I assume
Responsibility for things in bloom.
I might forget wax flowers of huckleberry,
I might leave out the fragrance of wild cherry;
In short, I am content to leave to God
The natural world. O that our statesmen would!

And so good night with lullaby, my friend,
Republics fall and even letters end,
And Horace at one elbow sings of home
Far more eternal than the hills of Rome; —
Cæsar, in fact, must marvel, looking down,
To find an Ethiopie in his Gallic crown.
And Gibbon, at my other elbow, gives
Wry testimony of what dies, what lives, —
A secret not to be imparted, but
Known to Vermont and to Connecticut:
New as to-morrow's dawn, old as the Nile,
In Nefertiti's tears and Shakespeare's smile,
And all so simple in an age of guile;
For Horace on his acres has no fears,
His empire grows through twenty hundred years.

Good night, I take unconscionable time
A-dying, but in rhymeless years a rhyme
Bids one converse beyond the crack of dawn, —
It now has cracked, and dew is on the lawn.
Since I write oftener than you, I vow
Another letter twenty years from now.

BREAD LINE

BY HUGO JOHANSON

I

Few readers are likely to have any first-hand knowledge of the people or conditions I am about to describe. My intention is simply to tell about my adventures and mental reactions in a topsy-turvy land, where men took their meals standing up, put on clothes when going to bed, smoked the tobacco you threw away, labored for less than a pittance, and sometimes existed without any income or outgo.

A wet and cold day in December 1931, I was an active member of the bread line on Ritch Street in San Francisco. The line ahead of me was two thousand strong, and I knew by bitter experience that it would be at least two hours before I could dip into a bowl of waterlogged stew. I was ravenously hungry, friendless, homeless, and far removed from the possibilities of obtaining a job.

It was four o'clock in the morning, and still pitch-dark, when our advance guard appeared and took up its position six abreast outside the municipal kitchen. The more thoughtful carried boxes to sit upon, or spread newspapers on the sidewalk for the same purpose, and promptly went to sleep. By six o'clock, when the actual feeding started, the line had reached as far as Folsom Street, and every moment brought its quota of semi-starved, shabby, despairing men. In the meantime a second, smaller line was forming, hugging the kitchen wall. This was the dreadful

'Lost Battalion.' To be eligible there a man had to be of extreme age, — that is, obviously senile, — or else blind, badly crippled, partly paralyzed, or feeble-minded.

At last, after hours of nervous shuffling on the sidewalk, it was my turn to enter the kitchen. From the counter I grabbed a bowl of mush without milk or sugar and a tin cup of coffee likewise without any sweetening. One attendant handed out a spoon, while another tossed two slices of bread in the mush, or, if he happened to be a poor marksman, on the floor. Everybody except the badly crippled men, who were furnished benches to sit upon, ate standing up, resting the dishes on narrow boards about five feet from the floor. After a short time the concrete floor became mired with an inch-deep film of spilled mush and coffee. The air was indescribably foul — clammy with vapors from the huge steam cookers, plus the thousand and one stench of unwashed bodies, dirty clothing, and wet brogans.

I always ended breakfast cursing under my breath, determined never to return, but when it was time for the afternoon handout this twentieth-century inferno found me waiting outside, tail wagging, heart flutter, anxious to put up with anything, be it ever so filthy and meagre.

Well, out on the street again, the fresh air and a pipeful of 'sniped' to-

bacco jacked up my spirit. It was eight o'clock and time to go to work. In those days I started out convinced that sometime and somewhere a job was bound to turn up. I was then still on the sunny side of forty, my clothes were in good condition, and my appearance on the whole did not indicate that society and I were not on speaking terms. I used to 'work' one street a day. First the even numbers, and later, returning, the odd ones. Factories, warehouses, retail houses, stores, and restaurants — wherever a man was likely to be needed, I was present. With hat in hand and lips twisted into what I hoped resembled an engaging smile, I spoke my little piece, affecting a gruff, cheerful heartiness. 'We ain't takin' on. When we're doin' anything at all, we're layin' off,' grumbled elderly shop bosses not unkindly. 'Sorry, buddy,' or, 'Can't you read signs?' were other standard signing-off signals.

After a forenoon of such proceedings even the most glorious day was apt to turn dreary. Usually I kept doggedly on, until it was time to join the bread line for the day's second and last meal, served between two and four in the afternoon. The crowd would be swollen to twice the size of the morning line-up, the men doubly restless and sullen after the day's disappointments or inactivities. The slightest remark led to endless arguments or fist fights. Several policemen were kept busy averting trouble while herding the men like a flock of sheep. Two hours of snail-pacing the slimy sidewalk brought a bowl of soup, two slices of bread, a mug of coffee, and fourteen long hours to live through before the mush would again be doled out.

The day's tribulations were not over, however. If one wished to spend the night under a roof, another line-up had to be faced. 'Sally' (the Salvation

Army) issued bed tickets at its post on Harrison Street at 5 P. M. This time it paid to be well ahead in the line. Half an hour later an officer representing the Army arrived, carrying the bed tickets and the Holy Writ under his arm. He mounted a platform, scanned the ragged multitude, rubbed his pink, well-cared-for hands, and delivered a blustering sermon on our pitiful plight. As a conclusion he admonished us to include proper thanks in our evening prayers for the cozy and comfortable bunks we were to occupy.

The flophouse itself was on Ninth Street, in a two-story building shortly before vacated by the *San Francisco News*. The ground floor was reasonably well heated, but the second floor, a big, barnlike hall, was a veritable icebox. If a lodger could n't squeeze into the bottom floor, he might as well spend the night walking the streets. Therefore, as soon as the bed tickets were given out, a weird Marathon race took place. The distance was five blocks, and the swiftest bums had the pick of the place. The inhabitants of the neighborhood took great interest in the spectacle; small boys rooted and the sporting elements placed bets on long-legged individuals.

The first to arrive found broken-down, rusty iron cots. The problem of furnishing bedclothes to so many guests was solved in a surprisingly ingenious way. A rubber mat did the combined duties of mattress, sheets, blankets, and pillow. Undressing was, of course, out of the question. The fashion plates put on all the sweaters and overcoats they had taken off during the race, the remaining poorly dressed majority produced newspapers, which they tied with strings around their chests. If I ventured to take off my shoes, I had to stay awake guarding them, or some poor devil, prowling around after the lights had gone out,

his own footgear worn to shreds, would be certain to confiscate them. After a while I used them as a pillow, securing them by tying the laces around my neck.

In less than fifteen minutes the shelter was filled to capacity. Hundreds of men were turned away and forced to sleep in boxcars, doorways, empty packing cases, or else to pound the pavement. At nine o'clock the lights went out, and the stage for the nightly bedlam was set. I am sure that no menagerie could match the queer, startling noises that emanated from that hellhole. We all had chronic colds, many of us had tuberculosis, and coughed and sneezed accordingly. When we did n't cough and sneeze, we spat and cursed. When we did n't spit and curse, we groaned and tossed. When we did n't groan and toss, we dozed and snored. When we did n't doze and snore, it was morning and time to get up. The young boys often cried and sobbed in their sleep. And a flophouse without nightmares would be a tame flophouse indeed. We could usually count on somebody to throw an epileptic fit as a topping off of the cacophony. Then the neighbors had to kneel on the howling victim's chest to prevent him from rolling off the bunk, and poke a fist wrapped in a dirty handkerchief in his mouth, so he would n't bite his tongue in half. There were cases when old men emitted extraordinarily startling, unearthly sounds. As a kind of silent respect, nobody slept in the dead man's bed the next night.

At three o'clock in the morning the snipe-hunters (collectors of cigarette and cigar butts) left for the daily nicotine tallyho. Shortly afterward almost everybody started stirring about. A new day had begun, but yesterday's unsolved, excruciating problems could be felt hovering about, like fleas waiting for a newly washed pup to dry.

II

Christmas was only a week off when my freshman days in the bread line came to an abrupt end. Escape came in the form of a notice posted in the municipal kitchen, calling for men willing to work in a road gang. Wages were to consist of board and lodging, overalls, shoes, and tobacco. Swallowing my tarnished pride, unaccountably bobbing up for a moment, I put down my name.

It was a motley crew, one hundred and twenty-five all told, that embarked on a Western Pacific ferryboat on December 20, 1931. The rain soaked us to the skin during the long hike to the ferry building. Most of us brought our belongings tied up in parcels. A few aristocrats sported cardboard suitcases fortified with strings, and one sad-eyed gent dressed in tuxedo and beaded moccasins clung to a gilded cage containing a wet, thoroughly disgusted cockatoo. The regular commuters gave us a wide berth, no doubt wondering what made the slums erupt this particular morning. We paid scant attention to the slights. Two hundred miles inland, Utopia, complete with bunkhouses and chuck, awaited us. What more could hungry, homeless wanderers desire? The journey was uneventful. At dusk, after passing Oroville, the rain turned into snow, and late in the evening we reached our goal, an abandoned convict camp in the wilds of Plumas County, close to Feather River.

We were hard cases, not at all given to ohing and aching over mere scenery, but I honestly believe that most of us at that moment felt something vague and undefinable trying to play havoc with emotions bruised by misfortune and soiled in the gutter. The stillness of the night and the tinkling, metallic sounds from the swift-running river, the mountainsides covered with

unsullied snow, rising from under our very feet, the inviting lights and the smoke from the camp in the distance, took our breath away, and made us suspect that beauty and peace were still intact in this obscure haven.

We arrived at the camp after crossing a crazily swinging suspension bridge that held but a couple of us at a time, and were counted off, eighteen men to a bunkhouse. Shivering with anticipation, we opened the door to our new home. The weary pilgrims had found their Mecca at last. On a gleaming, white-scrubbed floor rested cots covered with mattresses made of gunny-sacks, indecently pot-bellied with straw. Two luxurious horse blankets, a pillow, and a large flour sack neatly cut in half, to be used as a face or bath towel, completed the individual, positively sybaritic sleeping outfit. Empty boxes doing duty as easy-chairs, and a packing case transformed into a lounge table, gave the bunkhouse a clublike atmosphere. Stunned with pleasant surprise, we gathered around the crackling, red-hot stove in silence.

The exhilarating sound coming from a ladle brought into contact with a dishpan restored us to the realities of life. Reverently we steered our course to the cookhouse. The supper was served *table d'hôte* and consisted of huge slabs of fried meat and potatoes browned in delicious grease, country gravy in boats loaded to the gunwales, margarine, white bread, dark bread, and sour-dough biscuits, string beans swimming in a rare green liquid, steaming black coffee, and apple pie with a heavenly white, immensely filling crust. Flunkies in questionable undershirts, and girdled with dish towels but slightly used, stood poised, ready to replenish emptied dishes. Seemingly a fellow was allowed to eat for hours with nobody to grumble about it.

Later, stretched out on the rustling, barnyard-scented straw, inhaling the

bracing mountain air that crept in through the inch-wide cracks in the walls and listening to the contented snores reverberating from seventeen wide-open mouths, I felt almost happy.

The day's road work ended at four o'clock in the afternoon. After an hour-long hike back to the camp, we cleaned up a bit and assembled outside the cookhouse waiting for the main event, dinner. Ahead of us were the best hours of the day. Squatting on the ground, enjoying a pleasantly tingling, tired feeling, hard outdoor manual labor's only reward, we were tempted to reconsider the old cloud and silver-lining fraud. The hot, substantial dinner added to our well-being, and shunted troubles and cares into the background for a while. Later in the bunkhouse, as we sat around the roaring, cheerful stove, nursing our clay and corncob pipes, the nightly chin-wagging took place.

Men of contrasting ages and types made up the crowd in my bunkhouse. The youngest was a boy from Nevada, eighteen years of age on paper, fourteen when pressed; the oldest, the 'bull cook' (caretaker of the bunkhouse), was an Irishman born in the old country eighty-one years ago. The average age must have been around forty. The majority were common itinerant workingmen, but in the group were included a sea captain, a couple of salesmen, and a chiromancer. The latter was treated with much consideration and respectfully referred to as 'the bogeyman.' All the topics we could think of, from the Monroe Doctrine to the proper treatment of chilblains, were open to discussion. Opinions about the political situation were unanimous — rotten. Religion never was brought up — not because we were lacking in opinions, but because the bull cook and another old fellow were seemingly sincere believers, and nobody wished to be impolite. Con-

sideration for the next man's feeling was an unwritten law among us.

Most popular were the simple folk tales, gathered in grading camps, jungles, side-door Pullmans, forecastles, and squad rooms. Many were of the Boccaccio type, plus the coarser tidbits of James Joyce's vocabulary, but lewdness for lewdness' sake was practically absent. Literature we had none, until somebody, while cleaning out the first-aid shack, found a box crammed with the complete works of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Louisa Alcott, volumes a few adventurous souls delved into with uneasy minds. When we tired of swapping stories, sticky decks of cards and homemade chess and checker sets appeared. Poker prevailed, matches taking the place of money, but the bogeyman and the two salesmen were bridge fiends constantly on the lookout for a fourth. In due time I became quite an expert at contract bridge.

Once, when a snowstorm gave us an unexpected holiday, we began playing at six o'clock in the morning and kept on, with intermissions only for meals, until past midnight. The stakes were a sack of Bull Durham tobacco a thousand points, which made us reckless plungers, considering the fact that our weekly individual tobacco allowance was only two sacks. Ending up sole winner with eleven sacks to the good, I was put in a class apart, not only as a bridge player, but as a man of considerable means as well.

Our contact with the outside world was limited. Although the railroad station across the river did not pretend to be more than a flag stop, it figured in our restricted lives as 'the town.' Sometimes in the evening we strolled down the main street and wistfully took in the sights. The hamlet was made up of hardly more than a dozen cabins and shacks, but as a contrast to the bunkhouses it seemed an enchanted cosmopolis full of lurid entertainments

and exciting vices, which only our chronic poverty barred us from indulging in. The windows of the Emporium (post office and general store) displayed tailor-made cigarettes, fancy woolen underwear and exquisitely checkered Hollywood suits, pocketknives, dollar watches, Deadwood Dick thrillers, the *Police Gazette*, Copenhagen snuff, and canned pineapple — in fact, anything a normal, healthy man could fancy, but belonging to another world that refused to have any truck with him.

Everybody knew our financial predicament. The town bootlegger never edged up to us and murmured about the real stuff. If we visited 'Monte Carlo' (two poker tables, a rickety pool table, and a number of slot machines in various stages of crookedness) depressed silence greeted us instead of the customary shouts of 'Have a seat, gents. Jacks or better opens!' Worried mothers snatched their offspring from our path in a manner suggesting that the hordes of Attila himself were on a rampage. The ragged and incredible old prospectors living on beans and bacon grease, and the Mexican section hands earning twenty cents an hour, had nothing but contempt for us and made no strenuous efforts to conceal it. In the grimy little community we were mud hens not worth aiming at.

We trudged back to our stronghold in silence, turning over in tormented minds the impressions of the evening and the slights, real or imaginary, we had received. The majority of us had no illusions left. We were forced to eat crow to-day, but nobody could make us like it. Some day we would make the very people then lordling it over us sit up and take notice.

Back in camp we soon calmed down. After all, a fellow could n't feel hateful while darning socks with a playful pup in his lap. And besides, to-morrow was Saturday, and Saturday was hot-cake day; and the day after was Sunday,

and on Sundays we could sleep till seven o'clock.

The convicts who had formerly occupied our camp were now stationed five or six miles up the river. Working only a few hundred yards from us on the same road, they had many opportunities to speak to us. Although it was against prison rules to fraternize with outsiders, their guards, easygoing and lazy, seldom stopped our social chatter. The convicts were 'short-timers' with good prison records. Dressed in neat and clean working clothes and shoes, freshly shaved and with hair recently cut, they made a very favorable impression compared with us tattered malions. They were paid a small daily wage, and when their term ended could start anew with a little money saved, a new suit of clothes, and the obligatory ten-dollar-bill in the bargain. We did exactly the same kind of labor, but so far as we knew no pecuniary reward whatsoever was in sight. They also enjoyed the radio and the daily newspapers, things that were wholly lacking in our drab lives. No wonder we felt inferior! The convicts tried to do us a good turn as often as they could. They went slumming and handed out tobacco, razor blades, and candy, which they were permitted to purchase if they had any private means. Seemingly many of them had plenty of money salted away somewhere.

The first of May, at three o'clock in the morning, foremen went through the bunkhouses shouting, 'Roll up and roll out! The Skidroad Special is due at seven.' Although we were an outspoken lot, with a surplus of nasty epithets itching to be put to use at the slightest provocation, we felt instinctively the futility of verbal arguments. Hobnailed boots, empty powder boxes, and blocks of firewood gave the intruders black eyes, bleeding noses, and a general rough idea of our hurt

feelings. After this Pyrrhic victory, we hurried to the cookhouse for the last decent meal for months to come. We stuffed ourselves to the bursting point and put everything left on the dishes in our pockets. Hot cakes, by now clammy and cold, hard-boiled eggs and fried bacon, bread and margarine, sugar and canned milk, became invaluable. One enterprising fellow with a sweet tooth emptied all the syrup pitchers in a gallon jug, which he slung around his shoulder. The superintendent, ill at ease while trying to do the bouncing in a gracious way, murmured a few pacifying nothings — honest, faithful labor under difficult conditions, good luck and best wishes for the future, many heartfelt thanks, and five dollars as a sadly insufficient, well-meant reward.

The county officials, anxious to get rid of us, had made arrangements for transportation back to the city. No cushions this time. A freight train had orders to slow down and catch us on the fly. Only a few old men missed it, among them the ancient bull cook from my bunkhouse. Rolling down the steep embankment, face bashed in, snow-white hair streaked with blood, and clutching a tiny parcel, the sole result of so many years' toil and privation, he disappeared out of my life forever.

III

In Sacramento the gang broke up. Some of the men went East; quite a number stopped in the Sacramento Valley to look for work. The hard-earned five dollars burning in their pockets, others went in pursuit of pleasures long denied. San Francisco was my goal, and I reached it late the next day. Covered with soot and dust, tattered, bewhiskered, and hungry, I went to the cheapest hotel I knew, a small disreputable place on the Embarcadero, frequented by sailors in the penniless

condition of most seafaring men just before signing up for a voyage. I had decided not to go near the Skidroad until absolutely forced to. In a pinch the five dollars could be stretched to last two weeks. The budget was not complicated: three dollars for room rent and two dollars for food. A dollar-and-a-half room looks pretty good to a labor-camp alumnus. Slightly mussed sheets (guaranteed by the landlady to have been used but once, 'and by such a nice, sober chap, at that') on a spring bed with a vacillating stern position, running water always dripping, a chair, a dresser with the drawers missing, and part of a mirror glued to the wallpaper were included in the price. I took my meals in the room twice a day. For breakfast I had kippered herring, tap water, and stale bread. At dinner I simply reversed the bill of fare and enjoyed stale bread, tap water, and kippered herring.

During the daylight hours I roamed all over the city looking for work. Hatless, clad in overalls and heavy, hobnailed boots, peaked and hungry-looking, badly in need of a haircut, I must have been a sight. People did n't waste promises or interviews when I turned up. With a few exceptions they gave me the cold shoulder or muttered, 'Nothing doing.'

When the kippered-herring interlude ended I returned to the Skidroad and its charity institutions. Before I could eat and sleep as a guest of the city I had to go through a mild third degree in a recently opened registration bureau for unemployed men. The qualifications were a year's residence in San Francisco and a solemn declaration that I had no money in the bank and owned no stocks, bonds, or real estate. I received a meal ticket and a bed card good for seven days, after which period they could be renewed. I took my meals in the municipal kitchen on

Ritch Street and slept in a flophouse sponsored by the Volunteers of America, 1261 Howard Street, an organization divorced from the Salvation Army and successfully engaged in the second-hand-clothes business with the saving of souls as a side line. Double-decked bunks were installed to accommodate the ever-increasing number of applicants. The bunks were placed so close together that if an occupant moved his arms a bit carelessly he was bound to hit his neighbors, one on each side, in the face. Naturally the place was swarming with vermin of all descriptions.

By the summer of 1932, I looked at least ten years older. My weight under normal conditions is about one hundred and seventy pounds. After four months in the bread line I tipped the scales at one hundred and twenty-five. My ribs protruded like laths, and my lustreless eyes had retreated way back into dark-ringed sockets.

I did n't beg or ransack the garbage cans; nor did I rob or steal. Instead, I walked about for hours, eyes glued to the sidewalk, looking for lost coins and cigar and cigarette butts. Money I never found; tobacco enough to fill my pipe.

The thought of committing suicide, or deliberately crawling into a hole like a sick animal to die from exposure or starvation, at first entered my mind. Later I saw men die of starvation; I also saw men die of shame and despair. The sights were so ghastly and discouraging that I decided to leave the ways and means of my demise to be handled by Mother Nature exclusively without any amateurish interference from my side. Time showed that my decision was sound. A rugged constitution helped my body to go through the ordeal without any serious consequences. A perverted sense of humor kept the bats away from the swaying, badly undermined belfry.

Most of the attractive things of this world were outside my reach, but I had sense enough left to surmise that a few, still intact and practically unused, could be had for the mere wishing. I lost interest in people and their grubby actions. As a compensation I discovered light and shadows, color nuances, and the noises, smells, and moods of the city, sensed and heard at different hours of the day and under varied conditions. Admiring the spooky contours of an alley cat seen through the swirling West Coast fog, hanging around bookstore windows to absorb the alluring titles and shameless blurbs on the jackets of newly published books, trying to catalogue the stinks of uncovered scavenger trucks, were some of my pastimes.

When very hungry I suffered from hallucinations. Sometimes I found myself in an enormous theatre, seated in the second balcony as a non-paying spectator, ignoring the audience and the strutting hams, and feasting my eyes on colossal coulisses and gilded, smirking cherubs, my nostrils inhaling the aroma of wet galoshes and dusty red plush. My most nerve-racking delusion always took place in a leaking, sinking boat. I bailed for dear life and shouted for help. The shore was jammed with people and rescue material. Indifferently they threw a sieve in my general direction and returned to the stacking of life buoys.

Having no future and an insufferable present, I took refuge in the past. Down the corridor of time I returned to Fort Santiago in Manila, 'to walk my post in military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything within sight and hearing,' rolled steel in South San Francisco, 'gandy-danced' in Nevada. I watched the *S. S. Thorleif* slowly keel over in the lead-colored North Sea, while jovial Germans, pointing in the direction of West Hartlepool two hundred miles

away, shouted insinuating *Auf Wiedersehens* to us frozen devils in the lifeboats. I high-climbed in the woods of Oregon and news-butchered on the Northwestern Pacific. The drudgery and trivial chores of yesteryear were worth recalling.

Many a forenoon I sat on a bench in the 'Slave Market' (the State Free Employment Bureau), one of the few places left where we were tolerated, staring glumly at the almost empty, cobwebbed blackboard.

'Hustlers wanted. Must have cars. Splendid opportunities for live wires. Small investment necessary,' was a standard item.

What chance had an itching bag of bones like myself, when only men possessing cars and money to invest were wanted? Besides, even if the miracle era returned, I was too feeble and emaciated to do an honest day's work.

Disgusted, I took an old copy of the *New Yorker* out of my pocket and started on a trip to the Land of Make-Believe. Sometimes I dropped in at the Crillon and had guinea hen done on wild rice with a handsome dash of sour-cream sauce *gratinée*. Turning over a page or two, I spotted an immaculate, tile-lined kitchen and immediately fell to making tippy angel-food cake and cream puffs by the hundreds. In a humbler mood, three helpings of corned beef and greasy cabbage at Hamburger Joe's across the street would suffice until my side-kick, who had been swaying dizzily, woke up with a terrific jolt, shivered, scratched himself, and suggested that it must be time 'to make the White Angel.'

On the waterfront, in a vacant lot among thistles, rubbish, and piles of discarded anchor chains, the White Angel, or 'Call me Mother Jordan,' had established an extraordinary colony. Nobody seemed to know where she came from originally. Her dissatisfied cus-

tomers circulated malicious rumors about her earlier life and personal habits, all without any foundation whatsoever. Personally I found her to be a white-clad woman of great corpulence and charm, fiftyish, a bewildering mixture of Barnum and Jeanne d'Arc, and, especially when angered, endowed with a voice and vocabulary more likely to be encountered among long-shoremen than in the spheres her *nom de plume* brought to mind.

Mrs. Jordan had begun cooking in a washboiler over an open fire for a dozen beachcombers. The smoke from the fresh-air kitchen, mingled with the odors of her culinary art, soon wafted in the direction of the Skidroad, with the net result of a couple of thousand dinner guests. During the summer of 1932 her mulligan salon was crowded to the utmost. She had recruited a staff of jobless cooks, carpenters, painters, and other various handy men. The cooks did the cooking on a large scale, the carpenters knocked together a kitchen and a small village of hovels and shacks for the camp followers. This done, they constructed a boat in the centre of the lot, somewhat resembling Noah's Ark stranded on Mount Ararat, complete with deckhouses and masts and rigging. On the quarterdeck the White Angel did the preaching and received callers and contributions.

The painters daubed everything on which paint would stick with Biblical scenes, wholesome mottoes, and signs asking well-to-do visitors to 'Give, give until it hurts.' A fishpond was dug and stocked with donated goldfish. Bedraggled ducks waddled about, losing their tail feathers in a hopeless flight from dirt, vermin, and hobos. The latter squatted on the ground, boiling lice-infected clothing in gasoline cans, shaving and cutting hair, and generally doing a wholesale beautifying job on each other. A public library,

consisting chiefly of *Harper's Bazaar*, *Delineator*, and *Vogue*, provided food for thought. Dealers from the wholesale district dumped crates of decaying vegetables and potatoes outside the kitchen. The White Angel's scouts went about the city in dilapidated model-T Fords collecting unsalable meat, tripe, and mouldy bread from slaughterhouses and bakeries. The vegetables and meat, together with worm-eaten beans, were dumped into big pots, stirred vigorously, heated sparsely, and served at the daily gala spectacle. Shortly before noon, hundreds of curious spectators arrived for the 'show.'

As a prologue, Mother Jordan went out among the lazzaroni, and in triumph brought back the most repulsive-looking specimen she could snare. Leading the unhappy, struggling victim by the hand, she boarded the mercy ark. Here Mother knelt and removed the crimson-faced one's shoes and tenderly bathed his knobby, dusky underpinnings. Thus having proved her desire to sacrifice and serve the lowly, the White Angel read a few lines out of the Scripture, and briskly left the quarterdeck for the more prosaic stewpans. Stepping lively, we paraded by her in two lines, holding out tin cans or rusty, discarded pie plates in which to receive the food. Automatically swinging a ladle in each hand, wisecracking and nodding to some particular friend in the audience, she paid scant attention to us or our makeshift dishes, merely hurling the stew through the air, leaving the problem of catching it up to us. Knife, fork, or spoon was not furnished. We either whittled a little tool like a spade or else dug in with our fingers. Only occasionally could I stomach the evil-tasting food. It was good for trading purposes, however, one full tin can equaling two slices of mouldy bread or a pipeful of tobacco.

IV

The San Francisco Recreation Commission operated a summer camp in the high Sierras at Mather, about one hundred miles from the city. Money appropriated for necessary improvements had unexpectedly run short, and additional funds for the job were not included in the next year's budget. Some financial genius, remembering the previous winter's successful labor camps and knowing that we were once more living gratis on the fat of the land, suggested the use of unpaid labor. A call went out asking for forty-five huskies able to pass a strict medical examination and willing to work for board and lodging, tobacco, and working clothes. Aching for a chance to get away from the Skidroad and its unspeakable hunger and filth, I applied. 'What's left is still in running condition,' mumbled the doctor, scrutinizing my flea-bitten remains on September 19, 1932.

In Camp Mather the labor was hard and of the dangerous kind. Heavy falls of snow shortly before Christmas made all work impossible. Once more we returned to San Francisco. The truck driver who brought us back handed each of us one dollar and fifty cents, with the compliments of the Recreation Commission of the City of San Francisco.

That night I went completely out of my senses and squandered three months' earnings. A sophomore of C. U. T. A. S. F. (California University of Tonsorial Art, branch of San Francisco) did some extended work on my full beard and matted locks. Wing Lee's roast-duck dinner, with soup, dessert, and coffee included, for fifteen cents, I pronounced exceedingly tasty. Tom Mix loved and lassoed on a milky steed until an usher, touching my shoulder discreetly, hinted that a ten-cent ticket was good for only two

straight performances. And I wound up the riotous night between clean sheets in a thirty-five-cent bed smoking a two-for-a-nickel Havana and reading a fresh copy of the *New Republic*. More than likely I went too far. Shortly afterward the Director of Relief in a widely acclaimed speech denounced the economic irresponsibility and easygoing attitude of the unemployed. To this very day I suspect that he had me in mind.

Next morning, dead broke and wiser, I shipped out to Labor Camp No. 3. The next four months I dug irrigation ditches in Camp Gilman, ten miles from Modesto. My life here proceeded on the same lines as in the Plumas County Camp. The first of May, 1933, we were paid off with five dollars and given a ride to San Francisco.

The caring for the jobless had taken a slight turn in the right direction during the winter months. Responsible, thoughtful citizens and the police department had tired of seeing hordes of indigents swarm over the city, poke into the garbage cans, and panhandle on the principal streets. To prevent this, a day shelter was established on Folsom Street. Here we could rest our weary legs, read the day before yesterday's newspapers and dogeared pulps, and play cards and chess or checkers. The shelter, a large onetime warehouse, was a decided success. New flophouses sprouted like mushrooms and thrived under somewhat similar conditions, as far as dampness and darkness were concerned. St. Patrick's Shelter (the only clean flophouse I ever slept in) introduced nightshirts of the 1880 flannel vintage. It was a truly astonishing sight to watch a baffled Celt, fully clad in overcoat, boots, and hat, trying to squirm into that to him outlandish garment.

I ate and slept in the San Francisco bread line and flophouses from the first of May to the first of December,

1933. The five dollars I had earned in the last labor camp came in handy during this period. My previously mentioned excesses had taught me a bitter lesson and turned me into a skinflint who let bread and tobacco take the place of canned sea food and roast duck. My total monthly expenses amounted to seventy cents. Thirty cents went for the purchase of a daily loaf of stale bread, at a penny a loaf, the remaining forty cents kept me in tobacco — or, to be more exact, cigar clippings swept off the floor in a tobacco factory. The bread helped to eke out the bread-line fare, and the cigar clippings saved me from the gutter safari.

On the whole I didn't suffer so much that summer. By then I was housebroken to the grimy dens of poverty, and fully aware of the insurmountable obstructions towering between the discarded and the active elements of the social structure. Occasionally I went through the motions of looking for work. But my beaver-like attitude toward labor and its scant rewards was undergoing a transformation process. Still willing, in fact eager, to work, I felt a steadily mounting aversion against doing decent work on a charity basis. I did not mind applying for work, but I hated to play the cringing rôle of a supplicant. There was no difference between begging for alms and begging for work, I thought. If labor was needed, let it be known, and I would present myself and state my qualifications and my willingness in a straightforward manner. Eleven months of hard manual labor in three different camps maintained by state and city departments had netted me exactly eleven dollars and fifty cents in cash, or slightly more than a dollar a month.

During the fall of 1933, whiffs from a delicious alphabet soup penetrated to the Pacific Coast. By Thanksgiving

Day it was dished out to right and left. Originally only the registered unemployed and actually needy were entitled to work in the Civil Works Administration. Ward heelers and cheap politicians soon muscled in and had the situation well in hand. Any loafer with political pull and influence was able to land a soft job as foreman or superintendent. Cops on the beat were provided with work tickets, which they handed out to friends, in some cases poolroom hangers-on and tinhorn gamblers. Work tickets to the jobless were distributed in hit-or-miss fashion.

The first of December, I was sitting on a bench in the day shelter, when a puny little chap arrived with an armful of work tickets. We were told to line up and pass by him in single file. Only one thousand tickets were available for about three thousand men hanging around the shelter at the time. Naturally everybody wished to be among the lucky first thousand. The fellows in the rear started pushing and crowding, with the result of a free-for-all fight. The badly scared little clerk tried to escape, but was dragged out into an alley, where the valuable pasteboards were snatched away from him. I emerged from the conflict one jump ahead of the riot wagon with torn overalls and three fourths of a work ticket. The head office put O. K. on the remnant, after some wrangling, and gave me streetcar fare to the empty lot that was going to be transformed into a children's playground. Here, together with several hundred other toilers, I spent six hours playing cards, until at last a foreman arrived announcing that we had earned three dollars and sixty cents. The following morning we assembled, itching with ambition and 'rarin' to go,' only to find that the necessary tools were lacking. The next couple of days we carried dirt in wooden boxes, dug holes in the ground with axes, and generally did the best we

knew how to do under the circumstances. Later we were well provided with shovels and wheelbarrows, but many of our efforts were wasted and most of the projects were never completed, or else, if considered completed, were found to be unsatisfactory.

I was discharged from CWA in March 1934 (reason: economic retrenchment), having earned about two hundred dollars in three months. When I started working, all my earthly belongings consisted of a pair of torn overalls, a shirt, a pair of broken-down boots, a singularly evil-smelling pipe, and a counterfeit nickel which all the shopkeepers in the city had turned down at some time or other. Underwear, socks, hat, and toilet articles, or other necessities usually considered indispensable, had been totally absent during my past two years of brutish existence.

I received my first pay check with somewhat mixed emotions. Hunger, filth, and despair were retreating — for the time being, at least. Ready to cross over to the land of comparative comfort and ease, I realized what sufferings and hardships I had gone through. Now, when actually possessing money, I became dimly aware of the perplexities that follow in its wake. The nice, simple things I had hoped for and dreamed about turned dull and commonplace. Baffled, I went shopping and returned with only a box of matches.

I managed with some difficulty to save fifty dollars out of my CWA earnings. This money lasted until the first of July, when, almost penniless and dangerously close to the flophouse, I got a job of the semi-charitable type as a forest fire fighter. I was to be paid ten dollars a month, with board and lodging. No wonder I felt happy joining the fire patrol in the Santa Clara foothills! This was the kind of work I appreciated and understood. The con-

stant danger and fight against flames and smoke, the pack mules, rattlesnakes, and poison oak, the sizzling flapjacks and scalding coffee after a dreamless sleep on the bare ground, the good-natured horseplay with unsuspecting rangers and slow-witted truck drivers, made life worth living. Hard, interesting work, simple habits, and a few honest pleasures were the only things I craved. But Providence nipped my ambitions in the bud, and the October rains, ending my job, sent me back to the city.

However, the States Emergency Relief Administration sucked me in without the slightest hesitation. I got \$5.63 in exchange for a day and a half of weekly labor on a project discontinued by CWA. I rented a housekeeping room for two dollars a week, paid twenty cents for carfare to and from the job, and had \$3.43 left to spend on food, clothes, and incidentals. Forty-nine cents a day bought sufficient food, but very little else. I could hoard a dollar or so in a month's time if I was careful, and, doing my own cobbling, laundry, and tailoring, invest it in shoe leather, soap, and thread. I could almost imagine myself as an ordinary, self-supporting citizen. But the weekly pay check made out by the SERA, adorned with the legend 'Relief Funds' in conspicuous letters, and the rounds of the visitor from District Relief Headquarters inspecting my room for unwonted signs of luxury, always dispelled my highfaluting ideas of independence and put me back in the rôle of Uriah Heep, which I acted to perfection.

Men on relief are supposed to spend their days wearing out park benches, while reading the tabloids, but I did n't indulge in this pastime. I spent ten hours daily reading in the Public Library. In normal times I had taken little interest in books. I had read a few works of Cooper, Marryat, Dick-

ens, and Kipling, always preferring violent action, bruised decent feelings, and honest love, terminating in holy matrimony and large families. Then, presto, at an age when habits and taste ought to have been settled in concrete, I dived into a maelstrom of minds like D. H. Lawrence, Proust, Dorothy Thompson, Robert Graves, Hans Fallada, Havelock Ellis, Jules Romains, Sinclair Lewis, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, to mention a few.

I am hard put to it to explain my sudden, unquenchable thirst for modern literature. One explanation is that stunted beings in abnormal times crave strange things. I do know for sure that chronically idle men become victims of peculiar manias and obsessions. My own derangement, while harmless enough, had a decided aftermath. As I noticed men and women rinsing their dirty linen in public, I was stricken with the desire to exhibit my own wounds and defects. Ignorance of composition, spelling, and punctuation did n't detain me a single moment.

In August 1935, SERA discontinued its works programme and put me on the straight, unblushing dole. I received \$4.54 on the dole — \$1.09 less than while doing a day and a half of labor per week. It is not easy to keep body and soul together on \$18.16 a month. I lived primarily on beans. WPA was the goal I had in mind. At last, in November 1935, I took my place among the country's boondogglers, a position I am still holding in May 1936, when this is written. A boondoggler is, as we all know, a 1935-1936 enigma who does nothing, and that wrong. I have helped at the building of grades which, if they slanted at all, slanted in the wrong direction; laid pipe lines in which no water is apt to flow; solved the problem of perpetual motion by leveling sand dunes which the nightly winds grimly releveled; planted grass,

flowers, and shrubs bound never to grow; constructed outdoor terraces and stairs too feeble for angels to tread upon, and assisted in many other similar tasks. The boondoggler is hardly to blame. He does what he is told, slowly and inexpertly, perhaps, in many cases not being trained in the duties allotted to him, sensing that artificial labor and efforts are fundamentally wrong. It reduces him to a sly clown trying to smear a minimum of zestless labor over certain prescribed hours, puts him in an incongruous light, lowers his self-respect, and makes him feel as all square pegs in round holes must feel when they realize their impotency to withdraw.

I do not wish, however, to bite the hand that feeds me. Millions — myself included, of course — would be destitute and starving without the aid of WPA. Its qualities as life saver and safety valve alone are obvious.

You have followed my trail during four years and five months, or from December 1931 to May 1936. To give you a concise idea of what my upkeep has cost the taxpayers, here is a brief, concentrated recapitulation showing the financial and occupational highlights of my depression career.

<i>Occupation</i>	<i>Time in Months</i>	<i>Received in Cash</i>	<i>Approximate Total Cost of Upkeep</i>
Bread line	13	\$	\$130.00
Labor camps	11	11.50	176.50
CWA	3	200.00	200.00
Lived on savings	4		
Fire patrol	3	30.00	75.00
SERA	14	302.50	302.50
WPA	5	300.00	300.00
	53	\$844.00	\$1184.00

I value my hard, constructive labor in the camps and in the fire patrol at \$120 a month during fourteen months, totaling \$1680. Of this amount I have received the equivalent of \$251.50.

I figure the taxpayers' debt to me at \$1428.50.

WATER OF ITURRIGORRI

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

I

THE *S. S. Capitan Segarra* rested her five thousand tons of patch-painted black iron against the Bilbao dockside, heeling over wearily against the piles as the ebb tide slipped down river from under her. The fenders crackled and creaked. Capstans, spurting steam, chugged into their ragtime rhythm. The discharge gang swarmed over her, like hungry flies on an overweighted beast of burden.

She had to be emptied that day, for she carried a perishable cargo of crated Canary bananas. The dockers tore it out of her, racing against the fresh heat of the early morning. They were dressed so much alike that they gave the impression of a squad of soldiers; black *boina* on the head, wide red sash at the waist, blue trousers and rope sandals. Only in their shirts was there variety; they were of many shades of blue, mauve, yellow, and green.

Apart from the bustle around the *Capitan Segarra* the riverside was still. It was a public holiday. The ships moored stem to stern along the wharf were dressed with flags. Here and there a watchman sat under the shade of a tarpaulin contentedly occupied with the rolling of one cigarette after another. The three *txistulari* marched along the waterfront — a drummer, a piper, and between them the leader of the band playing a drum with one hand and holding a pipe to his mouth with the other. The citizens, lying late

in bed, were awakened by the gay Basque melodies which proclaimed a fiesta.

There was a halt in the discharge while the men below took the covers off another deck. Juan el Viruelas thrust a great hand into his sash and drew out tobacco and cigarette paper. He was a burly, pock-marked man with an expression of disgusted kindliness.

'Where's El Pirata?' he asked.

'I told him to come,' said the foreman.

'You told him? I spit on his mother! He's the man to lift these crates. Why is n't he here, *capataz*?'

'Who knows?' answered the foreman, turning away with the haughtiness of the petty official who has risen deservedly, but recently, from the ranks.

'He's still in the Sevillana,' said the oldest of the dockers.

He was nicknamed 'El Cura' — the priest — from his hollow cheeks, his blue chin, and his body emaciated by the forced fasts of poverty. It was still useful, like an old rope worn thin.

'What the hell is he doing in the Sevillana?'

The Sevillana was a house of ill repute. A chorus of stevedores explained to Viruelas what El Pirata was doing there. Juan el Viruelas burst into a stream of profanity. It was interrupted by a sharp bellow from Evaristo, the crane mechanic, forty feet above their heads: —

'Stand clear!'

Viruelas leapt aside, and El Cura took up his post facing him. A sling of six crates thumped on to the ground between them. They became twin parts of a machine for loading porters, a four-handed engine which swung up each crate from the ground and lowered it precisely on to a human back bowed to receive it. As they bent down to lift the last of the sling, a hand loosened the sash round Viruelas's waist. When he heaved, the coils loosened and slid. He grabbed at his falling trousers, leaving one corner of the crate without support.

'Mind!' shouted El Cura.

Viruelas's hand stopped halfway and flashed back to the falling crate. His trousers fell around his ankles. The riverside shouted with laughter.

'I spit in the milk!' exclaimed Viruelas — it was his oath when he was really angry. 'Who did that?'

'El Pirata! El Pirata!'

Juan el Viruelas lowered the crate to the waiting back, wound himself into his sash, and turned on El Pirata.

'You want me to kill you?' he stormed.

El Pirata swayed on his feet like the high round funnel of a tramp steamer in a gale. He was six and a half feet tall, broad in proportion, and lordly drunk. He was bred a deep-sea fisherman, not a laborer. Though of age to succeed his father in the command of the family launch and to raise a third generation of sons within the thick, sea-silencing walls of the family cottage, he had chosen to taste the freedom of the townsman. He came to Bilbao to scatter his wild oats more magnificently than they might be sown in Arminza; neither the single tavern nor the chattering sisterly girls of that little village offered a field for the exuberant harvest he desired. Manual labor he detested. It was too easy and too poorly paid — an insult to his

manhood. But there was no alternative. He could not read or write.

He was pure Basque, and his great head was rich with the marks of race: gray eyes, with dark, straight hair; a full-lipped hearty mouth; a long hawk's nose whose chiseled fineness contrasted with the heavy curves of the high cheekbones. There was a kind of devil-may-care pride in the very flesh. His *boina* dripped gallantly over one ear. His sash was vivid crimson and wider than the ordinary. He wore gold rings in his ears and an orange shirt. Because of his dress they called him 'El Pirata' — the Pirate.

'Come on!' said El Pirata. 'Come on, Viruelas!'

'You're drunk!' remarked Viruelas disgustedly; he had no intention of fighting El Pirata, but had meant to satisfy himself by all the dramatic preliminaries.

'And what then, Juanito? And why are n't you drunk too?'

'Because he's a decent fellow,' interrupted the foreman.

'Is to-day a fiesta, *capataz*?', asked El Pirata, trying to get him into focus.

'*Sí, señor,*' the foreman answered with exaggerated politeness — he too was feeling a grievance at having to work on a public holiday.

'Why?' asked El Pirata.

'How why?'

'Why's a fiesta?'

'God knows,' said the foreman.

'No,' replied El Pirata. 'So's to get drunk the night before. That's why's a fiesta.'

He hiccuped wildly and slapped the foreman on the back.

'But I'm a man of my word, that's what I am! I say I'm coming to work. I come to work.'

'You can't work like that.'

'You, what do you know?' retorted El Pirata. 'Stand out of the way there, *capataz*!'

El Pirata attacked the sling that had

just descended. Without help he swung a two-hundred-pound crate on to his back, carried it away, and stacked it. He dealt with all six as quickly as Viruelas, El Cura, and the gang of porters. Then he pushed El Cura aside and took his place with Viruelas. The two grinned at one another. Evaristo stuck his oily head over the edge of his box to admire the two muscular backs whose pace he would follow.

'Ole El Pirata!' he cheered.

'Ole!' answered the gang.

II

There was no shade. The white sun smote upon the white concrete of the wharf. Particles of straw mingled with the dust that spurted up under the wheels of the loaded wagons; the dry mixture stung into the throats of the workers. Paint blistered on the *Capitan Segarra's* rails, and the distant piping of the *tristulari* died away in the heat. The men worked swiftly, savagely, thirstily. Then, a little after eleven: —

'Water of Iturrigorri! Water of Iturrigorri!'

A girl's voice called the words, rising and falling on the melancholy minor scale of a peddler's cry. Between the calls she blew a little horn which echoed along the deserted waterfront.

'La Rubia! It's La Rubia, I spit on her little body!' cried Viruelas affectionately. 'Bless the girl! Who'd have thought she'd be here on a fiesta?'

'She's a comrade!' shouted El Pirata. 'She's a worker! I say so! I, El Pirata!'

'You think a lot of her,' grumbled Viruelas, almost accusingly.

'I think a lot of — a lot of . . .' El Pirata paused. Whenever he stopped working, the scene of his labor whirled round him; he waited for it to be still. '. . . A lot of soli — solidarity!'

La Rubia came round the bend of the wharf into sight. She was seventeen,

but no taller than a girl of ten. Yet all her fully ripened body was built to scale; she was a perfect miniature of a woman. La Rubia had only two garments — a blouse pulled tightly down into a skirt of sacking. Her fair hair was laden with dust; her feet and legs were bare; her face was dirty. A piquant dirty face it was: snub nose, gray Basque eyes, a high, wrinkled forehead, and a flower of a mouth that the effort of scraping a living out of the docks had hardened into a downward curve at the corners.

She was a virgin, — there was n't a docker on the wharfs of Bilbao who had any doubt about it, — but apart from that she was much as the other waterfront women, haggard and strident workers continually with child, their own wombs serving them as an inspiration for rough humor. La Rubia was brazen and foul-mouthed as they, for she had walked the docks during half her short life; but, unlike them, she was accustomed to respect. The dockers had petted and protected her as a child. When she became a woman she demanded from them the same consideration; she enforced it with blistering language and a total lack of sentiment. Her power was easily held, for she was loved because of her trade. La Rubia was a water carrier.

She was the only water carrier in Bilbao. Indeed, she had invented the profession for and by herself. She supplied a demand which the numerous riverside taverns would not satisfy. For a *perra chica*, the smallest Spanish coin, she sold a pint of water with a squeeze of lemon and a sprinkling of sherbet.

At her side walked a donkey towing a little cart to which was lashed a thirty-gallon barrel. The barrel had been filled at the spring of Iturrigorri. To the true Bilbaino that water was worth its price without the lemon; the very word was cooling — the very thought of Iturri-

gorri, where a full stream of icy water dashed out of the mountainside into a sunless pool overhung with ferns. La Rubia kept up the illusion. The barrel was decked with moss and greenery, and over it waved fronds of bracken freshly picked from the hillside. Between the donkey's ears was fastened a tall fern like an ostrich plume. The little beast resembled its mistress; it was diminutive, very dirty, and it would stand no nonsense.

She came abreast of the *Capitan Segarra* and blew her horn.

'*Agua de Iturrigorri! Agua de Iturrigorri!*'

'*Hola, beautiful!*' shouted El Pirata.

The daily competition of badinage between La Rubia and El Pirata was the delight of the wharf and of the contestants themselves.

'Whom are you calling beautiful, son?' asked La Rubia aggressively, drawing herself up to her full height of four feet six inches.

'He's drunk,' said Viruelas.

'Shall I tell you where he was last night?' asked El Cura.

'You, what do you know?' answered El Pirata, with a shade of anger in his favorite expression of disdain.

'Of course he's drunk,' La Rubia said. 'Last night was the night before a fiesta.'

'She knows me, the little one!' El Pirata exclaimed delightedly. 'How she knows me!'

La Rubia's cheeks flushed under the powder of dust.

'There are many like you,' she replied, implying that she took no particular interest in El Pirata.

She turned away to attend to the customers who crowded round her. Her hard fresh voice dominated the rattle of the discharge.

'No money, El Cura? Drink, man! Pay me next time! . . . You wish it were wine, Juanito? Water for thirst and wine for pleasure! . . . Mind your

hands, *capataz!* They are walking where they should n't. . . . *Hola, El Pirata, why don't you come? Are you so drunk you can't see the barrel?*'

'I see it,' said El Pirata. 'I see it, *salerosa!* But I don't want a wash.'

He plunged a hairy hand into his shirt and searched among the objects next to his skin. He used his shirt as a general pocket. It hung out over his sash in lumps, each of which represented a personal possession. He drew out a bottle of beer and, closing his mouth on the neck, wrenched off the cap between his teeth. The gang shouted their admiration. They never tired of this trick.

'He's stronger than the devil!' El Cura exclaimed.

'*Quid!*' said La Rubia contemptuously.

El Pirata felt vaguely that La Rubia was not impressed. He zigzagged toward the barrel, swept her into his arms, and held her above his head like a child, with his hands upon her hips.

'*Bruto! Bárbaro!* Let me go!'

She grabbed a wisp of black hair and wrenched it out of his scalp. Those of the gang who stood idling slouched swiftly on to El Pirata. The sullen wrath of El Cura deepened the wrinkles of his face. Viruelas bristled, and dropped his hand to the knife hilt that protruded from his sash.

El Pirata lowered La Rubia to the ground and looked at the circle of furious faces. He did not know why they were angry with him; he was at peace with everyone when he was drunk. His mind struggled to gain some concept of what was happening in the exterior world. One emotion chased another over his bewildered, mobile face. Viruelas pulled out his tobacco pouch instead of his knife; it was impossible to quarrel with a man like that.

At last El Pirata understood what he had done.

'It was a joke,' he said perplexedly. 'A little joke, that's all! Pardon, *señorita!*'

He turned to the men around him.

'Look!' he said. 'I did n't mean to touch her. I just picked her up. Just picked her up . . .'

He paused. El Pirata had no means of expressing fine distinctions. He knew that he had not meant to insult La Rubia, but it was hard to explain.

' . . . Picked her up like . . . ' He sought desperately for an example.

He swayed toward the cart, slipped off the traces, and drew the donkey from the shafts. Then he put his shoulder under its belly and heaved. The donkey shot up in the air. A hand on each flank, he held the little beast above his head and grinned. He had explained himself — his mates would understand that it was just his desire for violent action which had made him lay hands on La Rubia. The donkey kicked wildly. A foreleg landed in the pit of El Pirata's stomach. He crumpled and dropped.

'*Ay, mi madre!*' shrieked La Rubia.

She punched the donkey with her horny little fists, while Viruelas pulled his unconscious friend clear of its body.

'He bought it,' said Viruelas.

'He did n't!' stormed La Rubia. 'He did n't! You drove him to it — you, *hijo de perra!*'

'I wanted to protect you,' said Viruelas feebly — devil of a little girl, why did she blame a man for what was her own fault?

'Juanito el Viruelito wanted to protect me!' cried La Rubia, mocking him hysterically.

'I spit in the milk! Did you like him to insult you?'

'What's that to you?'

La Rubia dropped on her knees beside El Pirata, weeping over him.

'*Se ha muerto mi hombre!* He is dead, my man! He is dead! My man is dead!'

Her hands and lips fluttered des-

perately over his body and the red patch on his scalp where the lock of hair had been.

'Carry him into the shade, Juan,' said El Cura.

There was no shade, but Viruelas understood. He pushed the fighting La Rubia aside and carried El Pirata behind a pile of rails where the two would be out of sight. Feeling the big man's heart, he was not greatly concerned about him. He knew El Pirata's resistance; he had seen him knifed, stunned, run over, and partly fed into a concrete mixer.

The discharge went forward; thump and rattle of derricks; smell of rotten bananas; eternal lifting and stacking. While the last crates were being collected from the corners of the hold and carried to the waiting sling, Viruelas strolled over to his friend. He was snoring. His stupor had apparently merged into a healthy sleep. La Rubia stood near him, her face stern and streaked with a mud formed by dust and tears.

'He'll live,' she said.

She looked at Viruelas appealingly. There was something else she wanted to say, but could not say it. Her helplessness was new to her and startling. She had never been shy in all her life and did not recognize the sensation for what it was.

'I won't tell him,' said Viruelas, understanding her trouble, 'but I can't stop the others telling him.'

'Then amuse yourselves well!' answered La Rubia bitterly: she knew that she would lose her standing with them. '*Adiós*, Viruelas, and thanks!'

'*Adiós, chical!*'

She harnessed the donkey and walked away.

III

Half an hour later the last sling came up out of the hold. The men put on their jackets, looking amazedly at the

high stacks of crates with which their labor had covered the wharf. Finding El Pirata asleep, they laughed and went on their way. Viruelas woke him up, intending to see him home. He was sober and thirsty. He picked up a quart can which La Rubia had left under a mat of green leaves and drained it.

'Was she angry with me?' he asked.

'To me,' replied Viruelas casually, 'it appears that she was not.'

They spent the afternoon together in the garden of the Bilbao brewery, but El Pirata could learn no more from Viruelas about La Rubia's behavior.

Next morning the gang were down in the hold of the *Capitan Segarra*, loading her with iron rails. They had been at work for some minutes when El Pirata strolled up the gangway. He considered it his right to be late if he wanted to be. As he was the hardest and strongest worker of the lot, no foreman ever disputed the odd minutes with him. He looked down into the hold, waiting until the rail which was being lowered into position should be clear of the ladder.

'Here's El Pirata!' announced El Cura, catching sight of him.

'How's your girl this morning?' asked the foreman.

'Where does the donkey sleep?' shouted Evaristo, leaning out over space.

'The ugly have all the luck,' grumbled another.

'Leave the riverside in peace, pirate!'

'For him the flower of the wharf, eh?'

El Pirata stared down on to the up-turned, mocking faces.

'The world has gone mad,' he remarked cheerfully.

'Only one is mad, and that's a girl,' growled Viruelas.

'What girl?'

'He does n't know the name of his own *novia*,' said the foreman.

El Pirata did not. He clambered down into the hold and began to work.

His mates gave him no peace, but he bore the running fire of comment in good-humored silence; it was only by listening that he could find out what had happened. He thought at first that they had unearthed some joyous tale of his exploits in the *Sevillana*, but it was soon clear that the *novia* whose affections he had won was La Rubia.

'Bet you're the first man she's ever kissed!' said El Cura.

El Pirata was startled out of his pose.

'She kissed me?' he asked.

'She thought you were dying,' Viruelas explained.

'Assuredly she kissed you,' said El Cura. 'I saw it. Several times.'

'May your eyes rot! And to think I could n't kiss her back!'

'Pity the girl has n't got a brother,' Viruelas said.

'What in hell does she want a brother for now?'

'He'd cut your guts out.'

'You, what do you know?' replied El Pirata, shrugging his shoulders.

The grabs jingled and clicked as they fastened on to another rail. In the moment of silence before the crane and its pulleys purred into life La Rubia's voice floated down into the hold.

'*Agua de Iturrigorri! Agua de Iturrigorri!*'

El Pirata hitched his *boina* over the other ear and swaggered. El Cura winked at the skies. Evaristo caught the wink and translated it correctly. With the rail suspended in mid-air, he switched off the current.

'Hoist away!' shouted the foreman.

Evaristo climbed out on to the platform; with pretended concern he poked an oilcan into the maze of pulleys.

'Cable's jammed!' he answered.

The men who were working in the hold came up on deck. La Rubia and her cart were alongside the ship.

'Here's your *novio*!' the foreman said, digging El Pirata in the ribs.

La Rubia spat.

'There's no man on the wharf who can call himself my *novio*!' she answered.

'Wish the donkey would kick *me*!' exclaimed the foreman.

'Are you set on it being the donkey?' asked El Pirata, using the provocative second person singular and drawing back his foot.

'*Santisima Virgen*! Do you think you're fighting for a woman in the Sevillana?' La Rubia snapped.

El Pirata ignored the rebuke. The foreman had already stepped back into the crowd.

'Viruelas, El Cura, you don't understand,' he said simply. 'I'm going to marry the girl.'

El Cura took the remark as a joke and wanted to share it. He cupped his hands round his mouth and shouted up:—

'*Oiga*, Evaristo! El Pirata is going to marry La Rubia!'

'And drink water!' Evaristo laughed.

'But since I tell you I am going to marry her!' roared El Pirata.

'Marry me? Me?' La Rubia murmured, frightened for the first time in her life by the overbearing masculinity of her customers. 'I—I'm too small.'

'And what does a fisherman want with a big wife?' replied El Pirata. 'You, I can carry you out to the boats like this!'

He leaped from the deck to the wharf, and caught up La Rubia in his arms so that her head was on a level with his own.

'He's going to fish for sardines and use her as bait,' the foreman suggested.

'*Cabrón!*' screamed La Rubia.

She writhed in El Pirata's grip and sprayed the whole wharf with insults. She leaned her body over his confining arm as if it were the edge of a pulpit and cursed them all.

El Pirata held her fast and smiled. He was not worried any longer because his mates chose to have a bit of fun. He was thinking of the hanging nets and the boats and the swell eddying over the slipway of Arminza. Why had n't he asked her to marry him before? He'd only been waiting for such a girl—had n't his father said that a fisherman could n't make money without a wife? She was very small, yes! But she could sell fish and hold her own with the wives of Arminza. *Dios*, she could do that! ('Be quiet, *chica*! Have you no shame?') Oh, these women! Did n't she understand that the wharf was laughing at him, not her?

'You, El Cura! Does n't she deserve to be married, or what?'

El Cura had not looked at the question in that light. He was just contrasting their figures and enjoying the fun of it.

'Yes, man! Of course she deserves it!'

'She's worth more than El Pirata,' said Viruelas.

'You, what do you know?' answered La Rubia disdainfully.

The foreman slapped his thigh.

'Good girl!' he shouted admiringly. 'Good girl!'

The feeling of the gang swept into sincerity. The great male still stood before them with his little woman tucked up in one arm, but they were no longer figures of fun. La Rubia had stood up for her man. She had dared to protect him—and in his own words. They were real; they were mates, those two. They had put on the dignity of Roman matrimony. The men crowded round El Pirata, slapping him on the back, showering La Rubia with barbarous compliments.

'*Ole*, La Rubia! *Ole la agua de Iturrigorri!*' they shouted.

YOUR CRIME TAX

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

ONE fine morning you may find in your mail a billet-doux from the state marked in bold red letters: —

CRIME TAX

NOTICE TO CITIZENS

The enclosed bill is for your share of this year's cost of crime, including the following items: —

- (1) The cost of maintaining all police activities
- (2) The cost of operating the criminal courts
- (3) The cost of supporting jails and reformatories
- (4) The cost of indemnifying the victims of crime

The amount of this bill will stagger you. It will be your share of a national cost for crime that runs into billions of dollars per year. Estimates vary, for we have no comprehensive system of gathering criminal statistics throughout the nation. The Baumes Commission in 1928 put the annual crime cost (including many indirect losses) at \$13,000,000,000. The Wickersham Commission three years later published figures covering many separate items, but declined to commit itself as to a total. It exceeded \$15,000,000,000 in 1935, according to an experienced member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

From these and similar reckonings it would appear that our annual crime bill amounts to somewhere between \$100 and \$120 for every man, woman,

and child in the United States. But it is not assessed against them in equal shares. Some pay nothing. Some pay a little. Some pay incalculably more. No one knows when or upon whom the callous hand of crime may fall. At any moment it may reach out without warning and extract from you, your family, or your friends an unforeseen toll in money, property, pain, or life. No one is immune.

The headlines tell the tale: THUGS KILL TWO, WOUND THIRD — GUNMEN ROB SINGER, TAKE \$8000 — 'HONEST' STRANGER GETS HIS \$3000 ROLL — TEN DIE IN ARSON BLAZE — CASHIER MISSING WITH \$20,000 . . .

The state, of course, is organized to protect you against just such hazards. It provides police, courts, prosecutors, jails, reformatories, and electric chairs, to curb, catch, prosecute, and punish criminals. In return the state demands your support and allegiance. It collects from you and others like you, through the devious processes of taxation, the cost of operating the machinery of justice, and may call upon you at any time to drop your personal affairs and attend court as a witness or juror.

But the state makes no provision for its failures. Crime may ruin or kill you in spite of all precautions, and in that case the state will concern itself only with catching and punishing the criminal. It accepts no further responsibility to you or to your family for the injury that has been done.

The state may even ruin or kill you itself, through the inept or lawless acts of its agents, without recognizing any liability to you. The hazards of crime unfortunately are not confined to the activities of criminals. In trying to get its man, the state sometimes gets the wrong man. Thousands of persons have been convicted of crimes they did not commit. Edwin M. Borchard cites some astounding instances in his book, *Convicting the Innocent*. John A. Johnson was locked up for ten years, Ameer Ben Ali for eleven years, J. B. Brown for twelve years, David L. Stain for thirteen years, Henry Miller for fifteen years, and Andrew Toth for twenty years, all of them being innocent. When they were finally released, none of these men got a cent from the state which had wronged him.

Similarly, innocent persons have from time to time been wounded and killed by police and G-men who thought they were criminals. And minor casualties from lawless and careless police activities are so frequent that no one gets excited about them except the victims. A Chicago citizen recently complained that he was accosted by a flivver squad one night on his way home from the theatre and taken to the detective bureau, where he was

dogged around, having picture and fingerprints taken, made to sleep on the cold cement floor, not being allowed to communicate with anyone, fed nothing, go through Sunday show-up before hundreds of people, held until Tuesday morning, and then taken before a judge and charged with disorderly conduct. The judge, after hearing both sides, says: 'Go home, young man, to your wife and children. I'm sorry you have been put to all this inconvenience.'

This morning I went down to my place of employment and was told, 'I'm sorry, but we hired someone else in your place. We thought you had quit.'

This experience is typical. A man under arrest is customarily presumed

to be guilty not only by the police but by prosecutors and judges. Prosecution is even used sometimes as a form of punishment where no conviction can be expected. An Illinois state's attorney expressed this attitude: 'If I can't send them to jail, I'll send them to the poorhouse. I'll make them spend every cent they've got defending themselves.'

Occasionally a state legislature will pass an appropriation to indemnify a person who was wrongly convicted and jailed. Messrs. Molway and Berrett were each awarded \$2500 by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts last year as compensation for their false arrest, imprisonment, and tribulations in the Millen case. But this was a pure gratuity. As a rule it makes no difference whether you are injured by a criminal or by the state itself—the state will disclaim all liability. It says, in effect, to the victims of crime and the victims of its own maladroitness attempts to enforce the law: 'It was an act of God. God help you!'

To this general rule, however, there are a few exceptions. In a number of states, cities and counties are required by statute to pay compensation for damage resulting from mob violence. In some states such enactments cover only damage to property. In others the liability extends to personal injuries and death. Thus the conservative State of South Carolina imposes a penalty of not less than \$2000 for a death by lynching, to be paid to the legal representative of the victim by the county where the lynching occurs.

The courts have generally upheld these laws. It is a proper function of government, according to the New York Court of Appeals, 'to make good, at the public expense, the losses of those who may be . . . injured by acts of violence . . . which it is the duty of the government to prevent; and further . . . to make it to the in-

terest of every person liable to contribute to the public expense to discourage lawlessness and violence. . . . These ends are plainly within the purposes of civil government, and, indeed, it is to attain them that governments are instituted.'

By an extension of the same principle, the state (or its subdivisions) should also be liable to the victims of the mistakes and misdeeds of the police, the courts, and the prosecutors. The laws of many European and South American countries so provide. But in the United States we cling to the ancient formula that the king can do no wrong. Only three states have yielded a little to more civilized notions. California, Wisconsin, and North Dakota have provided by statute that a person convicted of a felony, upon acquittal or pardon, may present his claim for compensation through certain prescribed channels.

Interestingly enough, the doctrine of state responsibility has been approved, in part at least, by such an ardent advocate of government economy as the *Chicago Tribune*. In commenting on an appropriation by the House of Representatives of \$5000 to compensate the widow of a man who was killed by federal prohibition agents, the *Tribune* proposed that Congress 'should enact a general law to establish a procedure by which all victims of lawless enforcement may procure such compensation as money can provide. This would be good public policy for more reasons than that of official restraint, which would be little if any. It would also be an act of common justice.'

The dry era has passed, but the principles of justice remain the same. If the state should indemnify the victims of its malfeasance, it should also indemnify the victims of its misfeasance and nonfeasance. In other words, it should accept the full burden of its delinquencies and compensate every

person who is injured, without fault on his part, either by the state's failure to prevent crime or by the state in its efforts to catch and punish criminals.

Such an undertaking would require a tremendous expenditure, but it would not appreciably increase the actual cost of crime. After all, *someone* has always paid the bill. It has been apportioned, however, without rhyme, reason, or equity. The greater part of the load now falls on the unlucky individual victims of crime. If the state should institute a programme of crime insurance, the burden would be shifted to all taxpayers in just proportion.

The taxpayers already carry the cost of maintaining the police, the courts, and the jails as part of the general expense of government. But no one knows just how much they actually pay for that purpose. If we were each presented with a separate bill for our respective share of this expense, it would strike so poignantly at our pocketbooks that we should acquire a sudden and keen interest in the control and prevention of crime. There would be such a hurrying and scurrying in support of law enforcement, such zeal in reporting lawlessness, such coöperation with the police in catching culprits, and such aid and comfort to courts and prosecutors, as were never before seen in these United States.

The effect would be even more galvanic if the cost of administering the criminal law and the cost of compensating the victims of crime and the victims of the law's blunders were combined in one great levy and assessed in fair proportion against every corporation and individual, with a minimum to be paid in money or labor by every healthy adult.

The state would thus announce: 'This is what crime costs, ladies and gentlemen! Here is your Crime Tax! Step right up and pay your share!'

GENERAL BRAMBLE LISTENS

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

AURELLE, over from France, ran into Dr. O'Grady on the streets of London. They had spent the four years of war together.

'What luck!' cried the Doctor. 'I am on my way to lunch at the Army and Navy Club with Colonel Parker and General Bramble. You must come along too.'

The General had not changed. He still kept the same serenity; his skin was still rosy, his eye still ingenuous. He was delighted to welcome Aurelle again, and Colonel Parker, for all his sarcasm, was no less friendly.

'What, Aurelle,' he said, 'you dare to risk your life on this dangerous island? Your papers are carrying, or were three months back, such astounding stories of our deviltry that I am frightened myself. A little proud, too. I never thought Englishmen were capable of the sophistries you ascribe to us. Tell me honestly, Aurelle, are there really many Frenchmen who picture us as at once — how shall I put it? — wise and wicked?'

'There are many Frenchmen,' Aurelle answered, 'who have never seen an Englishman in their lives, and who are ready to believe as much of you as you are of them. Even I, Colonel, — dare I confess it? — have had some trouble understanding your convolutions of the last three months. That Laval-Hoare agreement, for instance, first adopted, then repudiated — it does n't strike me as being quite in the grand British manner.'

'No doubt about it,' the Colonel agreed, 'Palmerston or Disraeli would not have handled it that way. In my eyes the question is simple. If the presence of the Italians in Ethiopia were a real threat to the Empire, we ought to have been firm from the outset, no matter what the risk. Otherwise, if their invasion did not endanger us, — and from the expert reports I have just read such is the case, — then it was absurd to irritate Italy, with whom we have always been friends, by these ineffective sanctions.'

'That's what you have chosen to do, all the same,' Aurelle said.

'My friend,' the Colonel answered, 'during the war I explained to you many times that there are two Englands, the Cavalier and the Puritan, the cynical and the didactic. In this mess we have been pursuing the policy of Puritans. It will not last for long. Thank Heaven, this is the most unreasonable country in the world. The wind is changing already. In a few months we shall have fixed things up with Italy.'

'How?'

'Asked like a Frenchman,' laughed the Colonel. 'And how, let me ask you in turn, can anyone tell ahead? We must take our opportunities as they come. Remember that England is a realist, and is always ready to admit her mistakes. She grits her teeth and carries on to the end when she has to; otherwise she does not insist on her own way. You Frenchmen cling to

principles. We worship facts. That is why we made that naval deal with Germany, for instance, which offended you so, but which in reality helped you as well as ourselves.'

'It offended us,' Aurelle pronounced, 'because it violated a treaty.'

'Maybe, Aurelle, but see the mess you are in with your land forces. You have championed treaties with the most praiseworthy persistence. Yet actually you have allowed Germany to rearm to an extent far more dangerous than the compromise we have been thanklessly holding out for so long. You may have saved the letter of your treaty, but where is the spirit?'

'It seems to me, Colonel,' Aurelle broke in a little peevishly, 'that you know just as well how to stick to the letter when it serves your purpose. You held us down very strictly to Article XVI. What is more, since the war you have persuaded or forced us into so many compromises — each of which was to be the last, and none of which was respected — that now it is we who, as you put it, are gritting our teeth.'

Dr. O'Grady now took the floor.

'One of your countrymen, Aurelle, said that generals are always getting ready for the war that has just ended. Diplomats likewise each time draw up what should have been the previous peace treaty. In 1814, at the Congress of Vienna, Metternich, Talleyrand, and Castlereagh at last cooked up a treaty as reasonable as could be expected, considering the ideas of those times. They secured the balance of power in Europe — of the power that had been. But they forgot a new power, which was nationalism. It ruined their work. In 1919 the treaty makers of Paris, with that example before them, strove with all their might to respect the lines of nationality. But they were so anxious to correct the previous treaties that they forgot all about economics.

Now the countries they carved out so cleverly cannot subsist. You can be sure that the next peace conference will think of nothing but the allotment of raw materials and will forget some other factor which does not occur to us now but will turn out to be the only one that matters at all.'

'Doctor,' Aurelle laughed, 'I recognize your old sermon. What is the moral?'

'Why, that treaties must always be imperfect, and that we must try to avail ourselves of a revived League of Nations to correct them, one after another, if it can be done without too much breakage.'

'You must admit,' said Aurelle, 'that our first experience with that piece of machinery has not been happy.'

'First experiences never are,' the Doctor answered. 'Remember that the League should have had the support of the United States from the start. If we get it, everything will be different.'

'Do you think we might?'

'Possibly,' the Colonel answered. 'For ten years America has clung to the idea of neutrality. Now she may find out that true neutrality is a mirage. The first effect of war in Europe would be to throw millions more out of work in America. Do you think any government could then prevent manufacturers from taking orders payable in gold? Even if it could, would n't the goods slip out by Mexico or Canada? Then the story of 1916 would begin again. The most intelligent Americans are already wondering if it would not be wiser at this moment to throw the weight of their country into the scale of peace.'

'I hope they hurry,' said Aurelle.

'*Messieu*,' General Bramble interrupted, 'for one hour, while listening to you, I have been wondering —'

'What, sir?'

'Only this, gentlemen — what shall we have for lunch?'

HOW YOU BEGIN A NOVEL

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I HAVE just finished writing a novel about the Mohawk Valley during the Revolutionary War, and I feel a little as if I had caught a big fish.

Fishing and writing are alike, and there are two ways of doing both. You can equip yourself for the first of the season with waders, a Leonard rod and English creel, a Hardy reel, eighteen-foot leaders with the opaque and invisible finish invented by Mr. Hewitt, and fifty-seven varieties of dry and wet flies; you can use them according to scientifically established facts of water and weather, and test the light with a camera gauge, and kill the resultant fish with a 'priest' and know that you are doing the sport as the sport ought to be done; or you can take your rod and line and reel and basket and put on sneakers and get wet, if you really want to, and eat scrambled eggs for supper. That is the way I fish, but I enjoy it twice as much, and I flatter myself I know more of what the stream is doing than if my conscience were loaded down with paraphernalia. It is also a little the way I write.

I suspect that the true historians who may have got this far have already made a neat little note in the margin, 'scrambled eggs.' I don't care. I am not writing history about known figures like Alexander Hamilton; I am trying in my books to give the story, from their point of view, of plain ordinary people.

So, when I set out to write about the Revolution in upstate New York, I was not thinking of Washington, or Schuyler, or Arnold, or Gates, but of people who were trying to bring up families, who were getting old or getting married; and as I began refreshing my knowledge of events with known historians I became more and more surprised to see how little I could find out about the ordinary man and woman.

With my usual optimism I made a start at writing with what I had gathered together, for I thought I knew a good deal about the subject anyway. And I went ahead for a hundred and fifty pages quite easily. But then one morning, on reading what I had done, I was dismayed to find that I was producing the regular historical romance, with all the trappings of horseback rides, and uniforms, and sherry and port and Madeira and brandy. The whole state lay beneath my eyes, and the imaginary characters were cantering here and there across the map with the rapidity of 1936 Ford V-8's. In other words, New York State in 1776 was turning out to be almost exactly as Robert W. Chambers had described it. (I admire Mr. Chambers's work very much; there have been few writers who knew their subjects or who could document their writing more thoroughly than he. Yet he was writing for the modern magazine reader who wants his action fast.) I

saw, then, not only that my imitation of him was a description of impossible events and deeds, but that the characters I was setting forth simply were not real people.

I threw away my pages and did some more reading. Within six months I made another start, with an entirely fresh set of characters. This time, however, I reread my work when the pages totaled one hundred. And, though I liked them better, I still found an element of spuriousness. At least the people, again, did not seem flesh and blood. I went back to reading; and from time to time — to keep my hand in, as it were (and possibly I hoped to find I had done enough research) — I would take another crack at writing.

I am not going to catalogue the false starts. I saved all but the first, because each successive one contained more useful material. (When I finished the book, three years after, these false starts totaled nearly eight hundred pages!) But I am merely mentioning them to show how an historical novelist like myself blunders until he hits upon what seems to him the right solution.

For as I read I went further and further from accepted sources. I began to read the earlier histories (which in many events, by light of modern research, are known to be inaccurate). These histories are such works as Simms's *Frontiersmen of New York*, and his *Trappers of New York*; Stone's *Life of Joseph Brant*; Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*.

In these books we find the historian ambling about the country taking down the reminiscences of the survivors of the war or their children. Naturally they were inaccurate in many cases about who killed whom, but they were talking about real people. They were telling about things, too, that had the ring of truth. For instance, I learned how to make those

drinks, 'flip' and 'kill-devil'; I knew how the party slept after a husking bee; I got lists of valuation of crops, and of local taxes; I learned a little about Colonel Alden's notions of spelling and what Dr. Petry charged for healing a scalped head; I learned that Joseph Mayall 'was remarkably well calculated' to open a pioneer farm, and that Herkimer's leg was buried prematurely and dug up and placed in the coffin; I found out how long it took to ride from Stone Arabia to German Flats, and the number of buildings burned in Schoharie; I learned how men were flogged, water taken from birch trees, stockings woven, what people ate for supper, why dogs howled after an Indian raid, what the inside of a prosperous house looked like and the colors kitchen beams were painted, what the currency looked like with each new issue by a hopeful Congress, how pigs were raised, and who lived in which settlements.

These were the things that people remembered. I started from them, and from as much of the lives of the real people and their way of living as I could work in. I realized that I was no longer writing about a war and nations, but about my own community and countryside, in years when deer might be scarce as they are to-day, and when the drought hurt the crops just as it did two years ago. I began to have an extraordinary awareness of the present being 1776. Real people began taking their places in my novel, and the main points of their lives made a far better story than I could have fashioned out of my imagination. I began to feel that I was writing history, not in the scholarly sense, but in the sense that every reasonably conscientious reporter is writing history.

The broad aspects of the war disappeared. I abandoned all ambition of describing Saratoga and framed my picture with the boundaries of Tryon

County, going outside its bounds only as one of my characters was taken out of it. In such a scene I began to find that it was necessary to learn what the weather was like on a certain day, for the sense of actuality was so overwhelming that I could not merely imagine it. I had to *know*. This often presented problems, but more often I found the weather in the journal of an officer. For instance, in a small campaign describing the demolition of the Onondaga towns, Captain Thomas Machin must have felt the cold, for he mentions the snow in April. Again, in May 1781, Colonel Cochran's description of the flood of the Mohawk that washed out Fort Stanwix tells anyone who knows the valley at all what the flood looked like at German Flats. A New England paper in 1776 mentions the unusually fine lambing throughout New England and New York. These are the simpler facts, made to hand for the novelist. Others had to be inferred through my knowledge of the country. I had been raised in it; and, when I found mention of the state of a certain road in May, it was easy to tell that the frost had been late in leaving the ground.

I suppose that such local details are not important to the larger view of history, but my excuse to the historian is that the Revolution was won and lost in the Mohawk Valley. It was the granary of the Continental Army; securing it would have fed Burgoyne's army through the winter even though Clinton had not joined him. To tell the story of its long defense by local efforts may be a small thing when one considers all the thirteen colonies; yet it tells the story of the Revolution better, to my mind, than any wide survey that must perforce ignore the daily living of the people.

I found also that there were bits of unadvertised information that an author could use. There was the 1905

Dodd, Mead reprint of *The Minute Book of the Committee of Safety of Tryon County*, which, with its notes, provided me with the location of the homes of many of the settlers. It also showed the gradual beginning of fear of an Indian war. One could read between the lines that the settler had not given much thought to the Indian. He was an insignificant brown neighbor more or less confined to recognized areas. He had little to say in the running of the county. He could be seen half drunk in a tavern now and then and be kicked out. His dogs damaged the sheep more than wolves or bears. But he was n't anybody in particular.

Suddenly the aspect of war gave the Indian the power to do damage to human beings — not just a drunken Indian trying to beat up a lonely settler, but brown men with muskets and an infinite supply of powder if the Johnsons had their way. This letter was ordered by the Tryon Committee to be written to General Schuyler on July 13, 1775: —

. . . Capt Jacob Clock informed this board, that this morning about an hour before Day three Indians of Fort Hunter came to his house from Oswego in their Way home, that he was informed by a free Negroman, a servt of him, that they each had a Bag of powder on their horses, that they staid about an hour and then went off. . . . We have sent off a party of people by Way of a Scout, to find out, if possible, the Rout of the Indians, and to give us early Intelligence. . . . Our ammunition is so scant that we cannot furnish three hundred Men so as to be able to make a stand. . . .

They did n't get the powder for quite a while, and yet Indians were carrying a bag apiece. The Indian was not the plumed copper paladin that Chambers and Cooper have painted him. He was a man in a dirty shirt and an old felt hat, perhaps a little like a down-and-out tramp, who had suddenly had power thrust upon him. But you did

not realize what he was unless you lived next door to him. You certainly did n't find out from reading history or romance.

What the Indian managed to do in this situation, with Tory help and guidance, can be seen from the following figures. In 1776 there were 2500 men in Tryon County eligible for militia service; in 1781 there were less than 800. The only settlements were those within racing distance of the Mohawk or Schoharie forts.

To unify my story I used a fictional couple starting out in life. The characters closest to them were also imaginary. But the majority of the other folk in the book were real people who performed historic acts — not to be found in our history books, but in the local narratives, in the pension applications after the war, on the militia rolls of the state, in court-martial proceedings and bounty claims. In using these people I was also faced with, to me, a new problem. In some cases, from the exigencies of story or space, it was necessary to compress two or more persons' experiences into the life of one. The question was, where I had falsified the facts of a real person's life to the extent of having him marry someone he did not marry, ought I to change his name? I reflected for some time on this point and finally decided that where my real character in the book performed some act for which he was locally famous I should call him by his real name.

In the case of Adam Helmer, for instance, I had a man who performed one of the great feats of valor of the Revolution, yet in the book I wanted him to be a younger man, unmarried, — for I did not have space for his family life, — and also, to wind up my story, I wanted him to marry someone

he never married at all! But if I called him Heinrich Smith and let him run his race against the best runners of the Iroquois and save German Flats by winning it, I should be robbing a great reputation of one of its best deeds. Again, in the case of another character, John Wolff, I combined a rather shadowy real figure with another man unjustly sentenced to Connecticut Mines. But in neither case did I materially alter the character, as much as I could find out about it, from the original man, and in neither case was the background of action or fate historically incorrect.

Whether I decided wrongly must be determined in the future. In any case it seemed wise to acknowledge (in the book itself) that I had taken liberties with the lives of certain people. For the rest, and there were plenty of them, they played their parts according to recorded fact.

To that extent my dish of eggs is scrambled; yet, now it is done, I have the feeling that it is more nearly history than a purely military résumé. And as for the fictional side — after all, even the historian *writes* history. Look at our different Washingtons, and Burrs, and Hamiltons, and even Jefferson — the Universal Patron Saint!

One odd piece of ingenuity I do regret not having found a place for. A party of Middleburg militia, having rounded up a band of Tories and spies and a few odd Indians, had nowhere to keep them safe overnight, until one brighter than the others thought of forcing them to mount a ladder on to the roof of a high stone house which was so steep that the prisoners were forced to straddle the ridgepole. The ladder was then removed and the militia went to bed. Perhaps it will make a story.

HARVARD HAS A HOMICIDE

BY TIMOTHY FULLER

I

JUPITER JONES threw down the rest of his hand and got up from the bridge table.

'You know,' he said, 'it's time something happened around here. I refuse to play bridge much longer. I want a fire, a riot, and lots of police cars.'

'Have a drink,' said his partner.

'It's too wet for a fire, March is n't the season for riots in Cambridge, and one police car is very much like another,' summed up opponent East. 'Sit down and play bridge.'

'I don't blame you, Juve,' said West; 'I feel the same way. If I were n't going to Law School, I'd leave college now.'

'Everyone says that in March,' said South; 'it's chronic.'

'Hell hath no fury like Cambridge in March or something,' said Jones, putting on his hat. 'Well, I've got to go down to the House and see the great Singer about a paper I'm writing for him, entitled "Early Northern Sources of Venetian Color." It's a pity you guys don't study Fine Arts, so you could meet that prince among men. Good night, gentlemen.'

He went out.

'There goes our fourth,' sighed East, 'and in a pleasant mood.'

They settled back in their chairs.

West said, 'Why is Jones trying for a Ph. D. in Fine Arts? What does he expect to do?'

'I think he wants to be a curator,'

said East. 'Why, I could n't possibly say.'

'I can't see him in charge of a museum.'

'I can't see him in charge of anything — except, maybe, a bottle of Scotch,' said South.

'That's true enough,' mused West. 'When does he study?'

'He does n't need to.'

'He uses the Jones System, his own fortunately, of starting his week-ends on Wednesday and ending on Monday. Tuesday is his day of work — his week,' explained East.

'Harvard, the Institution of Higher Learning!'

'What does he do all the time?' asked West. 'Sometimes I don't see him for weeks.'

'I don't know exactly,' answered South. 'He has lots of queer friends around Cambridge and I guess he goes off with them or even by himself now and then. He's a mystery man. He knows more people in college than anyone I've ever seen; but I don't think anyone knows him very well, or at all, for that matter.'

II

When Jones left the bridge game and came out on Mt. Auburn Street it was quarter of eight. The chimes, regularly cursed by students living near by, were ending their quarter-hourly concert.

Dodging pools of slush, he crossed a street and headed toward Hallowell House.

Edmund Jones was tall, he was thin, and he was slightly sunken; that is, his chest did not expand unless called upon to do so. Some said his face looked haggard, but this was not so. It was just terribly tired. When he sat down in a chair it was hard to believe he would be able to get up again. He did not collapse in a chair; he entwined himself in it. And yet he moved quickly and nervously; his clothes, drooping on his body, were always neat.

He looked as if he had just come out of a hospital after a lingering illness, but he could play five sets of tennis in a midsummer sun or an hour's squash in a steam-heated court and come out perspiring slightly. He was a physical contradiction.

Someone, years before, inspired possibly by his heavy eyebrows and condescending expression, had called him Jupiter. Preparatory-school nicknames are everlasting. There is no need for quotation marks. Many of his acquaintances did not know his first name; he was Jupiter Jones, whether he liked it or not — and he did.

Across Mt. Auburn Street away from the Square, you go by dingy two-family houses and tenements and suddenly come upon a House. To a stranger, the transition from the squalid near-slum to the imposing white tower, the even rows of windows, the chimneys, and above all the endless red bricks of a House, is startling. After a while you get used to it. You have to. That may be why those old buildings are still there.

Jupiter looked at the clock on the tower of Hallowell House and saw that it was ten minutes of eight. He knew it was ten minutes of eight, but the tower is so placed that when you come to the House from the Square you have to look at the clock. It's not easy to

lose track of the time in Cambridge, he thought, even if it is to waste it.

Hallowell House forms a square. On the east end is the main tower, distinguished from the other Houses by its dome, which is painted orange, a horrid, almost unbelievable greenish orange. Opposite the main tower, across the court, there is another smaller tower which covers the dining hall, common room, and library. There are two entries on either side of the main tower, which read, from left to right, Entry A, B, C, and D. To get to the rest of the building you have to go through an arcade under the tower.

Jupiter lived on the ground floor of Entry B on the left — there are two rooms on each floor of an entry, one on each side of the stairs; there are four floors, making a total of eight rooms per entry. He went to his room, switched on a light, picked up a notebook from the table, switched off the light, and went out. Professor Singer's room was next to his on the same floor; only a wall separated them, but he had to go outside and into Entry A to get to it. This annoyed him, as it always did.

As he passed Singer's window he saw it was lighted. Through a crack in the curtain he caught a glimpse of the man at his desk.

'I'll be right with you, old boy,' he said to himself, opening the entry door.

He knocked on the right-hand door and waited, his hand on the knob. Nothing happened. He knocked again, harder. Still nothing.

'Come on, come on, it's only me — or I,' he muttered. He was getting nervous.

He went outside for another look in the window. Singer was still at his desk, but this time Jupiter saw that his head was resting on the desk. He had n't noticed that before.

He went back inside and tried Singer's door. It was unlocked. He went in

and walked over to the desk. Singer was leaning forward, half covering the desk, his arms out flat. There was a little blood under his chin. Jupiter touched the back of Singer's neck with his finger, then sat down quickly in a chair.

Every muscle in his body was twitching. After a struggle he got a package of cigarettes out of his pocket, but the cellophane licked him. He tried to get up and was surprised that he could. He stood looking down at the man, his mind coming back to normal. He put both hands on Singer's shoulders and pulled backward. The body came back stiffly into the chair. There was a beautifully wrought gold knife hilt sticking out of Singer's coat, near his heart. Jupiter let go of the shoulders and Singer fell forward—his head sounded hollow as it hit the desk.

'Good God!' said Jupiter. He sat down again.

His legs felt like old inner tubes and a large lump of iron had just landed somewhere in his stomach. Before, he had known that Singer was dead; now he knew that he had been murdered. Singer murdered! Someone had actually come into this room and pushed that knife into Singer's heart. God! He had n't been such a terrible old guy, after all; but —

He reached for the phone and tried to dial Operator. He had trouble getting his finger in the hole.

'Police Department,' he said. . . . 'Hello? Hello? I want to report a murder . . . I guess he's murdered. . . . I just found him dead. . . . What? . . . Yes, dead. . . . Professor Singer. . . . Hallowell House. . . . Entry B. . . . No, wait a minute, Entry A. . . . Room eleven — no, room twelve. Yes, that's it.' He hung up and glared at the phone. 'Make sense, please — hell!'

Doing something had steadied him. He managed to get the cellophane off his cigarettes and light one. He looked

around the room, trying to think of something to do. He thought he ought to look for clues, but he did n't know quite what a clue should look like. In a corner was a heavy wooden cabinet, obviously antique and Italian, like everything else in the room. Inspiration came to him; he walked over to it and opened a door. Inside was an assortment of bottles. He took out a whiskey bottle and filled a jigger. He had two without looking at Singer. They helped. After all, he told himself, if you've known a man as long as I've known Singer, you'd be expected to be somewhat unnerved. He guessed the police would be along any minute, so he had another short one, then put the bottle and glass back in the cabinet. He was feeling better.

Underneath Singer's desk, near the edge, he saw a pocketbook. It was a small leather change purse, the kind women carry in their pocketbooks. On it he could see, in neat silver, the initials C. A. F. He recognized them.

Outside he heard the last wail of a siren in death.

He continued to look at the purse, his mind turning over slowly like an egg beater in molasses. Then he bent down, slipped the purse in his pocket, and went to the door.

The police had arrived.

III

Four policemen came in. Two were fat and red-faced, one was in plain clothes, the other was nondescript. They all wore overshoes. Mr. Swayle, the Hallowell House janitor, hovered near the door, his large eyes and small head moving from one to the other. He was known as the Owl Man.

Jupiter said, 'Glad you've come,' then, a little dramatically, 'There's the body.'

There was a general babble.

Mr. Swayle said, 'Why, he's dead!'

The plain-clothes man said, 'Take it easy, boys.'

One cop said, 'God!'

The two others grunted fittingly.

'Close the door,' said the plain-clothes man to Mr. Swayle.

They gathered around the desk, looking at Singer. The plain-clothes man repeated Jupiter's manoeuvre of pulling the body back in the chair. The knife was still there.

'Knifed!' said one of the fat policemen, and Jupiter liked him for it.

The plain-clothes man let Singer fall forward gently on the desk, then he straightened up.

'You said over the phone he was murdered.' He was speaking to Jupiter.

Jupiter did n't get it. 'I guess I did.'

'What makes you think so?' He was quite pleasant.

Jupiter was still in the dark. 'Possibly the knife sticking out of his ribs.'

'H'm,' said the plain-clothes man. He picked up the phone and dialed a number.

'Hello! Give me Hennessey.' Pretty soon he had Hennessey. 'Hello, Jim. Rankin speaking. . . . Yes, he's dead. . . . A couple of hours, I guess. . . . I don't know; it could be suicide.' Jupiter saw the light. 'Send up the usual stuff, and, Jim, better have some more men up here. There'll be a mob when it leaks out. . . . O. K. I will, thanks.'

'I never thought of suicide,' said Jupiter.

'Why not?' asked the man whose name seemed to be Rankin.

'I don't know; it never occurred to me.'

'You read too many detective stories,' said Rankin, taking off his coat. 'Well, we'll skip that for a minute. I'm Sergeant Rankin and will probably be in charge of this case, at least for the time being, and if you'll just tell me how you happened to find the body, you can go.'

Jupiter decided the case was in com-

petent hands. The Sergeant was solidly built and wore a well-fitting suit and good-looking tie. Jupiter had a habit of classifying people by their taste in ties. His eyes were deep-set and it was hard to tell where he was looking. Jupiter thought he might be a trifle cross-eyed. His apparent intelligence and machine-gun type of speech made Jupiter wonder if he had been excessively brilliant in picking up the purse.

'What's your name?' asked the Sergeant, to start the ball rolling.

'Edmund Jones,' he said.

'Undergraduate?'

'No, I graduated last year; I'm doing graduate work.'

'Oh. Where do you live?'

'Entry B, room eleven. Or Winnetka.'

'It's right next door,' said Mr. Swayle, who was feeling out of it.

'It's in Illinois,' stated one of the fat policemen unexpectedly.

'I mean his room,' said Mr. Swayle.

'Quiet!' snapped the Sergeant. 'I'll ask the questions; Jones will answer them. . . . Now, tell me what you did from — say six-thirty.'

Jupiter was enjoying himself; he liked the scene, he felt that things were going as they should. Especially he liked the fattest of the policemen. He decided to call him 'Illinois.' Mr. Swayle was becoming more and more owlish, his head jerking from one to the other and then back to the dead man. Jupiter would n't have been surprised if he had hooted; the life of a House janitor is usually uneventful.

In a few well-chosen words he told how he had found Professor Singer.

'I guess that's about all,' he concluded, 'except that I've wiped off all the fingerprints and hidden the important clues.'

'A wise guy,' said Illinois.

'Thanks,' said Rankin. 'How well did you know Singer?'

Jupiter hesitated. 'That's hard to say. He was my tutor for three years and I've worked with him a lot this year.'

'Your tutor?' asked the Sergeant blankly.

Jupiter was glad to explain the tutorial system, one of his favorite subjects. 'Yes. The unsuspecting sophomore is put in the hands of a tutor in his chosen Field of Concentration — in my case, Fine Arts. The tutor assigns him reading in related subjects that he ordinarily would n't get in his regular courses. He also helps prepare him for divisional exams. The amount of work done by the student depends on the tutor and the student himself. It's not exactly obligatory, although it's becoming more so. The tutor and tutee meet once a week or every two weeks, sometimes less often if the student can think of enough original excuses for not going. Each tutor has eight or ten tutees, and — well, the conversation at their meetings is n't likely to be about their private lives, so the average student knows little or nothing about his tutor, and vice versa.'

'I see,' said the Sergeant, but he did n't look it. 'You spoke about the "average student"; would you call yourself that?'

'Well, I don't know. What I meant was that if a student and tutor happen to be congenial, they may have dinner together or go to the theatre; but it seldom gets beyond that.'

'The death of your tutor has n't upset you very much,' observed Rankin.

'I never cared for the gentleman,' said Jupiter simply.

'All right,' said Rankin, 'now tell me something about Singer. What was he a professor of?'

'He lectured on the architecture, sculpture, and painting of Italy.'

'Was he considered an authority?'

Jupiter laughed. 'About every pro-

fessor at Harvard is supposed to be the greatest living authority on something, it does n't matter what. In Singer's case it was Italian Renaissance painting. His best-known course was called "Venetian Painting in Relation to Florence and the Central Italians," which just about covers everything.'

The Sergeant was going through the papers on Singer's desk. They seemed to be in order. He picked up a pad marked 'Engagements.' Then he turned to Jupiter.

'Do you still think he was murdered?' he asked.

'Unless you've found a Suicide Note, I do,' answered Jupiter.

'So do I,' said the Sergeant grimly. 'A guy that makes out a programme like this would n't kill himself. He's got about every hour taken up for the next two days.'

'One of his little ways,' said Jupiter, looking at the pad. 'Never a dull moment. . . . Can you make out the abbreviations? He abbreviated everything to a kind of shorthand. We called him the Great Abbreviator.'

'No, but we'll go over that later; I want another look at that knife.'

Again Professor Singer was set upright in his chair, while the Sergeant studied the knife hilt. Jupiter noticed that Singer's healthy color had departed, leaving his face pasty like a plate of cold mashed potatoes. He guessed that Singer was around forty-five, not much more, young to have a full professorship. He had taken pride in the graying hair at his temples, brushing it carefully to get the best effect. He had once tried a moustache and small beard, but they had made him look too much like an effete billy goat and he had shaved them off. Jupiter realized that everything he had done was for effect. He had long slender hands, well manicured, and during a lecture or even in conversation displayed them cleverly, pulling at his

chin or letting one finger follow the contour of his lips. His success with women had been unusual, although in some cases not unquestioned.

'When you get the guy that owns that, you'll have your killer,' said the nondescript policeman, alluding to the knife.

'I'm afraid not,' said Jupiter.

Rankin straightened up. 'Why not?'

'It belonged to Singer; he used it as a paper cutter.'

'You're sure about that?'

'Yes, he kept it on his desk. Picked it up in Italy. He thought it might have been done by Cellini. It dates from about that time.'

'You might have told me that before,' said the Sergeant, lighting a cigarette a little savagely.

'You did n't ask me,' murmured Jupiter, wondering how much the Sergeant would stand. He liked to be sure of his footing.

Rankin let it pass. He was scratching his chin. 'Well, that brings in a different angle.'

'How's that, Chief?' asked Illinois.

'It means that if he was murdered it was n't premeditated — probably done in a fit of anger.' He blew out a cloud of smoke.

The policemen and Mr. Swayle were impressed.

'Not necessarily, Inspector,' said Jupiter.

Rankin coughed. 'What do you mean?'

'Plenty of people knew that knife was on Singer's desk.'

The Sergeant was shaken; perhaps nettled is the better word. 'Maybe you'd like me to go back to the station and let you take charge here,' he said. 'And I'm a sergeant, not an inspector.'

'Yes, sir,' said Jupiter. He was satisfied now; the scene was complete. The amateur had aroused the professional's wrath.

Rankin had picked up the engage-

ment pad again and was studying it without success.

'Can you translate this thing?' he asked, handing it to Jupiter.

'I'll try.' They gathered around him. 'Let's see, we might as well start with Wednesday, as this is Wednesday. . . . Ten o'clock, "Vn. Pg., Rdfe." That would be the Venetian Painting course for Radcliffe. . . . Eleven, "do. Hvd.," ditto for Harvard. . . . You'd think he'd go crazy giving the same lecture right over again, but he liked it like that. . . . Twelve, "Off. Hr., Fg." Easy. Office hour at the Fogg. That's the Museum where all this takes place. . . . One, "Lch. Fac. Cl." Lunch at the Faculty Club. Easy, is n't it?'

He looked up and saw nothing but open mouths and bewilderment.

'You get used to it, and, of course, I know more or less what to expect.' He went on, 'Two o'clock, "A. S. P. of R." Took that one last year. It's another course, the Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting of Rome. . . . Three, another office hour at the Museum. He usually left at four, so the rest would be here. . . . Four-thirty, "A. Rsn." Let's see, it must be somebody's name. Oh yes, Rosen, Adam Rosen — one of Singer's tutees. . . . Five, "P. App." . . . Appleton.'

'Who's he?' asked the Sergeant.

'Another tutee,' said Jupiter. 'Five-thirty, "Mr. Arthur Fairchild."' Jupiter stopped. The purse in his pocket felt much larger.

'I wonder why that is n't abbreviated?' mused Rankin. 'Do you know Fairchild?'

'Yes,' said Jupiter. The truth never hurt anyone, he thought — much. 'He's a banker, friend of Singer's. You've probably heard of his wife. They live in Cambridge.'

'She's the Society one,' explained Illinois, to everyone's surprise.

'Yes, I've heard of her, but what

about Fairchild? What did he want to see Singer about?’

‘I can’t answer all the questions, Inspector; it’s your turn,’ said Jupiter, figuring it would get him out of a hole. It did.

‘I’ll find out, all right. . . . Let me see that thing.’ He took the pad from Jupiter. ‘Six o’clock, “Fitz.” . . .’

‘Fitzgerald,’ said Jupiter meekly.

Rankin sighed. ‘Do you know him too?’

‘Not personally, but by reputation. He’s a portrait painter, quite famous. He’s doing the President now.’

‘What’s he doing *here*?’ asked Illinois.

‘The President of Harvard,’ explained Jupiter softly. He did n’t like to hurt the man’s feelings. Illinois was not bright, but he was willing.

‘You’d better do this; it’ll save time,’ said Rankin, handing the pad back to Jupiter.

Jupiter took it without comment. The next entry was for six-thirty — ‘Dr. with Hdly.’

‘That’s funny,’ said Jupiter. ‘This must mean “Dinner with Hadley.”’

‘Who’s this Hadley?’ asked the Sergeant, hot on the trail.

‘He’s a professor — an assistant professor, actually; he lives right across the hall. Let’s go see him,’ said Jupiter.

‘He’s not there; I did n’t see a light as I came past the door,’ said Mr. Swayle.

‘He’ll keep,’ said the Sergeant.

Someone knocked heavily on the door and the Sergeant went over and opened it. There was quite a mill going on in the hall. Rankin gave a few orders to someone outside and then led a small procession into the room. Jupiter found a chair in a corner and sat down to watch the festivities.

A man, obviously the medical examiner, began to do professional things to Singer. Two cops started to set up a stretcher at the other end of the room,

while another man with a camera fiddled with flash bulbs. A big shot in a uniform covered with gold stripes walked around the room with Rankin, finally disappearing into Singer’s bedroom. Someone was taking fingerprints from the desk. Jupiter realized that this was the first high-class murder the Cambridge police had had in years. Mr. Swayle came over.

‘You know, Mr. Jones, I think someone ought to tell Professor Sampson about this.’

‘Do you think he’d like it, too?’ asked Jupiter; then, ‘I guess you’re right, although he probably knows already. Ask the Inspector before you go. He may have ideas.’

Mr. Swayle met Rankin coming out of the bedroom and after a few words rushed out of the room as if he were bringing the good news from Ghent to Aix. The Sergeant walked over with the man in gold braid.

‘Lieutenant, this is Mr. Jones; he found the body. We were just going over Singer’s appointment memorandums when you came in. Mr. Jones was very helpful; in fact, I’m going to ask him to stick around for a while and help me some more, if he does n’t mind.’ Then turning to Jupiter, who had got to his feet, ‘You see, in the usual murder case, such as a gang killing, the police have a definite method of procedure which goes on without the help of anyone outside, but here we really need someone closer to the actual facts.’

Jupiter wondered how many gang murders the Cambridge police had on their hands in a year, but decided not to ask.

‘I’ll do my best,’ he said, trying not to sound like a boy scout.

The doctor had finished prodding and was packing things in his bag.

‘Can you tell when he was killed?’ asked the Sergeant.

‘Can I tell when he was killed?’

sneered the doctor. 'Why, certainly. He was found at about eight, I hear. Well, then, he was killed between eight and five. That's three hours. Even with a post-mortem, I don't believe I could get much closer; it depends on too many things. You ought to know that, Sergeant.'

'Well, we'll want a post-mortem, anyway. I want to know if he had any supper, too,' said Rankin. It was hard to ruffle the man.

Jupiter figured he could think of an easier way of discovering if Singer had had dinner, but again he practised self-control.

'All right, Jenkins, take your pictures. They won't be much use, since he was n't shot, but we'll need them for the records.'

Jenkins adjusted his camera towards the desk and raised a flash bulb. Instinctively Jupiter straightened his tie.

After the pictures, two policemen laid out the stretcher and Singer was lifted on to it. It was an inartistic sight. A little blood had dried on the man's chin, making his mouth seem elongated, almost shapeless. There was a strange silence in the room as a sheet was pulled over the body, covering the face. Even Jupiter was affected by it; it seemed as if for the first time everyone was conscious that a man had actually died. In analyzing the silence, Jupiter reflected that it was really man's inbred wonder at death, a doubt, and the silence a ceremony.

The telephone ringing cut that silence to shreds; Jupiter could almost feel the vacuum left by indrawn breaths. The bell rang three times before anyone moved.

'I'll take it,' said Rankin finally, going to the desk. The spell was broken; policemen were policemen again. The receiver came up. 'Yes? . . . No, he's not. . . . No. . . . Who is this, please? . . . Miss Slade? . . . Could you come down here? . . . Yes,

right away. . . . Yes, it is. . . . Very important. . . . All right; thank you.' He turned to the room. 'Singer's secretary. She's coming over.'

Singer's body was carried out. With it went the doctor, the lieutenant, the photographer, and three policemen. Jupiter walked over to the window; a damp but undaunted gathering of undergraduates saw the stretcher placed in the ambulance. He turned to Rankin. 'What's next, Inspector?'

'Let's finish with that engagement pad,' he answered, picking it up. 'I'll want to get hold of all the people listed here and talk with them. I've sent the janitor to tell the man in charge of this House the news. I guess he'll inform the proper authorities and then I'll have to see him. . . . The last thing was "dinner with Hadley," was n't it? I think Hadley's the man we want to see. Well, there's only one more entry — that's eight o'clock. "J. J." Is that you?'

'Yes, the J is for Jupiter, a nickname.'

'O. K. Let's see what we've got. From four-thirty on at half-hour intervals we have Rosen and Appleton, students; Mr. Arthur Fairchild, banker; Fitzgerald, the artist; Professor Hadley, and finally you.'

The door opened and Illinois's red face appeared.

'Hey, Chief, these reporters out here want to see you. They're trying to break down the door.'

'Tell 'em to wait a minute. I'll see them as soon as I can.'

Illinois disappeared in a roar from the hall.

The Sergeant turned back to the desk. 'I have n't a legal right to go through Singer's papers yet; have to wait and see his lawyer. What I want to find out is his financial standing, relatives, insurance, and so forth.'

The Sergeant was thinking out loud.

(Continued on page 245)

ITALY AND EUROPE

BY ITALICUS

I

A FRIEND of mine was once asked to characterize the rich as a class. After much pondering, he produced the following definition: 'Well, I suppose you might know rich people by the way they start hollering for the police the moment they find themselves in trouble. That's the surest reflex I can think of.'

Coming from an upper-class American, who had formed his ideas by looking at life with an observant eye, that definition struck me because of its coincidence with the new political creeds now obtaining in Europe. It gives in a nutshell what is right and what is wrong about them and about the issues they raise.

Coming after the German rearmament, the Ethiopian affair has created a momentous crisis. It stands there like the writing on the wall, for all of us to see. If we are willing to work out its meaning with an absolute will toward the truth, civilization stands a reasonable chance of surviving. If, on the other hand, we have nothing to offer save muddled recrimination or superior cant, it is quite plausible to expect that we may go the way of Nineveh. The simple democratic belief (as distinct from the make-believe of statesmen) that right can be all on one side, and wrong on the other, led to mistakes such as the Versailles Treaty, which have never been paralleled in history. Mere vir-

tuous indignation against Mussolini, clamorings for punitive action, cocky appraisals of 'infantile regression' and so on, may prove no better preventive of future wars.

Among the peoples of the world, it is perhaps the Americans who best know by actual experience what it means to be torn between two conflicting coalitions both believing in popular principles. They have been able to mature without outside pressure the lesson of the Civil War — perhaps they can best be expected to form a serious and constructive idea of the present situation and its possibilities. What strikes me most, as a European, is the clear-eyed and sensitive perception that intelligent Americans are able to bring to the problem of Europe — so different, especially in its moral quality, from the views obtaining among Europeans, even among such as are earnestly striving for a better order of their continent. Let us therefore look at the case as it stands.

Mussolini has vindicated his point of view against the self-sufficiency of the so-called 'progressive' people. Those who are still apt to portray him as a megalomaniac strutting under cheap military laurels, or an adventurer stampeded into a senseless expedition, are merely playing into his hand. For the Ethiopian war, as it stands consecrated by success, is definitely a clever act of constructive statesmanship.

That it was a way out of internal difficulties no one who happened to live in Italy during 1934 will deny. The depression was settling down at that time into a slough of despond. Economy was working in the vicious circle of growing taxation and smaller returns. Worst of all, the people's response to stimulus had become definitely deadened, and the rift between the Party and the masses was ever widening. No effort at propaganda seemed able to quicken interest in anything outside the bare necessities of subsistence.

Now the people has always been considered by those in power to be a tame beast of burden. But in a state of cataplexy it is to be accounted a sleeping dragon. Great tribunes like the Duce have a keen sixth sense which warns them when something new must be done in order to get the spark across. Moreover, they know only too well that their real ascendant does not proceed from their efficiency in providing work or in fighting off starvation, but from the prestige they are able to gain in the international field. The year 1934 had been a dark one indeed for the Duce's diplomacy. The Balkan pact had closed southeastern Europe to his hopes. Hitlerism was becoming an unmanageable force. Mussolini had thought rashly of bringing up a wolf cub; he found himself confronted by a megatherium. There seemed no other course left but the refuge of a French alliance, under the benign supervision of England. The Duce was all but cornered.

There was still, of course, one other possibility: that of putting into effect the social revolution he had been announcing for so many years, and of throwing himself 'on the side of the masses' — whatever that meant. This was both dangerous and distasteful to him. It meant giving up the small bourgeoisie, his most trusted ally and the real support of the State idea. It

involved tampering with the economic mechanism of an already impoverished country, and economics are a bugbear to his essentially political mind. His chief consideration as a nationalist must be to ensure his country such standing as would enable her to play the international game with ruthless neighbors. The doubtful support he could expect from the Left in France and elsewhere would have been more than offset by the iron ring that the propertied Powers were sure to clamp down on his asthmatic effort.

II

Up to January 1935, Mussolini remained uncertain as to the best course. Something had to be done — something spectacular. He talked to the people about the ethics of production and the senselessness of scarcity; he thought seriously of launching the corporative movement — seriously, that is, in a journalistic way.

There has been a good deal of misunderstanding about the Italian social experiment. It has been variously described as humbug and as a hidden revolution; it is both at once, and something else besides. As far as social legislation and the welfare of the worker are concerned, Italy is possibly the most advanced country to-day. But the corporative idea is more than that. It implies definite subordination of economy to the structure of the community, somewhat in the sense of the Five-Year Plan. If the creed of the community is radical, it will become another kind of Communism. If, on the other hand, the community is not interested in the rights of the individual, and believes only in the State and in the interest and power of the State, then it becomes just a means of State control, for whatever purpose the State thinks fit. In the end, it will bear a resemblance to State socialism, but a

delusive one, for the socialist element is there only apparently. There is as much of it as there was, let us say, in the now defunct employee representation plan of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which was variously described as industrial democracy and company union, whereas it was simply a way to persuade the employees to renounce their collective bargaining power and trust the common sense of their superiors.

The driving reality in both cases is the same — the ruthless will to power and achievement of great executives. But in the case of Italy the issues raised and the goal aimed at are immeasurably vaster and more complex — which makes President Mussolini a considerably greater man than President Atterbury, but also makes his ends well-nigh impossible of attainment.

Here was this living reality, a people all of whose instincts and ideals had been roused, and in whose newborn political life he must infuse something of the absolute of religious experience, if he wanted to succeed. On the other hand, if he did not want to be thrown off, he must avoid getting them into a stampede toward some too simple and definite goal — like social justice, for instance. He must keep the individual in a state of proper self-abasement and doubting awe in regard to the inscrutable will and power of the State. He must strip the people of every clear-cut vision or principle, teach them to expect fresh vistas at every shift of the blinkers, and to get full contentment out of the feeling of directed action.

But the beast was not so easy to tame, after all. The very forces that had brought Mussolini on high resented the curb. His workers' leaders coalesced too readily with intellectuals; the slightest contact with foreign syndicalists (as a tentative congress showed about that time) would start them again asking for more definite pro-

grammes and more direct action. This was a disturbing signal: since 1926, he had felt the permanent menace of the Workers' Confederation and had managed to break up its structure and apportion its budget among the various Ministries, most of which he held himself. Now he found it was time to weed out the danger; he suppressed the 'young intellectual' periodicals; he abolished the School for Corporative Studies in Pisa University which he himself had founded and fostered, and broke up its staff. Corporatism was decidedly too dangerous to be taken up except in newspaper headlines.

But you cannot fool all of the people all of the time, unless you give them an object great enough for all of their passion. That was what the Chamberlains and Lamonts and Garys who had kept purring approval of his 'strong hand' had failed to see. He despised them at heart, but he knew he must go them one better. The old emotional revolutionist was no more. He was going to be a statesman and a realist, to walk the way of the Powers That Be. The African expedition he had long been keeping in mind (since 1929, in fact) appeared to be the right thing. He looked at Europe, jittery and rigid with fear in the face of the impending crisis; England definitely in the hands of 'second-rate men'; all of the main forces adrift. Now was the moment. *Audaces fortuna juvat* — and nothing succeeds like success.

Ethiopia was the last bit of earth still ownerless, the only bit not covered by national taboos. After consideration, he decided that no one was going to start a war just to prevent his expansion.

As to the financial side of things, he was told he could risk a billion dollars (which was the amount lying idle in the banks) without much harm, provided he cut himself adrift from world economy; the rest should come out of the

colony's undeveloped resources, directly or otherwise. The only major consideration was still whether this was the proper course — so to speak, the natural curve that his career must follow to its appointed end: a new life for the Italian people through achievement and belief in him.

III

It obviously was the proper course, and the reasons are not far to seek. It would work up the masses into the enthusiasm of easy conquest (back in 1911 he would have called it *drivel*, but somehow now it looked different); it would provide a proper release for the 'suffocation psychosis' and the various complexes of the Italian masses; it would settle the social question in the old Eldorado way. There has since been some talk of shipping a million colonists to Africa. From the statesman's point of view, it is both improbable and unnecessary. The peasant masses have never troubled the sleep of dictators. A model colony of, say, some ten thousand families would be more than enough to keep the press and the people busy following developments. More important to a man like Mussolini would be the opportunity afforded for employing uncounted thousands of young workers as technicians, carabinieri, militiamen, and organizers of the native forces — more important still the creation of a Civil Service providing an outlet for the crowding unemployed young graduates who are the real nightmare of dictators.

But there is plenty of scope for constructive and enthusiastic action in running a nation of ten million laborers who have to be provided with the first essentials of civilization — scope for action and for dreaming, for prospecting, for hopes of illimitable wealth to be discovered to-morrow, or the day after. Those impressive statistics which claim

to expose the fallacy of colonial expansion unfortunately include no charts of the many feelings that come to a conquering army advancing through the unmapped lunar landscape of the Ethiopian mountains, the experience of high adventure, of rushing teamwork, of a life worth while, that go with the occupation of the wide open spaces. The simple Italian peasant lad has experienced those feelings, as many soldiers' letters show. It matters little that this state of grace was brought about by skillful emotional engineering; the scale itself of the adventure, even its relation to outside world conditions, are only secondary considerations. The action itself is what counts. In the case of Italy, it is all the more important because Fascism itself is a hothouse technique for coaching young nations into maturity, getting them to face squarely the dour realities of international life.

Such a technique is new. Like ferro-concrete in architecture, it has not yet faced the test of time. No one knows — least of all the Duce himself, who has to keep his mind and his sixth sense open about it — what the new contraption is really worth. What else, except the test of actual enterprise, could bring it definitely into the realm of reality?

No one who came into contact with the leading 'hierarchies' of the Fascist Party could help sensing a doubt hidden behind the aggressive poise of those young men who were running the country on the lines of a combined circus and steel trust. Most of them were too young even to have the war to fall back on. A muscular feeling-good, a strenuous bustling activity, an incessant search for new slogans — all this insatiable appetite for organizing and 'getting things done' was wearing itself out on a popular mass that had become almost Taoistically remote in irony and acceptance. The critical

aloofness of world opinion, the many spiritual values of their elders which they daily professed to scorn without having more than a dim perception of them, all came to weigh more than they would admit.

To perceive all this was, in a measure, to outgrow it. The best among the Fascist youth felt uncomfortable about always having to talk Spartan morals and then having nothing to practise save the virtues of bureaucracy. Many, at the onset of the Ethiopian campaign, volunteered with a feeling of relief. The obscure craving for an ascetic life which torments European youth found here a definite and, for many, quite sincere expression. It meant getting out of the moral slough; it meant also, in the secret heart of the more serious section, getting away from the unbearable patronizing of the war generation and winning the title of veterans who would carry a voice in the councils — and possibly in the revolution — of to-morrow.

Thus the schemes of a self-seeking dictator and the uncertain dreams of youth grew into the common will. It was not only a solution; it was — even if against fearful odds — *the* solution.

IV

What was wrong about it? From the strictly national point of view, nothing. From the point of view of world opinion, or of that part of it which believed in Geneva — everything. In that regard, the Ethiopian adventure was the most tactless and irritating move that could have been thought of. People — experienced diplomats — marveled at the ‘sudden stupidity’ of this intelligent man. The self-conscious blustering and blundering of his press campaign appeared ominous to them. They hinted darkly that he was in the process of being demented by the gods.

Now that the Duce has proved up to the hilt that his calculations were correct, as well about effective conquest as about its moral repercussions at home and abroad, it becomes essential to understand the how and the why. For by his well-weighed decision a serious wrench has been given to the mechanism of history. Whatever the consequences, — even in the improbable case that England should work her vengeance on him, and that he should fail miserably, — he will be to his people a national hero who never doubted the fortunes of Italy, who exposed international hypocrisy, who twisted the Lion’s tail and held him up to derision.

Mussolini has never despised international opinion as such. A great journalist himself, thirsting for a world rôle, his ceaselessly roving attention reverted again and again during the past years to the possibilities of a revision campaign, of a world drive for peace, of continental economic unions, of clever and prudent arbitration in Geneva or elsewhere. Aside from the promptings of his temperament, he was free to take his choice, which democratic statesmen are not. It is therefore significant that after years of intercourse with rulers, having become by now the Elder Statesman of Europe, he decided that so-called good will and the so-called values of civilization stood for exactly nothing, and that the only language the essential vested interests would understand was the very same that the Carnegies, Morgans, and Rockefellers had used in their time. What he said to the propertied Powers was this: —

‘Now look here. You are sitting in Geneva, at what is officially a Round Table, but in fact we all know it is a dinner table where the Big Ones help themselves generously and keep the small fry in order with what is left. You are afraid of outsiders. Very well,

make room for me, and I shall begin to see good reason for helping you to preserve the sanctity of treaties.'

The other ones countered, in true diplomatic fashion, with the explanation that 'it is n't done any more' — and the offer of a couple of non-negotiable desserts. Then Mussolini yanked off the tablecloth.

To speak of this as an outrage to the whole of European civilization is not quite fair. It would be more accurate to say that it was a shock to English manners. To the French it did not come as a shock, but rather as the annoying realization of a dangerous truth: '*On est toujours l'Éthiopie de quelqu'un.*'

It is a fact that Mussolini has no use for what Anglo-Saxons (and, in their wake, the small Powers) are wont to call European civilization. He scorns bourgeois humanitarianism as the Blanquist he is at heart. He has no understanding of the Victorian ideals and the complicated subconscious legerdemain that enable the English to feel virtuous whatever happens. These are in his mind elaborate pastimes suitable for the affluent. But he is not a savage for all that, no more than was Frederick II in the face of church morals. Indeed, his situation in this affair is typically Frederician. The question is: Are we entitled to claim that civilization has made any essential progress since the time of Frederick or of Hobbes? Has the essential relation of man to society changed since that time? Or of nations to each other?

That is the moot point which Mussolini has thrown up to the so-called forces of civilization. And he has done so in a style that is, whatever its descent, definitely new and significant.

Let us work out what the answer was; but first, in fairness, we should consider what the worries of European executives were in 1935.

V

France had succeeded in clamping round Germany a three-cornered vise whose jaws were the Maginot line, the Czechoslovak frontier, and Russia — Italy being the main articulation. England felt the risk of being left out in the cold, and proceeded to reassert herself by stirring trouble with the Naval Pact, at the same time giving Italy the glad eye, to keep her from complete allegiance toward France. There were after all, it was hinted, opportunities for 'collaboration.' The local chiefs had really become troublesome on the Somaliland frontier, and a slight punitive action on the part of someone — for example Italy — might have been not unwelcome. Mussolini promptly took up the cue: there obviously were still a couple of years of lull ahead in Europe; the Tories could protest only half-heartedly if he pulled some of the blanket on his side. So, having secured assurance of 'hands off' on the part of France, he went for Abyssinia while the going was good.

The storm of British public opinion came to him as the greatest surprise of his life. In his socialist-trained mind, he had never dreamed that public opinion could be aught but a convenient tool for certain governmental or vested interests. Now he found himself in a pea-soup fog. Nonetheless, he felt confident that he knew which were the real interests of British imperialism. So he went ahead, staking his all.

The British Cabinet, on its side, was sorely distressed. It knew the Englishman refused to fight on almost any consideration, that he even refused to vote armaments. The moral centre of gravity had laboriously been shifted from London to Geneva, the capital of the Empire of Virtuous Peace. And now this mad Italian was going to ruin everything, besides getting his unruly

mind to work on that most delicate spot of the Empire, the Red Sea, where Great Britain had intended him to keep hanging on to the window sill, as had been the laudable custom of his predecessors for forty years. A most deplorable affair. Away from the Nile and back on the Brenner was where he belonged, and he was told so with increasing exasperation. 'And,' added Admiral Fisher once in conversation, 'if those Johnnies won't listen, the only thing to do is to close the Canal so they'll *have* to be back by June where they are needed — that's all.'

That was truly about all, and it was so very simple. Someone must be found to fight for the Channel Ports in case of need and uphold the Sanctity of Treaties; it could not very well be the British, so it would have to be the Italians. The British fleet would take care of that. It would shoo them off from this harebrained and inconvenient adventure and get them back to their proper place in the scheme of things. Besides, such an opportunity to harness the Laborites and Conservatives into imperial teamwork was not to be missed. So all hands came out for the Sanctity of the Covenant.

This simple and cunning statecraft did not provide any striking effort at originality; it had all been worked out long ago. What was needed was a territorial army somewhere to take care of the dirty work of 'balance.' Once upon a time it had been the Hessians and the Prussians and the Spanish; now it was going to be the Abyssinians or the Italians, according to time and tide. Spontaneous feeling for the Negus, and/or traditional friendship with Italy, would see to that.

It was all so obvious and sincere, this belief that people ought to behave properly, — and in case they don't, it's enough to send the fleet around, — that the infuriated Italians felt it somehow worth while to throw themselves

into the maw of that benevolent Lion, were it only to give him the hiccups.

Mussolini had already achieved one thing — complete national union. The situation was almost unbearably tense, but he never lost his nerve. Though he certainly felt like a quarry at bay, his composure, his courtesy, and his easy attention to the matters in hand made his staff marvel. He lost patience only when someone hinted at means of placating world opinion. He then averred, with curses, that the only way to placate foreigners was to show up as 'tough mugs' — in which contention, by the way, he proved to be exactly right.

Government circles, in the feverish summing up of each day's news, relied solely on reckless confidence. 'What can England do after all? Why, nothing.' And ahead they went. Shipload after shipload of troops sailed out to Libya and the Canal, tense but eager, as into an oncoming storm. Dozens of young airmen enlisted every day in the 'Legion of Death' bombers, pledged to hurl themselves bodily on to the British warships. Europe was to them only a hazy abyss of iniquity, and England a creaking obsolete Fafnir coming out to guard its treasures.

I have heard it said on this side of the ocean: 'How is it the Italians absolutely declined to grasp the moral issues of the conflict?' Well, no, they thought they saw them pretty plainly; and from their own national point of view they did. Great Britain was calling for international action in the name of the Letter of Treaties. In other words, the rich man was calling for the police.

This may appear a crude caricature of Mr. Baldwin's appeal to the *communis sensus*. But it must be admitted that neither was that gentleman's case absolutely watertight.

Great Britain has successfully established for herself the reputation of

taking few engagements and keeping them up to the hilt. Hence her claim to be the Guardian of the Word. Now it is quite true that the British dislike for 'chiseling' has always ensured proper fairness and decorum, but on closer scrutiny it becomes evident that Great Britain never allowed her pledges to interfere seriously with her imperial interests. Being so large as to be able always to fall back on herself, she never had to feel the keener edge of the law, any more than the rich man need enter into collision with the police. Her code is all of her own making, and she will not brook any other. It would be a strange day of topsy-turvydom when, say, Argentina should summon her courage and her faith in majorities to haul Great Britain before the bench in Geneva and ask about the Falklands. Still, such a course would be far more conformable to the League of Nations, as a democratic institution, than the present one.

To the Fascists, in their peasant horse sense, the situation read simply as follows: 'The British might easily enough get the Negus to enter into a mandate agreement with us. If they won't, it is simply because they find it more convenient to use us as a sacrifice to their League. They have painted the map red, and now even the last bit they want to hold back as a game preserve. They have devised sanctions as a means to keep power in the hands of the rich.' To all concerned the moral issue appeared quite obvious. Passions interlocked: ethics, indignation, sportsmanship, compassion, greed, disillusionment, anger, and despair joined to make the confusion worse.

The only thing Great Britain could do at that point was to cut the Gordian knot by sheer imperial power, and send everyone home with a spanking. But she thought that the show of power was enough, and that Abyssinia would do the rest. Only on October 17 did

she realize that she was risking war, and the possible loss of half of her fleet.

From that moment the course of the Cabinet was quite clear; there stand as evidence the Hoare-Laval plan and the present settlement. The Cabinet realized — a little late — that Mussolini was quite willing to hand over Italy to revolution rather than let foreigners seize it. And this he would surely have done. He told them so in no unequivocal terms. And meanwhile he was working up the masses, telling them that this was an enterprise of the people, by the people, for the people, against international plutocracy.

VI

It has been contended that the main element in English policy has been the German risk. This can be turned both ways. In the beginning it worked against Mussolini, for the British clearly thought that the downfall of one dictator would be an effective curb on the surviving one. Later it may have worked for him, but never in a decisive way. As a normal element in the European game, it was understood that Italy would be a welcome pawn to counter the German moves; but more conventionally than in reality, for the British rating of Italian strength was absurdly low. Trusting a General Staff whose judgment has become proverbial, the British expected the Abyssinian army to sweep the Italians into the sea any minute, and stuck to this belief to the last.

They saw quite plainly what a victory of the League would mean for the Empire and for world peace; they were quite ready to appear again the generous sponsors of Italian freedom; but — they could not afford an Italian revolution. So they promptly took back their transparent hints and polite wishes. The instinctive tenderness they used to

feel for the Duce is surely gone. With one base on the Nile and another in Leros, he has become an uncomfortable partner; but he still stands for law and order, or at least for that peculiar brand of it which they think good enough for Continentals. And there the matter rests.

The failure of President Wilson's peace plan was surely one of the major factors of post-war anarchy. The failure of the League will no doubt precipitate another series of regrettable events. It is maddening to the lesser nations to feel that the only Power capable of maintaining some sort of reasonable order has backed out of the game. No amount of revision talk will make up for that.

To England, things are looking not so bad after all. Providence seems to take care of those who are able to take care of themselves. England tried honestly to enforce collective action —

provided it did not go too far. Through the shiftiness of France and everybody else's fault, this did not succeed. Very well, England will revert, in the words of Mr. Chamberlain, to strong defense of limited interests — to the old policy of balance of power, which implies offsetting a deficit of twelve thousand men in the Home Army with a few million dead foreigners somewhere else.

By raising the moral issue, and then being unable to live up to it, Great Britain has acted in a way disruptive to the life of Europe. No one doubts the sincere pacifism of British opinion, or the prophetic ardor of many of its leaders. On the other hand, the cleverness with which the Cabinet carried through the sanctions move is up to the best traditions of British statesmanship. Everything was in the Cabinet's favor; but its conscience was split — it did not know what it really wanted, and the other man did.

THE LAUGH THAT FAILED

BY AGNES REPPLIER

'Pleasure is not a programme. It exists here and there,
for me and for no one else, once and never again.'

— GEORGE SANTAYANA

I

ONE night in June, 1804, an English boy of sixteen asked his father to listen to a song. The lad was charming to look at, fair-skinned, dark-haired, with sparkling blue eyes. He sang a gay little ditty, and he sang it as though he were laughing. The father, a musical composer of merit, listened with manifest delight.

'I have another,' said the boy, and sang again; this time a plaintive ballad, the words dropping like sighs from his lips.

'Who wrote the songs?' asked the father.

'I did,' answered the lad.

'And where did you find the airs?'

'I composed them.'

The father leaped from his chair. This prodigy was his son. This lad, hitherto shut up with ordinary English boys in a schoolroom at Harrow, held potential music in his brain and lungs. Of course he should not go back to the school he hated. Of course he should stay at home, and develop his talents under parental supervision. The mother was dead. An older brother was away from home. There was no one to intervene, and at sixteen Theodore Hook's fate was sealed.

The mischief so inauspiciously begun grew more perilous every year. At seventeen young Hook was earning

fifty pounds a week by composing songs for comic operas. He was spending guineas when he should have been saving shillings. He was behind the scenes in the theatres, where he began to show his remarkable powers of mimicry, and where he was tolerated for the fun he made. His brother strove valiantly to stem this merry current of life, and succeeded in getting him entered for Oxford. This was as far as his education ever went. In place of the stiff course of studies laid out for him, he composed two musical comedies which enjoyed more success than they deserved, and wrote a novel which was published and read. The curse of easy success lasted until he was twenty-five. It was like one of the spells cast by the malign fairies of our childhood.

A natural result was a flow of animal spirits which made the fortunate young man engage in elaborate jests — jests which seemed to him worth perpetrating, and which by their very vastness have become historic. He began by gate crashing; not the common process of to-day, which means getting into a house only to be put out again. When Hook crashed a gate, he assumed a character and played a part. As the character was well chosen and the part well played, he was dined and wined and made much of by a flattered

or an anxious host. It must be remembered that the kind of jokes which are now called 'practical' were then immensely popular. The Prince Regent loved them. They reached the level of his intelligence. When king, he played one on the old Duke of Norfolk — plying him with drink at table, driving him round and round the Pavilion lawn at Brighton when he thought he was returning to Arundel, and finally tucking him into a Pavilion bed where he wakened in the morning. Thackeray explodes with wrath over this exploit, which was ill-bred and unkind, but of no great consequence. It seems an unconsidered trifle when compared to Hook's gigantic folly, commonly known as the Berners Street hoax.

So far as we are aware, there was no animating motive for this historic tomfoolery. The year was 1809, and the neat appearance of a house on Berners Street — the home, as it chanced, of a well-to-do and childless widow — presented the occasion. 'I'll lay you a guinea,' said Hook to a companion, 'that in one week that nice modest dwelling shall be the most famous in London.' The bet was taken, and Hook went to work. Within five days he and his colleagues wrote letters (Lockhart says one thousand, Garnett says four) to tradesmen all over London. They ordered every kind of goods from coal and wood to books and prints, from potatoes and wines and brandies to jellies and cranberry tarts. All were to be sent at the same hour of the same day to the Berners Street address. Other letters of a more laborious character went to high officials, and revealed Hook's marvelous powers of imposition. The Lord Mayor and his chaplain were summoned to take the deathbed statement of a dishonest councilman. The chairman of the East India Company, a cabinet minister, a bishop, and — incredible though it may sound — the Duke of York, Commander in Chief of

the British army, were urged for reasons pious, patriotic, or personal to present themselves at the 'modest' house on Berners Street. Philanthropists, popular preachers, and hairdressers were not forgotten.

Happily there were cautious tradesmen who — harboring doubts about payment — ignored the call. But Hook was always convincing. Most of the people to whom he wrote responded, or endeavored to respond. They blocked the narrow lanes that led to Berners Street. The military promptness of the Duke of York brought him early to the widow's door. With him and after him came carriages, wagons, and carts innumerable. As the hours wore on, the congestion became appalling. It was a field day for the rabble. Battles were fought at every corner. There was a general smashing of all that was breakable, a free distribution of everything that could be eaten or drunk. Cases of wine and kegs of beer refreshed the thirsty. Horses were killed and men were injured. When the streets were cleared they looked like a battlefield.

Hook and a couple of friends had secured for themselves lodgings opposite the Berners Street house, and they watched in safety the development of the hoax, which exceeded their expectations. If there were any amusement to be derived from the performance, that amusement was theirs. They had worked hard enough for it, Heaven knows. They had pursued laughter so furiously that only a sense of exhaustion was left. 'Somebody,' says Hazlitt, 'is sure to be the sufferer by a joke.' Judged by this standard their joke was a good one, for the sufferers were many, and much indignation was aroused. Hook fell under immediate suspicion, and slipped out of London for a few weeks; but his secret was kept until he chose to divulge it, and two years later we find him again engaged in providing discomfort for others.

This time the jest consisted in forging a facsimile of the cards which invited the Prince Regent's guests to a magnificent fête at Carlton House. The card was sent to Mr. Coates, an amateur actor who was then squandering his money by renting the Haymarket and playing Romeo on its boards. Coates repaired to Carlton House, where the Private Secretary spied him, suspected what had happened, and slipped him discreetly from the royal presence. The Regent, though his taste in jokes was not impeccable, was deeply displeased when he heard what had happened. He said he regretted that a man who had come to his doors in good faith should have been expelled from them; and he sent his Secretary to Mr. Coates the next day to express his regret and offer apologies.

II

All this time Hook, while admittedly a brilliant talker and the delight of the theatrical world, had never aspired to enter that other world of rank and fashion which stood sorely in need of entertainment. But the time was at hand, and the occasion was a dinner given by the Drury Lane Company to its 'brilliant proprietor and irregular paymaster,' Mr. Sheridan. Hook, a young man of twenty-three, was at hand, and was called on to improvise some verses descriptive of the feast. It was an art in which he excelled, and in which he had no English rival. In the gayest mood and with perfect ease he rattled off his rhymes, praising or satirizing the distinguished guests, and weaving into his stanzas anything of a diverting nature that had happened during the dinner, or had been said by the diners. This *tour de force* stunned Sheridan, and enraptured his son, Tom. The two young men struck up a friendship which was destined to have serious results.

Hook's method of entertaining was certainly unique. Lockhart describes an evening in the house of a gay bachelor who lived near Highgate. Coleridge was one of the guests. All had dined, and all were apparently drunk. Hook at the piano sang bacchanalian songs of his own composition in which Coleridge figured largely. The room was full and stiflingly hot. Hook suddenly rose and sent his empty glass crashing through a windowpane. Coleridge rose in turn, and with an aspect of solemn benignancy sent his glass hurtling through another pane. Guest after guest followed suit. It was a grand night for the glaziers. The host was farthest from the windows. His goblet smashed the chandelier. Hook sat down again, and rattled off an improvised ballad about the goodness and badness of the shots. Coleridge, overcome by admiration and by punch, pronounced him a genius, as great as Dante, only different.

The rise of this genius in the social world was rapid. Tom Sheridan presented him to the Marchioness of Hertford, who in turn brought him to the notice of the Prince Regent; and that august arbiter pronounced judgment in his favor. At the first meeting he said: 'Mr. Hook, I must see and hear you again.' At the second he said: 'Something must be done for Hook.' At the third or fourth he was so richly entertained that the favorite's fortune was assured. In November 1812, he was appointed Accountant General and Treasurer to the Colony of Mauritius, a much coveted post, which carried a salary and allowances amounting to two thousand pounds a year.

Hook was not yet twenty-five. His qualifications for public service were a ready wit, a good tenor voice, a sweet temper, a talent for improvisation, and an unstinted enjoyment of every form of pleasure. He was fairly intelligent, but imperfectly educated, with no

experience of, or aptitude for, business. Of course he was delighted with Mauritius, and of course Mauritius was delighted with him. The island was an earthly Paradise; 'every hour seems happier than the last.' The Accountant General may have known nothing of accounts; but he was a charming host, a good sport, a lover of the turf, and friendly to all classes. Be it remembered to his credit that he paid off his English debts within two years; but he could not grow rich in a place where the cost of living was so unevenly distributed. 'Fresh butter at ten shillings a pound, and fifteen shillings for a pair of gloves; but good claret at tenpence a bottle, and pineapples a penny apiece. Necessities are exorbitant, luxuries dirt cheap, and a pretty life we do lead.'

How this life managed to run on for more than four years, Heaven alone knows. It came to an abrupt close in January 1817, when William Allan, a mulatto clerk in the Treasury Office, wrote to Lieutenant Governor Hall, reporting a deficit of twelve thousand pounds. This was an announcement too startling to be disregarded, and an investigation followed. The books were found to be in great disorder, which might have been expected; but there was absolutely no evidence to show that Hook had appropriated the money. There was, in fact, no evidence to show anything. The twelve thousand pounds had disappeared, and nobody — least of all the Accountant General — knew what had become of them. The 'haughty vagueness' of his replies to all inquiries was not helpful; and when, three weeks after writing his letter, Allan shot himself, the last clue was lost.

What followed was a compromise. Hook was not accused of peculation, but was declared to be a debtor to the British Government for the money which had been supposedly under his

guardianship. His property in Mauritius was seized, and there is a touching story of a Negro slave who boarded the ship on which the deposed Treasurer was returning to England, and begged his acceptance of his own writing desk, which this humble friend had bought at auction for ten shillings that he might have the happiness of restoring it. Back in London with only two gold mohurs in his pocket, and a mountain of debt (which did not weigh very heavily, because not a shilling of it was ever to be paid) hanging over his head, Hook, with the dexterity of a cat, landed squarely on his feet. The Tory periodical *John Bull*, devoted to the interests of the King and the vilification of the Queen, was started in 1820. To him was assigned the editorship, with permission to be as ribald as he chose.

It was a large order amply fulfilled. If the royal consorts were hard to praise, they were easy to censure. *John Bull* stopped at nothing in the way of insult; but its blazing audacity of invective never degenerated into dull abuse. In fact it was never dull at all: —

Tous les gens sont permis hors les gens ennuyeux.

If its swift prose and rattling rhymes carry little meaning to us to-day, that is because dead issues cannot be reënlivened. In its time the paper was of real service to the King; and incidentally it yielded its editor — who did all the work — an income of two thousand pounds, as much as he had received at Mauritius, and with no attendant expenses.

Of course this could not last, but while it continued Hook was at the height of his fortune. When he first returned to England he was held in custody, and forced to reside within the precincts of the sheriff's office. When freed from this restriction (apparently because there was no earthly use in holding him) it was with the warning

that he was still a debtor to the crown — a circumstance which he was not permitted to forget. He took a cottage at Putney, and gradually regained his old position in the social world.

His perversity in living with a woman whom he would neither marry for the sake of his children (he had five of them), nor abandon for the sake of himself, closed his own doors to the polite world, but left him free to enter the doors of others. His debt made it impossible for him to hold property, but permitted him to spend an ample income. He was a hard and a quick worker, publishing thirty-eight books in sixteen years, which was far too many. They sold well, the three series of *Sayings and Doings* being the most successful. As he grew too fashionable for Putney, he moved to what he called 'real London'; became a member of exclusive clubs, and was deeply appreciated in all of them. When he made a habit of dining at the Athenæum, scores of members dined there on the chance of hearing him talk. When he disappeared from his accustomed corner, the attendance dropped.

III

Strange to say, this consummate actor had a fixed and rooted aversion for the stage, and a contempt for the profession of acting. Yet he was a thing of unreality, playing a part which became more distasteful every year. Garnett calls him a 'hired jester,' but it is a question how a man who is unpaid can be said to be hired. It was precisely because he did not have to be paid that he was for some years the most popular diner-out in London. The hostess who sent her little daughter around the table at the second course to beg Hook to 'begin to be funny' took this shameless liberty because she was getting, or hoped to get, something for nothing. The jester who was not

jesting must be reminded of his task. He went his way to the sound of laughter; but his inborn gayety of heart was growing faint. His personal debts were beginning to threaten his daily bread, and his debt to the crown forever shadowed his honor. There was no dignity in his life, and no just cause for self-respect. Sydney Smith also went laughing — half against his will — through the world; but Sydney Smith stood on firm ground, the equal of his associates, an independent churchman and a very admirable English gentleman. Hook was an air plant. He had no roots. He had no sure income. He behaved like a man of wealth and a man of pleasure when he was neither, and every year his position became more untenable.

There were good traits in this drifter with the tide. He is said to have been the original of Mr. Wagg in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*; but if this be true, Thackeray went wide of the mark. Hook was never contemptible, and Wagg was never anything else. Hook was capable of sustained kindness that to Wagg would have seemed preposterous. When an old theatrical friend, Michael Kelly, put together some odds and ends of reminiscences, he asked Hook to help him in getting them published. Hook made sure of this consummation by rewriting every chapter, infusing into each vitality and fun. The book was received with amazement (Kelly had never been considered a wit), and Hook kept his own counsel. If a more generous deed than this was ever done, the world should be ringing with its fame.

Byron spared a kind and wise word anent Hook's early flights. He mocked in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* at the absurd and melodramatic *Tekeli*,

Puns and a prince within a barrel pent;

but he recognized its author as a man of talent engaged in wasting his powers.

No one knew better than Byron the peril of success that is won too soon and too cheaply. He, too, had flashed meteor-like across the world of letters.

Like many other men who are compelled to write ceaselessly for a living, Hook devoted his spare moments to filling up pages of a diary. Scott, who every morning held a pen until it slipped from his numb fingers, sat down at night and scrawled passages as gay and as poignant as any in his novels. They were meant for his own delectation and solace; but we could no more spare his description of himself as a 'pebble-hearted cur' parting dry-eyed from the susceptible Madame Mirbel than we could spare *The Heart of Midlothian*. Hook's diary is as bleak as if it had been written in a Siberian prison. It tells the story of his losses at play, his losses in lotteries, the pressure of his unpaid bills. It tells of visits to the houses of peers, where he flung about his last guineas, and had nothing to show for them but his name in the 'fashionable intelligence.' It affords material in plenty for a moral essay or for a sermon; but from first to last it is innocent of gayety. Its author never wasted a joke upon himself.

And this brings us to the consideration of a problem. What has become of all the jests, all the witticisms, all the brilliant repartees and laughter-provoking comments with which we are told Theodore Hook strewed his social path? A formidable volume has been compiled of Sydney Smith's best — and worst — sayings. A lesser volume might be compiled of Sheridan's. But Lockhart in fifty-five closely printed pages tells just one well-known and amusing story which relates to Hook's early youth. When he was seventeen his clerical brother escorted him to Oxford to be matriculated. The Vice Chancellor asked him if he were prepared to sign the Thirty-nine Articles.

'Yes, sir,' said the boy. 'Forty, if you like.' The jest all but cost him his matriculation, not being to the taste of the authorities, and only his brother's ample apologies saved the day. But there is a quality of wit, and a quality of sense, about it. Forty has always seemed a natural, and thirty-nine an unnatural, number of anything. 'Ali Baba and the Thirty-nine Thieves' would never have been the deathless story that it is.

Hook's novels were overrated in their day, and have perished since. Lockhart, whose literary perspective was a bit 'early,' risked saying that he was the only male novelist of his time, except Mr. Dickens, who had drawn portraits of contemporary English society destined for permanent existence; and made no doubt that the best of his work would 'go down' with Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. It is a curious circumstance that the critics of the early nineteenth century, who all knew that Jane Austen's novels were good, never recognized them as supreme. They felt that they honored their author when they placed her by Miss Edgeworth's side.

IV

Hook died, a prematurely old man, at fifty-three. Only in London, where tradesmen do not expect, and apparently have never expected, to be paid, could his debts have multiplied so enormously. A student of life's ironies should be aware that the father of John Horne Tooke, the philologist, was a decent poulterer who once accommodated Frederick, Prince of Wales, in the matter of a right of way. The gratified Hanoverian appointed him poulterer to his household, and, dying some years later, owed him several thousand pounds, which the tradesman was never able to collect. The sale of Theodore Hook's library and effects

brought twenty-five hundred pounds, which went to the crown as preferred creditor. He had always hoped that this debt would be wiped out in consideration of his services to the King's party, which was a not unreasonable expectation. On the other hand, he had never, when in possession of a large income, made any effort to lessen his indebtedness, which would have been the natural action of a man who held his honor high. The Lords of the Treasury, hardened by his unconcern, absorbed the twenty-five hundred pounds, and his family, like the tradesmen, went bare.

A subscription was opened for them to which the King of Hanover (Ernest, Duke of Cumberland) sent five hundred pounds; but it never reached an adequate sum. The British public has always entertained a prejudice against illicit relations. Charles the Second was aware of this circumstance when he said, 'Let not poor Nelly starve!' and so was Nelson when he made his dying appeal to his country to be generous to Lady Hamilton. It is true that both these light-o'-loves were reduced to poverty by their own absurd extravagance; but neither of them had been brought up wisely and well. Nell melted her plate, and James the Second paid her debts, and she learned to live thriftily, and left money to the poor when she died. But Lady Hamilton had no friend at court. England cordially disapproved of her; but the fact remains that, although she was fat and foolish (qualities fatal to romance), she

was — next to this same unforgiving England — the thing that Nelson held most dear. By virtue of this circumstance she counted for more at Trafalgar than did his clerical brother upon whom were lavished all the undeserved rewards — a peerage, a pension of five thousand pounds, and ninety thousand pounds to purchase an estate.

With these shining examples before their eyes, the friends of Theodore Hook could not have hoped for a generous response to their subscription. The entries in his diary show that in the last years of his life he was deeply concerned over the youth and helplessness of his children; but it is characteristic of such men that they begin to grieve when it is too late to do anything else. Hook must have looked back bitterly upon his own merry, careless, and absurdly affluent boyhood, when he sent his elder son, a lad of fifteen, to India, to fight his way with a cadetship, the gift of an old friend. He must have remembered that life, which promised hardships in plenty for this young adventurer, had for him dawned too brightly. He had dared to frame a programme of pleasure, only to find, without the aid of philosophy, that pleasure has its own law of being. He had stirred the world — his world — to laughter, and, like Grimaldi, he had no other method of approach. Pope saw us moving angels to tears by our absurdities. Horace Walpole saw us moving them to laughter. The absurdities are ever the same. Only the audience differs.

PREVENTIVE ECONOMICS

BY CLIFFORD B. REEVES

I

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER once wrote about a cow that learned to climb a tree. Her antics fascinated those who watched her. She was much more exciting than the ordinary cud-chewing cow. But when she got home at night she did n't give much milk.

Economists who went into the business of financial forecasting during the 1920's were about as far from their regular job as Mr. Butler's cow. But they were far more spectacular than their more orthodox colleagues. They were the fellows who got the headlines, and naturally they were regarded by the public as the leaders of their profession.

By 1929, many people had come to think of an economist as someone who could see over the next peak in the Dow-Jones stock averages. When the guesses of most of these financial soothsayers turned out to be bad, the entire profession of economic research suffered an undeserved loss of prestige.

What little faith the public retained in economists generally has been further shaken, since the coming of the Blight, by the advent of a new horde of self-styled economists promoting crackpot theories for the creation of wealth out of thin air. The boom-time prophets had promised riches for everyone who had a stake in the market. The new crop went them one better and promised Utopia for everybody.

What the public must be made to

realize is that mere advocacy of an economic theory does not make a man an economist. In recent years there has been developed a kind of special pleading that passes for economic research, although it is n't research at all in the true sense of the word. It starts out deliberately to seek facts in support of a preconceived premise. When economists went on some business man's payroll, a change in their attitude necessarily occurred in most cases, whether they realized it or not. Most of them were turning out not economic treatises but sales-promotion material.

As compared with this, true research is impartial and unprejudiced. It seeks to prove nothing. It has no axe to grind. It is a pure fact-finding effort, seeking only the truth, and letting the chips fall where they may.

Even in those rare cases in which business-men economists remained free of sales pressure, their points of view were usually too restricted to permit the broad economic fact-finding and reasoning that were needed. Each was looking intently at his little portion of the general economic picture. If he found his sector to be reasonably sound, he issued assurances as to the future. Meanwhile, too few people were investigating impartially the fundamentals of our economic structure and their broad interrelationships.

Because of confusion as to what economic research really is, there seems

grave danger that all faith in its value may be discarded. Such a result would be unfortunate, for never has there been a time when a greater need for it has existed. But the requirements of sound economic research are very difficult. In the first place, it requires complete objectivity. Next, it is too big a task for individual effort. It calls for the effort of an entire organization of trained people. Furthermore it requires a great deal of time and money, because, properly done, it is a long and tedious task. Much economic research has proved futile because conclusions have been based upon insufficient facts.

In strange contrast to the almost universal loss of reputations elsewhere in the field of economics has been the increasing respect accorded to an organization known as the Brookings Institution, whose name is heard more and more frequently in connection with economic questions. Perhaps the reason for the increasing prominence of the Brookings Institution is that it meets the requirements of scientific approach, organization, and fact-finding facilities which have been so frequently lacking in the field of economic research to date.

The Brookings Institution owes its existence to a public-spirited citizen named Robert Brookings, who before the turn of the century had amassed a fortune in private business and retired to devote himself to public service. While acting as a member of the Commission on Economy and Efficiency appointed by President Taft, Mr. Brookings was shocked to discover the haphazard methods followed in government financial affairs. Budgets, he discovered, were used neither by the Federal Government nor by the states. Impressed by this and other evidences of laxness in government operations, Mr. Brookings in 1916 was instrumental in establishing at Washington, D. C., the Institute for Government

Research, the forerunner of the present Brookings Institution and now a division of the latter. Under the directorship of Dr. W. F. Willoughby, the Institute began its task of research.

It soon became evident that a tremendous need existed for broad research effort in social fields as well as in the field of government. In 1922, Mr. Brookings secured a grant from the Carnegie Corporation for the establishment of the Institute of Economics, of which Dr. Harold G. Moulton, University of Chicago economist, was appointed Director. The following year saw the establishment of the Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics, which did not charge its students tuition, but instead granted fellowships for the pursuit of advanced study. In 1927, the three organizations were merged to form the present Brookings Institution, under the general direction of Dr. Moulton.

The Brookings studies of the uses of the budget in government finance were directly responsible for the adoption of a Federal Budget in the United States in 1921. Studies were conducted for various state governments, on request, including those of New Hampshire, Mississippi, North Carolina, Iowa, and Alabama. In addition, the Institution conducted researches into the activities and functions of various bureaus of the Federal Government. Its findings, published in sixty-five volumes known as the Service Monographs of the United States Government, have become standard reference works.

In the social and economic field, the first broad study of the Institution was on the subject of war debts. It appeared in a volume entitled *Germany's Capacity to Pay*, which did much to clear muddled thinking on that subject. It showed the utter impossibility of the 100 per cent payment then so widely demanded, and was closely pondered by the Dawes Commission.

When ex-President Coolidge was appointed Chairman of the National Transportation Committee to study the position of the railroads and other agencies of transportation, he retained the Brookings Institution to conduct the fact-finding analysis on which the conclusions of the Committee were based. Brookings also made the most comprehensive survey ever attempted of the social and economic conditions of the American Indians, at the request of the Secretary of the Interior.

II

In 1932 the Brookings Institution undertook what is unquestionably the most complete study of broad economic fundamentals ever conducted. The project was financed by the Falk Foundation of Pittsburgh, and required the collaboration of Brookings economists over a period of three years. The purpose of the study was to ascertain, if possible, the reasons why our entire economic machine does not function more efficiently year in and year out. The results, entitled *Distribution of Wealth and Income in Relation to Economic Progress*, were published in four parts. The first dealt with America's capacity to produce; the second with capacity to consume; the third with formation of capital; and the fourth with the relation of the distribution of income to economic progress.

This study succeeded in isolating what the Institution believes to be the fundamental reason why the material progress of the nation has been disappointingly slow. According to its findings, the reason is that industry has failed to pass on to consumers enough of the benefits resulting from technological advances, particularly in the past fifteen years. The answer, says Brookings, lies in more goods at lower prices.

This recommendation is directly op-

posed to much of the economic philosophy now current, and is a direct challenge to price-fixing schemes and stabilization devices. Under a capitalistic system, the savings made possible by improved technology are supposed to be passed along automatically to the public in the form of lower prices. But in recent years obstructions to a free competitive system have been built up in the form of price-fixing devices which have prevented consumers from receiving the benefits of lower prices that a free competitive system would have assured them. This conclusion, simple though it may sound, was arrived at only after the most searching inquiry ever made into economic fundamentals.

It was obvious to the casual observer that even in 1929, which was a period of great prosperity, there were not sufficient goods produced to meet the needs of millions of families that remained undersupplied. This raised the question whether the failure of the economic machinery to function as it should was due to the failure of production processes. Therefore, in the first phase of its study, Brookings turned its attention to the adequacy of the country's productive facilities and the degree of their utilization.

The study showed that in 1929, the year of peak production, the nation's productive facilities could have turned out approximately 20 per cent more goods than they did. The actual output for that year reached \$81,000,000,000, as compared with a theoretical capacity of about \$96,000,000,000. It was found, however, that wide differences existed between the amount of productive capacity utilized by various industries. The percentage of capacity utilized in 1929 varied from a low of 40 per cent for locomotives to 96 per cent for full-fashioned hosiery.

The compilation of figures for the relation of production to capacity for each year since 1900 showed that, con-

trary to popular opinion, there had been little increase in the proportion of unused capacity in the thirty years since the turn of the century. This disproved completely the argument so often heard that our troubles were due to constant increase in excess productive capacity over a long period of years.

Brookings found that in the fourteen years from 1922 through 1935 American productive facilities operated on the average at about two thirds of theoretical capacity. Much of this discrepancy was accounted for by the normal failure of a complex economic machine to adjust itself to 100 per cent efficiency.

Two conclusions, however, emerged clearly. There had been no marked increase in the percentage of excess productive capacity since 1900. But sufficient excess capacity existed to permit the country's productive facilities to turn out more goods if called upon to do so.

Satisfied that the answer to the problem did not lie in any serious failure of the production machinery, Brookings in the second phase of its study turned its attention to income and its distribution. It was found that 21 per cent of all families in the United States had incomes of less than \$1000 in 1929, and that 71 per cent of all families had incomes of less than \$2500 that year. Only about 8 per cent of all families showed incomes of \$5000 or more, and only 2.3 per cent reported incomes of \$10,000 or more. It was also found that in the groups having incomes of \$2500 or less most income is expended for consumption goods, and that savings were accumulated chiefly in the higher income groups.

It goes without saying that families with incomes of \$1500 a year or less wanted more goods than they were able to buy. The addition of \$1000 to the annual income of each family in

this group would have provided sufficient additional purchasing power to have absorbed virtually all of the excess productive capacity existing in 1929.

Such a situation naturally raised the question of the benefits that might arise from the redistribution of income. On this point, Brookings found that if the entire income of the nation had been divided absolutely equally each person would have received only \$665 in the most prosperous year the country has ever known. It found, moreover, that if all income derived from investment and all salaries received by corporation officials had been distributed pro rata to the public — and officials *must* get *some* salaries — it would have increased the average family income only \$560 per year. The difficulty is that the *total income*, regardless of its distribution, has been inadequate to support on a satisfactory standard of living the number of people who must live on it.

It was clear from this study of distribution of income, however, that although production, and new capital to finance production, continued to expand, the total purchasing power of the masses did not increase rapidly enough to absorb the goods that could be produced. This led Brookings to the third phase of its investigation, which was the formation of capital and the relation of savings to income.

This study showed, as might be expected, that the higher the income of a family was, the greater were its savings, both in total and as a percentage of income. It was found that in 1929 the total savings of the nation were \$15,000,000,000, of which \$13,000,000,000 were saved by approximately 10 per cent of the people. Sixty thousand families with incomes of \$50,000 or more saved as much as did 25,000,000 families having incomes of less than \$5000. The 59 per cent of the country's families which receive less than \$2000

a year account for only 1.6 per cent of the nation's total savings.

The most significant fact discovered was that in the post-war years up to 1929 there had been a substantial and steady increase in the percentage of the total national income available for savings and investment. Moreover, it was discovered that such funds were pressing for investment at nearly twice the rate at which they could be absorbed for new capital purposes. The natural result was an inflation of investment prices. If at this stage of our history, says Brookings, greater purchasing power had been available in the lower income groups for consumptive purchases, many of our subsequent difficulties might have been avoided.

This was the first time that such a situation had arisen in the United States, which until recently had never had sufficient surplus income to meet the new capital needs of its rapidly expanding business and industry. A basic change had occurred in the relation of savings to income in the years prior to 1929, the full significance of which was not appreciated at that time.

III

In the course of its studies, Brookings has exploded the widely held theory that vastly improved technology in recent years has made possible a tremendous potential overproduction of goods, and that our salvation from this glut lies in a reduction of working hours and restriction of output. Although there were wide differences found in technological improvements in various industries, Brookings discovered that, on the whole, improved technique of production had accounted for only an 18 per cent increase in productive efficiency between 1922 and 1929.

The Institution's reports point out that people in the long run are paid only out of what they produce. The

less they produce, the less they have with which to buy goods. The country's present productive facilities, if operated at 100 per cent capacity, could not produce a sufficient volume of goods to assure a national income equivalent to \$3000 per family. Hence Brookings thinks that the danger of overproduction and a glut of goods is nonexistent.

Brookings has no sympathy with the philosophy of scarcity now in vogue, and states that the adoption of the proposed thirty-hour week would be calamitous. Production, it says, must be expanded, for that is the only method by which the total income of the country can be increased to an amount sufficient to make possible an improved standard of living.

Production was expanding rapidly in the 1920's; so was the country's total income, which is determined by its production. But, says the Brookings study, industry did not pass along to the consuming public the benefits of increased efficiency. As a result, the purchasing power of the consuming public did not expand as rapidly as did production. The result was a basic maladjustment between production and ability to consume.

Brookings points out that if the capitalistic system had been operating in practice as projected in theory, this situation would not have occurred. But price competition, which should have been the corrective influence, had diminished. This condition came about through plans of price stabilization sponsored by large industrial combinations, trade associations, government monopolies, and other mechanisms of price-fixing.

In proof of this diagnosis, Brookings points out that whereas efficiency, as measured by the production per worker, increased 18 per cent for all industry and 25 per cent for manufacturing industries between 1922 and 1929, the

prices of manufactured goods declined only about 5 per cent. Prices of raw materials as a group meanwhile remained practically stationary. The index of wholesale commodity prices declined only from 96.7 to 95.3. Retail prices showed virtually no decline. This situation is in sharp contrast to that in the period from 1870 to 1890, when great technological improvements were accompanied by sharp declines in prices.

Brookings has also examined the various ways in which this situation might be corrected in the future. The ineffectiveness of any attempt to redistribute existing income has already been discussed. Redistribution by taxation, says the Institution's report, would not be sound because the money collected would not be spent for the things that individuals want or need the most. Moreover, the projects financed by taxes are usually not themselves taxable. As a result, the tax burden on private enterprise becomes heavier, and the inevitable result is to retard production.

The possibility of achieving the objective by increasing the money wages was carefully examined. This method was found to have certain merits, provided that meanwhile prices do not increase proportionately. But the weakness of this method lies in the fact that it can never be uniformly applied, because it reaches only about 40 per cent of the total working population. The Brookings study showed that small shopkeepers, professional people, and other workers outside the wage group comprise a total of 20,000,000 people in the urban centres alone. This takes no account of the farm population, whose interests are severely injured by high industrial wages, which tend at least in part to bring higher prices and consequent reduction in farm purchasing power. The tendency thus accentuates the already wide discrepancy

between the purchasing powers of the urban and rural groups.

The best solution, in the opinion of the Brookings Institution, lies in a reduction of prices without any decrease in money wages. This method results in an automatic increase in the purchasing power of every consumer. It tends to increase the volume of production, which is the only way in which the standard of living can be substantially improved. Under such a policy, if the efficiency of production continued to increase over a period of years, the country could look forward not only to complete utilization of existing productive facilities, but also to the enlargement of such facilities, with more goods for each individual to enjoy. In its studies to date Brookings has not discussed any methods of ensuring price reductions, but expects to examine that subject in future studies.

The gist of the Brookings conclusions is 'more goods at lower prices through elimination of price control.' This calls for the free competitive system under which American business is theoretically supposed to operate. The trouble has been that it does not operate that way in practice. An examination of the economic theories recently or at present in greatest vogue shows that most of them are diametrically opposed to the Brookings recommendation.

In the 1920's there was a notable laxity in enforcement of antitrust laws. This tended to foster monopoly and high prices. Trade associations in various industries were responsible for voluntary agreements among competing companies on the subject of prices. Attempts were made to maintain an artificial price level for various commodities, such as copper, through control of surpluses. This same method of price maintenance was also extended, under government sponsorship, to agricultural products.

Then came the New Deal, with a

golden opportunity to sweep away many of the obstacles that in recent years had been interfering with the normal functioning of the competitive price system. Much of the economic policy of the Roosevelt Administration is known to have stemmed from the thinking of Mr. Justice Brandeis and Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard. Both these gentlemen have for many years been arch foes of monopolistic tendencies in business, believing that monopoly fosters an extortionate price level. It might therefore be supposed that the application of their theories would be a fair test of the Brookings findings.

A closer analysis of the Brandeis-Frankfurter philosophy, however, shows that its objectives are primarily social, rather than economic. These men detest monopoly chiefly because of its social implications.

Mr. Justice Brandeis, for instance, says, 'There are still . . . persons who believe that the rapidly growing aggregation of capital through corporations constitutes an insidious menace to the liberty of the citizen . . . that the evils incident to the accelerated absorption of business by corporations outweigh the benefits thereby secured.' This is a social, rather than economic, appraisal.

Mr. Justice Brandeis apparently favors the destruction of bigness in business even if the public must pay higher prices as a result.

This fact is evident in many of his statements, which make it plain that he does not object even to price-fixing provided that such a device is used to prevent increasing bigness. In a statement made before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in 1915, he said, 'The denial of the right to establish standard prices results in granting a privilege to the big concerns.' The privilege referred to is apparently the ability and willingness

of large concerns to sell at lower prices than their smaller and less efficient competitors.

The social, rather than economic, emphasis in the Brandeis theories was again evident in a Supreme Court case known as *American Column Company v. U. S.*, involving the Hardwood Manufacturers Association. The members of that group, accounting for about 30 per cent of the country's hardwood production, had pooled information on sales, prices, and production. The Court held that such activities constituted a combination in restraint of trade. But Mr. Justice Brandeis, in a dissenting opinion, said, 'May not these hardwood lumber concerns, frustrated in their efforts to rationalize competition, be led to enter the inviting field of consolidation? And if they do, may not another huge trust, with highly centralized control over vast resources . . . become so powerful as to dominate competitors, wholesalers, retailers, consumers, employees and, in large measure, the community?' In brief, Mr. Justice Brandeis preferred price-fixing and restraint of trade by a group of companies rather than further bigness in business. As contrasted with this, application of the Brookings findings would permit business units of the most efficient size, whether large or small, and then assure free and open price competition between those most efficient units.

The Brandeis-Frankfurter theories are clearly evident in a number of laws and bills sponsored by the present Administration, all of which involve a penalty on bigness, regardless of whether such bigness results in more goods at lower prices. Notable among these are the 1935 Revenue Act which penalized the larger corporations as contrasted with the smaller; a bill proposing the elimination of discounts on volume orders, intended primarily to destroy the competitive advantages of the chain

stores and the mail-order houses; and the new tax bill which levies heavy taxes on undistributed corporate income.

The weakness of these measures lies in the fact that mere destruction of bigness or strength all too often tends to increase prices to the consuming public. This weakness accounts for the failure of such legislation to foster the free and efficient competition recommended in the Brookings findings.

IV

The NRA, which, until it was declared unconstitutional, comprised the Administration's chief recovery effort, was directly opposed to the Brookings findings. Under the Blue Eagle, fixed minimum prices were established, which resulted in a rigid and artificial price structure. The higher prices tended definitely to curtail production. Wages were arbitrarily raised in a misguided effort to increase the purchasing power of the people. Such increased wage costs were bound to be reflected in the selling prices of goods. Anticipation of this led to a sudden rush of buying that raised the price level farther and faster than wages had been increased. The result of this situation was a reduction in true purchasing power, rather than an increase.

Likewise the AAA, the Administration's second great recovery effort, violated virtually every recommendation of the Brookings studies. The marketing agreements permitted under the AAA were definitely intended to raise prices by monopolistic tactics. Processing taxes caused a substantial increase in the prices of foodstuffs, and thus tended to reduce purchasing power and curtail production. Restriction of acreage and the destruction of crops were based upon a philosophy of scarcity which is at complete variance with the Brookings belief that an improved

standard of living will come only with greatly increased production.

Moreover, the President has made it plain that he does not believe that lower prices increase either purchasing power or consumption. In his speech at the Jefferson Day dinner of the National Democratic Club in New York on April 25, Mr. Roosevelt said, 'Other individuals are never satisfied — one of these, for example, belongs to a newly organized brain trust — not mine. He says that the only way to get full recovery — I wonder if he admits we have had any recovery — is to lower prices by cheapening the costs of production.' This recommendation might be accepted as a fairly accurate statement of the Brookings conclusions.

Discussing the merits of this belief, Mr. Roosevelt continued, 'Let us reduce that to plain English. You can cheapen the costs of industrial production by two methods. One is by the development of new machinery and new technique and by increasing employee efficiency. We do not discourage that. But do not dodge the fact that this means fewer men employed and more men unemployed.'

If that were so, there should be fewer men employed to-day in the motor industry than when cars were made virtually by hand. Labor to-day plays a relatively less important part in the manufacture of automobiles than was formerly the case. But instead of finding fewer men employed, as Mr. Roosevelt's theory would imply, we find that employment in the motor industry has increased manyfold. We find also that collateral employment in road building, tire manufacture, oil refining, and other activities related to the motor industry has also gained tremendously.

'Reduction in the cost of manufacture,' Mr. Roosevelt continued, 'does not mean more purchasing power and more goods consumed. It means just the opposite.' In proof of this con-

tention, which is diametrically opposed to the Brookings recommendations, he stated, 'The history of the 1929 to 1933 period shows that consumption of goods actually declines with a declining price level. The reason is that in such periods the buying power goes down faster than the prices.'

There was a special reason why prices and buying power declined simultaneously from 1929 to 1933. It was because deflation, resulting from the collapse of *high prices*, had temporarily brought about a condition in which manufacturers could not sell their goods for the equivalent of their costs of production, no matter how low such costs were. Unprofitable operation and necessary retrenchment reduced purchasing power. Such a transient condition is no criterion by which to appraise the benefits or detriments of lowered costs of production that result in profitable business at lower prices.

This statement by the President that lower cost of manufacture did not increase consumption or purchasing power called forth a terrific storm of protest from economists, financial writers, and business leaders. Manufacturers of radios, refrigerators, motorcars, and other products whose markets had been expanded by volume production and constantly decreasing prices were shocked at this attack on the philosophy that they knew had been responsible for great increases in volume of

business and employment in their industries. It was also pointed out that the TVA, one of the great New Deal agencies, was itself engaged in an attempt to reduce the costs of electricity on the theory that it would increase consumption; that private utility companies were being forced by governmental bodies to reduce their rates; that an attempt was being made by the Interstate Commerce Commission to increase the business and employment of the country's railroads by means of drastic rate reductions; and that the government's housing projects were intended definitely to achieve low costs.

The President did not recant. But two weeks after his New York speech he summoned Mr. Walter P. Chrysler to the White House and discussed with him the methods by which the market for automobiles had been expanded by a reduction in manufacturing costs. Mr. Roosevelt then expressed enthusiasm at the possibilities of applying the same technique to residential building construction. Whether the contrast between this attitude and his New York speech was intentional or unintentional is not known. But at any rate the incident served to quiet the uproar that followed the President's Jefferson Day speech. Perhaps the Brookings theory of more goods at lower prices may yet be given an opportunity to prove its worth.

A GARDEN FOR MOONLIGHT

BY ETHEL ANDERSON

A MOONLIGHT garden is best built above the sea, for the moon never shines so brightly as on salt water; and although the moon's scintillations filter pleasantly enough through fresh water, there seems to be on the surface of the sea an oily, resilient patina that amplifies her rays, and sends them rebounding upwards, like rain on slate.

Fresh water, as it appears, absorbs light; salt water, in sparkling regurgitations, refracts it; and there may be a still more deeply rooted affinity between the moon and the sea than is generally guessed at, for an oceanic vastness alone hardly explains why lunar tides swing the ocean, yet cause no rhythmic flux, no ebb and flow, of inland seas, or freshwater lakes, or rivers.

Below the sea we know lies an unknown, a stranger sea, as black as coal, as dense as rock, as cold as ice, where the fish, supporting on their fins the weight of half the world, move like arc lights. This submerged ocean is the mercury backing the sea's glass; this is the culet of a diamond which has for girdle the earth's immeasurable sea-shores, and for table the moon's disk. Its facets intensify the radiance of moonlight on salt water.

That our vision shows us but one such nexus to the moon is a disadvantage that may be alleviated somewhat by the plan of the garden, which should have a central path running due north to facilitate the enjoyment of the zenith

or lunar noon, a path going eastwards to greet the rising moon, and a third traveling westward toward its setting.

All dipping finally into the sea, these paths should be proportioned as was a Crusader's sword, the east- and west-going paths cut short, like the cross on the hilt, the northern path long, like the sword blade. The pommel would give the hint, dimensionally, for a fourth path, having at its tip the doorway into the garden; it should have but a little gate.

A basin to hold the stars should be put where the four pathways meet. Their dark foliage pitted by the Pleiades, or by wheeling Orion, with tiny sequins of light, four magnolia trees, placed so that they do not overshadow it, may flank the basin.

While the walks in a moonlight garden are best made of light-colored granite (marble, unless it be liberally clouded over with pink, is too white), the star basin should be lined with malachite, or black marble, or some other dark substance, so that Betelgeuse or Aldebaran lose nothing in the reflecting. For this reason the water should be sunk, lest the winds ruffle it, below the rim of the platter. Yet it should not be set down so deep that a hand may not reach the stars.

Since lotus buds in the moonlight open so quickly that it is possible to hear the plop the petals make in sundering,—as if they kissed at parting,—

since the yellow water lilies of the Euphrates or the dim Asian kinds blossom only at night, it is a temptation, to some, to mix lilies in with the stars in the basin. But it is better to limit oneself to the galaxy. For lilies, unlike violets, have no legendary association with the sea. White violets may be scattered lightly over the rocks, well above the inrush of spray at high tide. But lilies are landlubbers.

It is not known how souls are begotten. That they may grow on the human mind — parasites of experience — gives life but a tame climax. That they are in reality begotten in mystic intercourse with a Divine Consonance, — that those who are, in the body, childless may yet be the foremost breeders of souls, — is a theory not without appeal; and as a breeding ground for souls a moonlight garden may have its uses, particularly if it harbors a crooked acacia, whose tarnished, off-white blossoms may brush the moon with silver, may stir the senses with exhalations so sweet, so faint, so fleeting, that only souls can catch them.

A moon bow, though among the rarest, is not the least brilliant of the diadems of night. Snaring within its triple arches humid cerulean, veiled rose, saffron, purple, lime-green smeared with maize, it echoes palely a rainbow's hardier chromatics. A moon bow is never so rare that it may not be

hoped for; in rainy weather, with a full moon moving in puffs of light through a piebald sky, a moonlight gardener may expect to see one.

It is wisest to let unserried waves of fringed hydrangeas break, whiter than arctic snows, against the edges of all the granite paths, lines of moonflowers, their milky pendants brilliant as candelabra, linked with them as seventh waves. Beyond the moonflowers stone pilasters must lift up feathery cascades of white wistarias — some fifty or sixty vines spreading out into fans of ebullient foam. White azaleas, and acacias, and oleanders must fringe the limits of the garden, the flash of surf in the shelving bays beneath them always glittering through their exquisite intricacies of branch and bough.

When in silver flocks the sea birds troop home across this silent, lovely promontory, some sea eagle or migrant white owl may stay to rest in the acacia boughs, or some deft osprey fish from the granite steps that dip into the sea, or a white, languid peacock may be cajoled to walk here. But if the moonlight garden is to be kept, as it should be, primarily as a hatchery for souls, it should be kept solitary.

None but sea voices should be heard by those who frequent this garden of the moon and sea; no sound but the hesitant sibilants of the waves, and the whisper of the sea winds.

THUNDER

BY RICHARD SULLIVAN

I

THE leaves were just beginning to burst, yellow-green and tender, and, as he walked, the long thin branches which had been bare all winter waved and tossed lightly over his head in the breeze. He walked slowly, looking at everything, taking it all in, breathing deep. She would not be there yet; he had plenty of time. The air was warm and sweet. There was an excitement as of flowers and leaves and birds in the air. And the ground was soft — good to feel under your feet again after ice and snow. This short yielding grass . . .

A man at the side of the path was raking last year's dead leaves from the foundations of his cottage. Already there was a banking pile of brown leaves over in a corner of the yard near a lilac bush. He watched the man's arms swing in long steady strokes; he could hear the rake crisply sweeping the leaves along, baring the young shoots of grass beneath, uncovering the white and green roots. Raking — it was like combing the hair of the earth, scratching the back of the earth. In the morning you woke itchy and wanting to stretch and roll. This was the way with the earth in spring. A man with a rake scratched its back.

'Looks like she's comin' early this year,' called the man. He leaned on his rake, grinning, wiping sweat from his forehead.

'Yes.' . . .

A robin hopped across the grass; it cocked its beady-eyed head proudly and pecked at its breast. She was coming early this year — the spring; coming in April with robins.

Fresh, clear fragrance hung all about the lilac bush. Bees were on the blossoms, crawling stickily over the tiny flower cups, boring in deep. The lilac leaves fluttered in the wind and showed their under sides silver, and the heavy lavender blossoms nodded restlessly, continuously, the bees clinging tight all over them.

The setting sun lay strong on his back, warm through his coat on his shoulders. Grass bent pliantly under his feet as he walked on. The grass and this brown earth beneath, giving with each step — it made you feel grateful and good. There was nothing ahead but sky and grass. The meadowland sloped upward. A dark blue cloud blew along from north to south over the straight, clean horizon line. Grasshoppers jumped around him high as his waist; they hit his hands as he walked. You could feel free and welcome here — it was all like a greeting. Presently the ground turned sandy, the grass yellow and hard. The wind sounded soft like a continuous puff, and over it the tinny chirping of the grasshoppers shrilled loud.

Then suddenly thunder rumbled — low and very far away. It was only a murmur, a whisper rolling in that dark

blue cloud. The sound was gone in an instant. But it left the whole open world hushed and waiting and filled with a strange expectant uneasiness.

Thunder stirs memories in you, deep and lurking; it quickens dim restless desires. After it thundered he felt unsatisfied and troubled, and he began to hurry. Maybe she would be there before him.

He could smell the lake now, fresh and fishy. His feet sank ankle-deep in yellow sand. Ahead lay a long low dune overgrown with willow bushes. He hurried, and when he got to the dune he was breathing hard and running sweat all over.

That quickening threat of thunder hung in the air. He watched the blue cloud; it lay low and heavy, its outlines massing in and out as he looked. Across the sky from the north other smaller clouds were coasting swiftly. Sometimes the sight of clouds can scare you. The vast sky and the awe of thunder . . .

He scrambled up the path through the willow bushes. Furry gray buds were shooting out tender green leaves, and the willow bark looked slippery. On the top of the dune the lake breeze caught him full and cool. He ran down the slanting sand cliff on the other side and stood on the pebbly beach looking up and down the shore. She was not there.

II

The blue lake lapped along the curving beach lovingly, with a little hissing sound. Far out against the hard-edged sky line a white sail cleft the water. The round dark clouds were piling up rapidly out over the lake. He stared at them fascinated; then turned. In the west the sky was still clear, but the sun was strange and white, like a dazzling splotch behind milky drapes, dead-looking. Out over

the lake it was all movement and wind and the sound of water.

A stone suddenly flipped at his feet, puffing up sand in a little spurt. He turned quickly. There she stood, leaning against the sand cliff. Ah, the flow of that coarse green dress round her body . . .

'When did you come?' he cried happily. 'I didn't see you!' He started toward her.

He could see she was pleased at surprising him; she had a small wise smile. As he came toward her the corners of her mouth drooped mockingly. Then quickly she spun and doubled down the beach away from him. A game! He was only a few steps behind her, sprinting at once; but she was swift. They ran in the wet sand close to the water — the firm sand where the waves curled. With her dress flying he could see the deep hollows behind her knees: legs stretching — the fine hollows and the two lean strong tendons. He felt proud of her legs. He could hear her laughing in low delighted pants, like a child. A wave splashed his foot; his ankle was wet and cold.

She stopped, flung up her arms, and he caught her — swung her roughly around. This was a game! But at once she seemed stern and calm; she firmly pushed him away. He knew he should stop — she had not meant this; but he tried to pull her down on the soft dry sand. She twisted; she was strong. 'No,' she was saying. 'No!' He knew he should stop; but she was warm from running and still breathing fast — she was fragrant and sweet. She twisted away from him angrily, stood defensive. He glared at the sand resentfully, ashamed, his arms limp and hanging. At that moment out over the lake thunder suddenly rumbled again — short, abrupt, and very close.

Like passion, that thunder; it sunk into him heavily, stirring up surges of dim, wild desire. The trembling, un-

easy roll and then the pregnant hush; you could feel thunder in your head now, thunder in your blood, restless muttering surging thunder all through you deep inside. He reached out a hand toward her fiercely.

She touched his hand, patted it. In her deliberate coolness he felt a wish to ignore his mood. Then she drooped her thin blue-veined eyelids and picked up a stone from the beach. Thunder could be like an echo inside you, reverberating tensely. She could n't understand this. Everything was easy for her. She could run and never let him catch her.

She threw the stone underhand out into the lake. It skipped three times and went under. Something in that action calmed him. He became aware for the first time of the rising waves — whitecaps; they rolled and hissed with a deep windy undertone. Everything had a noise to-day. There was in everything a whisper — a sound of motion; you overheard it rushing, a sort of secret universal undertone. And over it all was the hush of thunder.

'We always wait!' he cried bitterly. Why had she run if she would not be caught? In everything else there was a drive and a conquest, the huge quick earth with its plan. He faced her full and she turned away.

'You know I can't,' she said sullenly.

He plumped down wearily on the sand. The boat with the white sail was gone.

Then she began walking up and down on the sand in front of him, slowly, solemnly. Head down, he watched the smooth little ball of her ankle, watched her shoes press into the sand and push forward, rocking a little, leaving a round dry hollow into which more sand quickly slid, filling up her footprints. There was a long free swing of legs beneath the heavy green dress — a break and flow of folds — the rhythm and brush of her body go-

ing back and forth and back and forth on the sand. Suddenly she reminded him of the lilac bush swaying in the wind, leaves, flowers, and branches covered with greedy bees. It was a likeness of rhythm, of spirit. He thought of the man raking dead leaves, the wave of the grass in the field, the tinny chirping of grasshoppers — the urgent sound and movement and color rushing together in everything; this warmth of sand now and the continuous sweep of the waves; all this urge and order and plan; this whole huge quick earth, with everything full of a throbbing beauty, with everything stirring and living; the strain and sadness, the beauty and life overwhelming, until remembering the sweet tender color of grass was enough, and you closed your eyes. . . .

She had stopped pacing and he looked up. Her face had a timid, excited look. She came close and sat beside him; he could feel her shoulder rub against his, and he tried to forget the contact, disregard it. He said to himself that every third wave is supposed to be bigger and the ninth wave biggest of all, and he determined to keep count, but forgot in an instant. Her shoulder rubbed against his.

'I know how it is for you,' she whispered. 'Sometimes it's that way for me — too.' Her eyes were all glistening and pitiful. A low roll of thunder began, stopped short, and left the air breathless, waiting. 'Sometimes,' she repeated in the sudden hush, her voice very low. 'Only most of the time it's like this — I'm cold. Cold!' He knew he was staring at her. 'I can't help it!' she cried fiercely, as if he had accused her.

Her face seemed to him thin and starved. It was as if he were staring straight into her, inside her, deep and clear. The thunder muttered again in the background. She meant that this was n't her fault; this was the way

she was made. It was like seeing a thing stripped naked. Louder now, and closer, the heavy rumbling began to fill the low sky out over the lake. He thought of iron cannon balls rolling in mysterious metallic spaces, waiting to crash. This thunder could crush you.

'I don't want to be this way!' she sobbed. Now her cheeks were shiny and wet. The thunder rolled like a weight on the air. Against the horizon line there was a tiny gray smudge of smoke—a steamer far out in the thunder.

He didn't mean to, but his legs jerked suddenly and he was close beside her in the sand, his arm around her; she was sobbing hysterically in big gulps. He felt brittle and keen from strain, and she kept crying. 'One time I thought we could—live out here—have a house out here—by the lake.' All the time the thunder chanted deeply behind her. But you had to wait to have a house by the lake; be stern and hard; be cold—you had to wait. Stern and hard, he kept his arm very steady, and with the other hand he was smoothing her hair down, petting her soothingly; and in a little while she grew calmer. But the thunder was like a deliberate burden, an intentional weight put upon him. He didn't mean to, but he began to kiss her hungrily all over the cheeks and eyes, tasting the saltiness of tears. Some times you know you will never forget; that was the way it was now; this instant would be with him forever, this salty wet smoothness of cheeks and about him the rush of water and over all this suspense of thunder in ominous air.

A white sheet of lightning glowed dully in the sky toward the south. Now let it come; he set himself ready, dreading it. Then at last the great thunder came in a wrecking boom—it always follows the flash. It rocketed heavy over the dunes, spilling low

echoes: vibrant thunder charging the atmosphere. He felt it enter him and settle there tremblingly. The clouds glowed white when the lightning flashed, and she stirred within his arm.

It seemed that time stopped and the moment was suspended. He could feel her close and soft and warm beside him. Along the beach in front of them blue-gray waves were lying in and slipping back, hissing, making little smooth grooves in the wet sand. A couple of gulls wheeled out over the lake; they rode the white-edged waves. This was far out in the country for gulls; they usually stay close to the harbor, where bits of food float and the water is dirty. He wondered how long this moment could last. Forever and ever it seemed. Then she murmured rather timidly: 'I think I ought to go. . . . There'll be a storm.' And that was final. Time started.

There was nothing he could say. The thunder was muttering constantly as if in practice, preparing for another crash. Her thin fingers had clutched his wrist, wrapping it tight. She had hands like a child, brown and long, a little dirty now. The clouds were navy blue down there between the irregular flashes. The air was getting thick and hard to breathe. But after the storm it would clear. For everything you had to wait. Now she would go. That would be better for both of them. Tomorrow they could meet again. Then it would be different; there would be no thunder to-morrow. Passionately he pressed his hand full against her hair; this rounding smoothness, this fine hard grain. But you had to wait. She stirred gently and broke away from him, stood up. Empty and alone he stared hard at the shifting blue thunderclouds. Then he too stood up.

The sun was gone now and the whole western sky was eerie-gray and mottled like the under side of birds' wings. She

looked a little embarrassed and did not face him fully — an awkward moment. Then he reached for her hand and clasped it loosely in both of his. She turned her face. Very carefully he kissed her on the mouth, straining back the pressure, holding in; her lips were wet and warm. He could hear the screaming mew of the gulls out over the sound of the lake. It was like twilight around them and the thunder was low and fervently deep. Then he let go of her hand; and without looking at him again, head bent, she turned and started off down the beach, the green dress heavily swinging.

III

He looked after her with a dull, unsatisfied fixity. A little way down she turned. He waved his arm in a weak half circle and could see her head bend in reply. Then a curve in the dunes cut her from sight.

He stood alone on the beach for a moment, feeling the full surge of the elements about him, the lash of waves hissing and pounding, the tremulous, thunder-charged air. Now that she was gone he felt terrified by this bursting oppression of the sky. A glow of lightning broke in the clouds — first a faint wan sheet, then a dazzling fork; and immediately thunder shook deep and booming along the dunes. A hor-

rible urgency possessed him; shocks of thunder throbbed into him, and he ran wildly up the sloping sand cliff — ran through the willows — ran across sand and hard grass. He could feel his leg muscles stretching and giving; his breath came hot and raw; he ran and ran. Then at last the thunder fell distantly to echoes, but he could not trust it to stop and he kept running until his legs were numb and his lungs empty. Then a few drops of rain splashed down cool and calm on his hair.

There was grass under his feet again, dark green in the gloom, and he slacked up and let himself walk. The grass was soft to press down upon, yielding. But low, interpenetrant thunder rumbled still in the air above, preparing rain, rolling, filling him with vague nameless dreads and desires, making him try to remember. He thought of the beach, the shore line stretching away, curving, as far as you could see; the panic of thunder; white restless stripes of waves coming in; gulls; and her long humble stride as she walked away.

It did no good to think. Soon it would rain hard; the big drops would sink deep into the soft, yielding earth. In the gloom beneath his feet he could see star-shaped ferns spraying out fragile and green; and close ahead lay a thick field of wild snapdragons, swaying pallid in the wind, all with their tongues out, eager for the rain.

THE PALACE OF MINOS

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

THE publication of the last volume of the great archæological work, *Palace of Minos*, by Sir Arthur Evans, brings to a close what must rank as the most complete record of the largest single archæological enterprise ever undertaken in any land. It is almost a commonplace among educated circles to talk of the 'Minoan world,' of 'Cretan art,' and of the hundred and one elements of Minoan life; but the story of how the unknown became a commonplace is as fascinating as the life of Cnossus itself. For before 1894 it would have been true to say that no single reliable generalization was possible about the long and mighty civilization in the heart of the ancient world that we now so easily call Minoan. The whole structure and history of that utterly forgotten age might have remained ill-understood, or only partly revealed, or, worse still, inadequately examined, had not one man, with a clear and penetrating eye, foreseen from the discoveries made by previous workers that there was a wide gap in knowledge that had to be filled, and then set out, equipped with all the qualifications of scholarship, archæological acumen, mature learning, and firm and determined forethought, to solve the problem of how to find the archæological facts which were presupposed by accumulated knowledge.

Schliemann had unearthed at Troy and Mycenæ a world which, at the first

discovery, baffled historians and Greek scholars so completely that, in the early controversies, doubts were formulated whether what had been discovered was merely early Greek or an unexpected growth of mediæval barbarism in the Mediterranean. As late as 1900, Sir Arthur had to contend with a heresy uttered by the British Museum excavators of Cyprus, that the objects and culture they had there brought to light were probably of the seventh or eighth century B. C. and not, as in fact they were, of the Late Minoan Age and of the Mycenæan type already recognized at Mycenæ. Evans had long since taken the long view and placed in their proper perspective the varied discoveries of the Greek world that belonged to a pre-Greek period. One can now only with great difficulty imagine the situation that existed a generation ago. The march of exact and scientific archæological research has gone so fast and so far that the early gropings of the predecessors of Sir Arthur Evans seem like the discussions of those who believe that the earth is flat, while his efforts to correct them seem now as unnecessary as the arguments of those who prefer to believe that the earth is a sphere.

The emergence into the light of knowledge of a wholly new period of history previously unsuspected, or the material remains of a civilization not immediately identifiable, invaria-

bly provokes the speculation of those least competent to judge, and the new material rapidly falls a prey to the illiterate or, far worse, to the semi-literate, who should know better. The piecemeal acquisition of knowledge of pre-Columbian American culture, particularly that phase of it represented by the Mayas of Yucatan and Honduras, led to great outpourings of the wildest theories on the part of speculative writers. Before even the most elementary researches had begun, these theorists had already staked the claim of the Lost Ten Tribes and of Atlantis on the temples and jungle cities of primitive Mayan culture. Crete has fortunately escaped from the frothing waters of idle speculation and been dragged in to the safety of a solid shore by the simple fact that from the very start of research its hidden history was safely under the guidance of a scholar who, already fifty years of age and already an acknowledged authority on many branches of archæology, was far more competent to undertake the immense task than any other living scholar.

Evans had the enormous advantage of having been fully trained from his childhood in the scientific and rational methods of archæology formulated by his father, Sir John Evans, who himself was the foremost of prehistoric archæologists in England. Nothing can make an archæological researcher more proficient at his task than a meticulous knowledge of things and objects, quite apart from his actual training in method and historical studies. Evans had handled the vast collections of antiquities made by his father, and continued those collections himself. He knew the feel of ancient surfaces and could sense the detail of structure and fabric better than any other archæologist of his day.

This detailed knowledge of things, important or unimportant, is one of the few qualities which are absolutely

essential to the excavator. One sees it in museum curators, one sees it in all good craftsmen, one sees it in doctors and pianists, in gamblers and in grocers. Schliemann made a superb archæologist because he had been a grocer's assistant. The handling of innumerable groceries and the keeping of endless accounts equipped him with those qualities which professional archæologists should always possess, but usually acquire otherwise. Schliemann's reports on Troy, his first excavation, are marvels of detail and accuracy, and reek of the grocery — as indeed they should, for excavation bears a distinct likeness to the reassembly of a scattered hardware store. And when Schliemann was excavating, learned scholars were scoffing; and when many of these scholars themselves excavated, the results of their excavations were so badly and insufficiently recorded that now their work is worthless, while much of Schliemann's remains.

No matter how acquired, this flair for handling *Realien* is one of the prerequisites of excavation. The hands of the expert have fingers; those of the amateur seem to be solid lumps.

II

It was thus to the immense good fortune of all future learning that Cnossus fell into the right hands. It might have been excavated only half-heartedly by the staff of an institution, interested more in a pleasant season of excavation than in the vital problems presented by a new discovery of incalculable importance. It might even have fallen into the hands of a dilettante or an amateur. The whole site, with its countless treasures and secrets, might have been irretrievably ruined.

By 1894, Evans had gained control of the site of Cnossus and begun the preliminary researches so essential to an undertaking of such magnitude.

Systematic excavation was begun in 1900, and, with the exception of the pause during the war, has been continued ever since. As soon as the war was over, Evans embarked on the equally immense task of a substantive publication of the whole site of Cnossus, together with a consideration of the Minoan world in all its aspects. The first bulky volume of the *Palace of Minos* appeared in 1921, the last has come out in 1935. Excavations reports had, of course, been published from time to time as the excavation proceeded, but they were in no sense a final statement of the situation, as are the volumes of this mighty work just completed.

The strange site of Cnossus was the key to the situation. Evans unerringly started work on the capital city. Within a short while of the commencement of his excavations, other scholars were impelled to add to the accumulating knowledge of this new civilization. Italian and, later, French excavators, and many British, opened sites of the same age in various parts of Crete. Search was begun to find out how far afield the influence and control of the Minoan world had extended, and further work was undertaken to ascertain exactly in what relationship stood the mighty citadels of Mycenæ and Tiryns to Crete. For these sites had been fully excavated in the mid-nineteenth century, and from their evidence alone it was not possible to find out their origin and genesis. It was as though an excavator of the future had commenced his researches into mediæval Gothic England by first excavating Hampton Court! He would start with a site too late and too different to enable him to envisage the earlier period, but not too distinct, nor yet sufficiently detached, from the Middle Ages to be wholly disconnected from them.

Now, in the new light shed by the

excavations of Cnossus, obscure points were elucidated, and things gradually began to fit into their proper place. Archæology was at last truly scientific, for the essence of scientific method is that, as with Newton's discovery of the laws of gravity, once the main hypothesis is established, minor difficulties are disposed of and a mass of unexplained data fall automatically into their proper place. In this case the main hypothesis that was evident after the first few seasons at Cnossus was that Crete was the creator and centre of a very long-lived and virile civilization. Here was revealed not merely a culture, like that recently found in India in the Indus Valley, nor yet an evanescent world like that of the Hittites, which lasted a bare five hundred years and then vanished as mysteriously as it had appeared, but a real civilization of high quality, equipped with almost all the main elements that go to make a cultured and intelligent life possible, and that distinguish what the Hellenes called 'the good life' from mere existence. Once it was known, as it was after the first few years of excavation at Cnossus, that Cretan life at Cnossus alone had a continuous history of two and a half millennia, with an equally long, or even longer, preliminary primitive history, it was obvious that Mycenæ and Tiryns and all the sites in Greece of that type belonged to the closing centuries of the Minoan development and were a mere postscript to a much longer story.

Cnossus itself was no unknown site. It had a reputable record as a small Hellenic and Roman city, but on its coins of both periods there stands, for all to see, the sign and symbol of the city, a maze design, recording the dim legend of the Labyrinth, where, as the Greeks knew, Theseus had battled with the Minotaur. And that was almost all that the Greeks knew of the great Minoan world, the account of

which, as revealed in this series of volumes, would have surprised them as much as it did the general public when the first excavations began. But there was in ancient times some lingering feeling that Cnossus held more secrets than those preserved in legend. Evans shows how in the reign of the Emperor Nero an earthquake ravaged Cnossus — one of the innumerable earthquakes that have done this, the most recent only a few years ago nearly destroying the Museum at Candia — and how an ancient tomb was thus thrown open, revealing within a 'tin chest.' Passing shepherds searched the tomb, as they always do in Greece for treasure, but found instead 'documents of gray lime-bark' inscribed with unknown characters. They were later sent to Nero, who commanded them to be translated. The translation revealed that they were the famous history of the Trojan War, written in Phœnician and thence transcribed into Latin for Nero.

Evans suggests, with probability, that the event was real enough and that a tomb was robbed, but that the contents were really those tablets of gray baked clay of which he found so many in the Palace repositories, the famous Minoan tablets that preserve inscriptions in the hitherto unsuspected Minoan script. The rest of the story can be explained simply enough. The experts ordered by Nero to provide a translation merely produced a long-forgotten Greek text, known as the Trojan Journal, translated it into Latin, and declared that this was the record of the tablets; for obviously they had to do something in the matter.

III

Cnossus was thus a place that had interesting memories and associations for Greeks and Romans, though they would envy us for the exact knowledge

that we now have of its history. And it is a strange and unusual site. A few miles inland from Candia, the nearest port, is a trough among low hills, with a stream running through it. In the centre of this trough is a hillock on and round which stood the Græco-Roman city. But that hillock also hid the vast Palace of the priest-kings of Cnossus, and it was there that Evans began his excavations, right in the heart of the most ancient city of the Greek Ægean. A few years ago I was standing with Evans in the centre of the great Palace and he waved his hands toward the surrounding hills that ranged themselves like an amphitheatre, hemming in the Palace area. 'On all those hillsides,' he said, 'that look down on the Palace here in the centre, were once the houses of the ordinary citizens of Cnossus. There is hardly an acre of that amphitheatre that does not reveal traces of Minoan occupation. All that I have done is to excavate the main central Palace and the buildings and tombs associated with it. On those sloping hillsides there is work for excavators for another hundred years. We know almost nothing of the town itself, but from the traces on those hillsides the total number of inhabitants of Cnossus must have been about 100,000 when the city and Palace were at the height of their glory, about the sixteenth century B.C.'

Most excavators are content to dig, to remove the most important objects and repair the ruins excavated roughly and then depart, leaving the site to look after itself. Evans saw at once that the remains of this Palace and its associated buildings would moulder away into rubble if they were left in the open air as they were found. For Minoan buildings at Cnossus are not built, like Egyptian buildings, of imperishable granite and limestone, but of the only local stone available — gypsum rock. This material, white

and sparkling, has but a temporary life, especially when it has been weakened by long submergence in the damp earth. Thin slabs of gypsum, after heavy rain, warp like wood, split like chalk, and even dissolve in water. The surfaces soon get pitted and weathered. So he built a villa in which he could live on the site, and personally superintended the strengthening and reconditioning of almost every building excavated.

Those who travel to Cnossus will be astonished to see, not a flat area of ruins like Olympia or Delos, but a low massive building, the Palace itself, roofed, re-created, protected, to be wandered through as if it had never perished. On its walls are many of the original frescoes (though the finest have been removed to the Museum) and in its halls and along its corridors and staircases are the colored patterns and decorations that always stood there. In the royal throne room stands the very throne of Minos itself, with the low seat round the walls on which the courtiers sat. The Palace was overwhelmed by catastrophe when this room was filled up with earth and ruins, and excavations indicate that the catastrophe took place when some ritual of anointing was in progress, for an overturned oil jar and cruses for oil were found on the floor.

The grand staircase of the Palace is its most impressive feature. No less than five flights of steps have been preserved, and the mighty columns beside the stairs have been restored. On the walls replicas of the frescoes are placed, and as the visitor winds round the great stairs he is living in the very atmosphere of the Cretan world.

Outside the Palace are its ceremonial approaches, with paved ways and entrance portals. But there are other buildings which have been excavated, and of these the principal is what is called the Little Palace. This is the

second largest building excavated at Cnossus. Next to it lies a larger building, as yet unexplored.

South of the Palace, on the southern road to the sea, lie the most recent discoveries of all — a massive viaduct, along which the road ran, and near it a hostelry for travelers, excavated only in the last few years. Near by is the last discovery of all, perhaps the most important — the great temple tomb of Cnossus, in which was buried the last king. Many of the objects buried with him were found, and parts of his skeleton, but the tomb had been robbed. It consists of a deep vault for the burial, with a temple for ceremonies and services above the royal resting place.

This was indeed an appropriate conclusion to the long years of excavation. Cnossus has never failed its discoverer in surprises, and this, perhaps the most remarkable of all, has brought the main excavations to a close, with the conclusion of the book. Its finding was fittingly mysterious. Evans records how a Greek boy, bringing his father's midday meal in 1930 to a secluded corner in the Cnossian hillside, picked up a 'bright object on the tilled earth beside a vine, which turned out to be a massive gold signet ring.' The ring was shown to Evans, who promptly had a replica made of it. It was then purchased from the boy's father by a priest of unbalanced mind, who now tells inquirers that his wife had 'buried it and forgotten where'! Science, however, has not suffered, for the replica of the ring survives. But this odd discovery suggested to Evans that the region should be investigated. His trial excavations in the vicinity resulted in the discovery of this royal tomb. Probably, when the tomb was robbed in antiquity, the robber in escaping dropped this gold ring, which had been worn by the skeleton whose broken remnants were found inside the tomb.

Such are the main buildings of Cnossus. The ordinary accidents and excitements of research are almost a commonplace in Crete. Sometimes they have not been accidents of good fortune. Evans recounts how, on the occasion of one of the largest and most important discoveries of inscribed tablets in the Palace, a group of tablets was removed carefully in one close batch from the earth and transferred to an old Turkish house which in the early days served as a headquarters. 'But a torrential storm that came on in the night poured through our rotten thatch and inundated the tray containing the tablets. When the mischief was discovered it was too late and they had been reduced to a pulpy mass.'

IV

The non-specialist will ask, 'What does it all amount to? Here is this splendid palace restored and preserved so skillfully that now Cnossus is a place of pilgrimage and the home of more marvels than any site in the Ægean. But exactly how much does the discovery of the Minoan world contribute to the general advancement of history in particular and education in general?'

To this there can be given only one answer. Once a civilization is tolerably well understood and once its main contributions to posterity have been assessed, further investigation is to be ranked as mere luxury, unless there are certain vital matters which still can be solved only by the archæologist. As an example I can take Roman Britain. Some three generations of archæologists have labored at the study of Roman Britain, and now there is hardly anything more left to find out. Further research is thus in the nature of a useful luxury which is not absolutely necessary for the study of the subject or for the enlargement of history. As a

consequence Romano-British archæologists have now largely turned their attention to Celtic pre-Roman Britain. But Evans's work in Crete presented the world with a complex and complete civilization the very existence of which was, previous to his excavations, in doubt and dispute. Nor can it be classed as a civilization the study of which contributes but little to our improvement. On the contrary, a study of the elegant and sophisticated life of the Cretans fills us with astonishment that so fine a culture could vanish so utterly; for the character of the Cretan world was unusual.

As a result of this long campaign of excavation it is now possible to recreate a very full idea of the religion of the Minoans; of their art and their craftsmanship; of their architecture; and even of their social organization some small smattering — but politics do not leave many material traces behind them for such matter-of-fact people as archæologists to discover.

From their remains we can reconstruct the daily life and pursuits of Minoans, both royal and commoner. What we find is surprising. Minoan life seems to have differed profoundly from life in Egypt or Babylonia, or indeed in any other part of the ancient world. It had none of the rigid religious autocracy and traditionalism of Egypt, none of the heavy and rather sordid materialism of Sumer and Babylonia. Minoans lived in the world that was more extensively occupied by Babylonians and Egyptians and other semi-Oriental peoples, but there seems to have been little that could be called Oriental or even semi-Oriental about them. Life in Cnossus, as we conceive it, was gay and light-hearted and excessively refined. Minoan religion, as Evans has wisely pointed out, had none of the gross elements and obscene practices so often associated with Oriental life. In his own words: 'From

the beginning to the end of Minoan art, among all its manifold relics, — from its earliest to its latest phase, — not a single example has been brought to light of any subject of an indecorous nature.' And this can be said of no other religion in the world, except Christianity, and even there some examples of mediæval Christian art are too cruel and brutal for general consumption. Minoan religion seems to have been largely a monotheistic cult in which the female form of divinity was predominant.

In social organization it is impossible to be precise. Probably Cretan life was organized on an aristocratic basis. But women were everywhere the equal of men, perhaps in some cases superior to them, and matriarchy seems to have been the basis of family organization. There are three large palaces now known in Crete — at Cnossus, Phæstus, and Malea. There may be others. Crete may have been divided into cantons, under the supreme control of Cnossus, which held by far the largest palace and city.

Architecturally, Minoans were skillful enough to build themselves palaces three stories in height of stone, served by a drainage system as complicated and scientific as any Roman system, lit by an ingenious arrangement of light wells that diffused the light everywhere. The smaller houses of the ordinary people seem to have been much the same as the charming houses with colored walls and flat roofs that one sees to-day on every Greek island of the archipelago.

They were not bad engineers, and built stone-paved roads and bridges. They also made harbors on the stormy coast of north Crete and built ships sufficiently seaworthy to maintain trade with Egypt for many centuries and to clear the Ægean of pirates.

It is refreshing in times like these, when armies march and countermarch

throughout Europe, to know that the Minoans appear to have been able to dispense almost entirely with troops, except for a royal guard which seems to have been largely ceremonial. Their weapons alone show that they were not highly or competently equipped for war, for they would have been of but little use against their better-armed neighbors. But the Minoans relied largely on their island position and their ships for defense, as well as on the fact that none of their neighbors seem to have coveted their island. Their power collapsed only when it came into contact with warlike and envious Europeans who surged down into Greece and thence moved over to destroy Crete.

Of their literature and language we know, alas, almost nothing. Of the large total of several thousand inscribed tablets found at Cnossus no single one can be read. The clue to the Minoan tongue still awaits discovery. Here, perhaps, is the most tantalizing problem of all the revelations recorded in these volumes. Evans was able to find these tablets actually arranged as they had originally been placed in their library. They had been arranged on shelves like modern books, with indications of their contents marked on the back of each tablet. Probably there was a mass of written material on papyrus or vellum which has perished.

But it is in the discovery of Minoan art that the world is enriched. For, even if all else is lost, the art of a vanished people is by far the clearest clue to their mentality and their standards of life. The art of the Minoans was revealed to the world slowly and steadily, and now at last in these volumes we have the complete material for study. Fresco paintings over a long range of time show the growth and decline of the art of painting, so that, amazingly enough, we know more about Minoan painters than we do about Hellenic

(excluding the indirect knowledge acquired of classical painting through the medium of vase decoration). Sculpture is represented by superbly rendered ivory figures and bronzes, and by the designs cut in relief on architectural cornices and friezes of buildings. Pottery of every period shows the change and movement of national style.

The actual fabric of some of the ceramic is technically amazing. The glass-thin cups of the Middle Minoan age, rivaling ostrich eggs in smoothness and thinness, in three colors, exquisite of form and delightfully decorated, can rank as one of the finest products of the potter's wheel ever manufactured. In contrast, the mighty Ali Baba oil jars of the Palace cellars, which still stand in long rows, almost perfect, as they once stood over three and a half thousand years ago, rank among the most massive and colossal works of the potter. They could only have been made by one who, in the final stages, actually had to climb inside the pot to finish it off.

Perhaps in gem carving the Minoan artist found the field that suited him best, and here we see most clearly his strange and exquisite artistic outlook. Technically the cutting of the gems is as good as that of any age, and the semi-precious stones the cutter selected are always charming and never garish. He preferred the half tones and light colors of pale chalcedonies and agates and carnelians. The designs give an epitome of the Minoan taste and outlook. The Minoan artist, here and in his frescoes, seems to be the only artist in antiquity who saw nature with an impressionistic eye and appreciated the varied scenes and incidents from natural life, as well as the humanistic scenes from the daily life of men. He selected momentary pictures and fixed them forever in a painting or a gem design.

One gem shows a fish diving among

seaweeds and turning to the front, as though it were looking through the glass of an aquarium; another shows three swans moving gently along the rippling surface of a river; a third, a pair of swans surprised and alarmed in a papyrus thicket. One superb gem shows an astonishing scene: a great bull is climbing with its forefeet on to the edge of a water tank to drink; as it drinks, unsuspecting, a toreador takes a flying leap, from some rock or cliff above, on to its back between its horns. Another shows a wild goat standing on an inaccessible ledge of rock looking down unalarmed at a dog barking frantically, unable to reach it. These pictures perhaps enshrine fables and children's tales of animals from some Minoan *Æsop*.

The varied fish of the sea and sea plants, all wild beasts and fowl, the bulls and toreadors of the Minoan bull ring, men and women singing and dancing — all these selected subjects indicate the wide and sympathetic outlook of the Minoan artist on life and his skill at rendering what he saw with fidelity, and yet with those elements of impressionism that remove his achievements from the sphere of the merely pictorial or representative. There is a light and flowery touch to all Minoan art that one finds nowhere else in the Orient.

'This power of imaginative interpretation,' says E. J. Forsdyke, in his *Minoan Art*, 'existed in Minoan art alone, so far as we can tell, in the ancient world. It is the more remarkable because the Cretans were in close contact with the older and more accomplished cultures of Mesopotamia and Egypt and took much from them on the material side. But the Minoan genius refused the limitations of their prudent genius.'

In representations of humans, the ivory figures can take the first place. But the famous carved stone vase

bearing a design of a procession of harvesters led by priests is an outstanding work of art. The figures are two and four deep in the relief and seem to move slowly. 'Solemnity, gayety, movement, even noise are freely rendered. The only monument of classical Greek sculpture which can compare with this in composition is the procession of horsemen in the frieze of the Parthenon,' to quote a further passage from the authority above referred to.

Minoans were in no sense Greeks by race or outlook. As far as we know, their place of origin was Asia, — the Middle East, — whence in some remote and dim age they moved across the Ægean to their island. They seem also to have had contacts with Libya. But they founded a strange and lovely civilization, devoted to the arts of peace, in the region that later was to produce the Greeks and their genius. They perished and were forgotten, and then the Greeks came. But in the ruin that followed the decline of the Minoan world there must have survived stray seeds of the Minoan genius. Ruins of their palaces and half-destroyed frescoes on the walls must still have been standing when the barbarous newcomers of Greece roamed the land. Strange fairy tales of palaces and kings and lovely ladies were handed on from generation to generation. Here and there in the soil a Greek would pick up some gem or ring, just as the peasant boy did in 1930 at Cnossus.

To Greeks, always ready for new ideas, always willing to be stimulated into artistic activity, these things were suggestions and hints. Greek art belongs to a completely different world from Minoan art, and yet the fact that the Greeks so rapidly became artists

may in part be due to the fact that they were living in a region where art had flourished and flowered as amazingly as anywhere in the ancient world. 'You never cross the same river twice,' said Heraclitus. But once you have crossed it you know its varied currents and come back to it experienced.

The revelation of the Minoan world in all its complexities and detail, with all its skill and beauty, must always rank as the greatest achievement of modern scientific archaeology. Some excavations reveal cultures that add nothing at all to our knowledge of art and beauty, like the cultures of Palestine, where no ancient site has yet produced a single native work of art of any merit whatsoever. Such excavations have only a historical value. Other cultures, like that of the Aztec, reveal an art, stern and lovely, but indicative of indescribable cruelty and barbarism. Others still refashion for us a world where mere comfort and safety of daily life were the objectives of the people, like the culture of the Indus Valley. But Crete proves to be an enchanted island where there was almost nothing sordid or grossly material, where the main brutalities of existence were forgotten and life was happy. We have no reason to think that the Minoans attached much importance to the more massive virtues that distinguished Roman life, but they seem equally to have avoided Roman brutalities. Even the Minoan bull ring does not seem to have involved the death of the bull.

New worlds of the forgotten past are not easily found, and when found may often disappoint their finders. Cnossus, to its excavator, must have been a perpetual refreshment and inspiration.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PICKING STRAWBERRIES

THE other day I came across an article recommending that child labor on farms be legislated against the same as child labor in factories and on the street. Logically the argument was sound, even convincing. And yet . . .

My father was an underpaid rural school-teacher with eight children and a wife who liked to think of herself as a hopeless invalid not qualified for domestic duties. I was third in the long line of children, and second in the line of girls. Mine was the fate of the older sister. Before I was nine I was given a baby to care for. I had to wash him, dress him, curl his hair, and walk him at night when he had the colic. I had to set the table and dry the dishes for ten people, help with the washing, ironing, cleaning, and somehow educate myself — for I was not sent to school.

By the time I was twelve, my father had what he wanted: a thirty-acre truck and fruit farm, some eighteen miles from the downtown markets, where his produce could be sold. My father's scheme was amazingly simple. His children were to help him grow the produce and sell it. Education? There were books in my father's library. Anyone who thirsted for knowledge could get it somehow during the intervals between shelling corn, taking care of the chickens, cows, mules, and horses, and working about the house. Cooking, cleaning, and mending were, he believed, as much a part of our recreational activities as carrying the water supply from a spring on a slope some eighty feet below the house, or building fires in twenty-below-zero weather.

Upon the season of the year depended most of the variety and interest we so feverishly sought in our lives. And no season, as I look back upon my childhood, held more delights than early summer, or strawberry time.

A morning in June brought my father's familiar call promptly at half-past four.

'Hurry! Get up! D'you want to sleep all day?'

We tumbled out of bed, washed and dressed first ourselves, then the babies, built a fire in the kitchen range, baked the corn bread, fried bacon and eggs, ran to the spring for butter and cream, set the table in the dining room, ate, washed dishes, and had already picked and topped a six-quart carrier of berries by the time the six-forty train rattled past the large orchard. Then, after waving gayly to the brakeman, we placed six boxes in a tray under the particular tree we had chosen, and went back to where old Tim O'Leary — one of fifteen pickers who came in by the day — was straining every nerve and muscle in an effort to set a new record. Tim had been hired man at a Passionist monastery. He was forever impressing upon our minds the curious conviction that God would shorten his stay in Purgatory for kneeling at his picking instead of leaning back on his heels as we did — squatting, as he called it. His contempt for squatting maddened us. But we continued the practice, for the rough straw between the far-stretching rows that ended in a tangle of grapevine, dogwood, redbud, wild plum, and hickory was far more prickly to bare knees than the kneeling chairs at Notre Dame and St.-Étienne.

Then, at half-past eleven, one of my sisters and I ceased our berry snatching and went back to the house to get dinner. Such frantic piling of corncobs into the range, such excitement over the mixing of piecrust, the cooking of the vegetables prepared in the morning, the setting of the long tables in the dining room of the old log cabin that was never hot because it had been built of heavy logs. Back and forth we ran, slicing huge hams, great loaves of bread, putting more cobs into the range, frying, stirring, thickening. Then, finally, dinner was spread on clean, red-checked cloths: a dinner of fried ham, onions, snowy mashed potatoes, cabbage, and fresh strawberry pie.

By one at the latest, with the house in order and the baby asleep in a box beside us, we were back at work, Tim still far in the lead.

'I'm doin' a hunnerd an' fifty quarts today,' he would announce proudly, shifting his tobacco quid to the opposite cheek. 'Slow ones, you kids are!'

Above us arched the blue sky, hot and cloudless. Faster and faster we snatched at the fat red berries, for, tired though we were, we could not let Tim O'Leary beat us. Some weary outsider might put aside his carrier and steal off through the deep shade of the fern-carpeted forest to the cool of the idle spring, but not we. Our one thought, always, was to outpick old Tim. And we usually did.

'I'll betcha put leaves in your boxes,' he would grumble. 'Hunnerd an' fifty I done, an' it don't stan' to reason you kids could be after doin' more. Well, anyways, I get out from a lot of Purgatory.'

Then there was supper to be prepared, milking to be done. And someone had to help my brother pile the crates of berries into the great 'covered' wagon. Someone, too, had to jog with him the eighteen miles to Biddle Market to sell the berries next morning to hucksters, housewives, and storekeepers.

Jog, jog, jog! Often my brother and I would drop off to sleep for sheer weariness, sitting all the while bolt upright, as under starlight and moonlight the wagon moved slowly along the dusty road.

At one, or thereabouts, we reached the market and sought a place on the square. By half-past four we were already doing business, selling stacks of crates to hucksters or retail men. Then, later, came the housewives, most of them dirty and ragged, all of them much in keeping with the grime and filth of the square. Now and then a ragged, tumble-haired child stopped to pick up a fallen berry or radish from the gutter. Across from the square, rising like a tower of peace in all that Babel, old St. Joseph's spire loomed up before us. Its clock struck clear and serene.

In the hot afternoon sunshine we jogged back home, to fall asleep almost as soon as we had eaten our supper. We knew that there would be another day's picking ahead of us, and I suppose, according to

that article on child labor, we should have felt rather bitter about it.

But, strangely enough, our hearts were gay and hopeful. We were confident that we should beat old Tim again next day.

MR. SPENCE TAKES UP RUSSIAN

THE small firm of which Mr. Spence was a member had been doing quite a little business with Russia. Mr. Spence, although normally conservative, was afflicted with a roving foot. Who knows but we may need to send somebody over there in a year or so, he thought. So he decided to get himself a private tutor and learn Russian.

The first tutor Mr. Spence engaged, a toothy young woman named Miss Vengroff, was not a success. Her will-to-teach was tremendous. But unfortunately Mr. Spence found himself listening, fascinated, to her mastication of the King's English, rather than acquiring the information she was trying to convey. It was no use. It *all* sounded like Russian to Mr. Spence. So, unhappily, after one lesson, he dismissed her.

Mr. Spence's second instructor was a chubby, earnest young man named Mr. Zharoff. The new tutor's native bounce and élan expressed themselves in striped suits and colorful neckties, rather than in impromptu Russian dances and shouts of 'Hoi!' — somewhat to Mr. Spence's disappointment. Equally disillusioning to Mr. Spence was Mr. Zharoff's insistence that Russians do not drink tea from glasses. The new tutor was apparently under the impression that Mr. Spence's faulty pronunciation was due to deafness. His splendid voice would gradually swell to operatic volume during the course of a lesson, much to Mr. Spence's annoyance.

The first sentences Mr. Spence learned were '*Ktaw tam?*' which means, 'Who is there?' and '*Toot lawm?*' — 'Is the crowbar here?' The crowbar, a motif frequently recurring, was chosen not for its intrinsic interest, but because it was a three-letter word. Other three-letter words mastered by Mr. Spence without difficulty were *oos* ('moustache'), *zoob* ('tooth'), and *rawt* ('mouth'). The first original sentence composed by Mr. Spence out of his limited

vocabulary, '*Oos bill na rawt*' ('A moustache was on a mouth'), he still considers rather neat. But Mr. Zharoff pointed out that a moustache could not really, you see, be on a mouth, thus deflating Mr. Spence's pride in his maiden effort. Besides, his teacher added unfeelingly, the sentence contained three grammatical errors.

Soon Mr. Spence left his three-letter words behind and pushed out into deeper waters. Most Russian words are long. Mr. Spence tried to be broad-minded about that. He said that it augurs well for the vitality of a people when they are willing to exert themselves to say, for example, *oopawtryeblyat* for 'use.' But when it came to *Austanavleevae!* — which means 'Stop!' — Mr. Spence thought that was too much. A child might be run over by a trolley, worried Mr. Spence, while its mother was saying 'Stop!'

Mr. Spence had, of course, observed the preponderance of consonants in Russian words. But he had n't known how a real Russian delights in crunching his teeth on a mouthful of them. As in the word *vstryechatsya*. There's no dodging around the consonants. One simply emits them, one by one, like machine-gun bullets, as long as one's breath holds out. And God help the Russian with false teeth, thought Mr. Spence.

Of all the thirty-two letters in the Russian alphabet, Mr. Spence found *oui* the hardest to pronounce. *Oui* is one of the numerous *e* sounds in which the language abounds. At each lesson Mr. Spence's teacher gave him a workout on this vowel.

'*Me!*' Mr. Zharoff would sing in sonorous bass.

'*Me!*' would pipe Mr. Spence.

'No, look at me!' Mr. Zharoff would shout. 'Do you see my tongue?'

'No,' Mr. Spence would report after careful inspection.

'Well, I can see yours! Get it inside!'

Mortified, Mr. Spence would pull in his tongue.

'*Me!*' Mr. Zharoff would boom. And so *ad infinitum*.

As Mr. Spence penetrated further into the linguistic jungles he met certain idiosyncrasies of idiom. When his teacher would ask, 'Is this not a pencil?' he learned to

reply, correctly, 'No, it is a pencil.' Mr. Spence became acquainted with that useful word-of-all-work *neetchyevaw*, which means literally 'nothing.'

'How are you?' Mr. Zharoff would inquire, in Russian.

'*Neetchyevaw*,' Mr. Spence would murmur plaintively if he felt tired. Or if he was in particularly good fettle he would snap out, '*Neetchyevaw!*' in a brisk, jocular manner.

'You are getting to be a r-r-real R-r-russian!' Mr. Zharoff would applaud.

Mr. Spence learned to be wary in his use of verbs. If a gentleman should say to a lady, 'Will you dine with me?' using the *continuous* form of the future tense, she might well consider herself proposed to, for he would be saying, 'Will you dine with me from now on?'

Also, Mr. Spence became adept in rendering into Russian such light bits as 'I will always put you two pieces of sugar'; 'Mr. N. bought this toothbrush in a drapery shop'; 'When he met a lady he always took off his hat first'; 'My father eats three pieces of butter with bread'; 'Your day-shirts are too wide'; 'How many combs have you?' 'In what hand do you hold the fork?' 'Where did he use to take paper?' Mr. Spence enjoyed particularly the selection about getting up in the morning: 'I put on my slippers and trousers. I go to the washstand. I rinse my mouth. I wash my hands, face, neck, and ears with cold water. I use glycerine soap.'

The tedium of the grammar was further enlivened by proverbs and by jokes (they were labeled 'Jokes'), of which one, titled broadly 'Happiness,' will serve as a sample: '*Dmeetree Pyetraweetch*, do you believe in happiness?' 'Of course.' 'Then what do you call happiness?' 'That time when my wife and my mother-in-law went away to a watering place.'

With the purpose of taking some of his instruction in sugar-coated form, Mr. Spence attended a Russian talkie. Results were discouraging. The conversation sounded to him simply and merely like the twittering of peculiarly pompous birds. With the aid of the printed subtitles he understood but one sentence: '*Gdye yah?*' — 'Where am I?' And often Mr. Spence asks himself in regard to the Russian language, 'Where am I?'

HARVARD HAS A HOMICIDE

(Continued from page 200)

'I suppose that Miss Slade, his secretary, can help when she gets here. This kind of case will either take a couple of hours or it may drag on for a year. That's the trouble: you never know and you've got to be careful not to step on anyone's toes. I have a man looking for Hadley now; he may be the key to all this. If he is, there's no point in bothering a lot of other people. I don't suppose you can think of any reason why he'd kill Singer?'

Jupiter felt that the Sergeant was hitting his stride; he was getting organized. Why should Hadley kill Singer? Jupiter knew the college gossip about the men — the usual thing, petty jealousies whispered about in the library, in the Museum, in classes. Hadley was the elder, been teaching for years, still an assistant professor; then Singer the brilliant, the forceful, came along, advanced rapidly, got the appointments. But was n't there something more? There had been something about a book. Oh yes, Hadley had started a short treatise on Giorgione, the attributions of his paintings, an interesting and well-known subject, but with some good ideas. Then Singer had come out with his book covering the whole Venetian School and including most of Hadley's theories. It had eclipsed Hadley's thesis and done much to win Singer his full professorship. The plagiarism had been overlooked by everyone except Hadley, who had almost resigned. But still that had been years ago, and hardly a reason for murder. And Hadley himself! He barely had the courage to call his hat his own, let alone his soul.

'No, Inspector, I'm afraid I can't pin a motive on Hadley. You'll have to try.'

The Sergeant held out a pad of paper. 'Here's another abbreviation. Do you know what it means?'

The pad was marked at the top, 'To-day,' and underneath, in Singer's writing but not in his usual neat, scroll-like script, were the words, 'IMP: CON+MAD.'

"IMP" — that must mean important; "CON plus MAD" — that's a tough one. "Con" and "Mad" . . . maybe C-O-N and M-A-D — who knows? . . . The writing's funny, too — printed in large letters.

It must have been important for him to go to all that trouble.'

'It probably does n't mean a damn thing, but I wish to God he did n't write everything in code.'

'It's getting fictional,' smiled Jupiter; 'but maybe the Slade will know what it means.'

'We can't do much more until she gets here or we find Hadley. I suppose I might as well see those reporters.'

'Here's an idea, Inspector; why don't you herd them into my room? It's right next door. Then you can keep this room clear for your little chats with embryonic witnesses.'

The Sergeant looked up and smiled. 'Would that be all right? It's a good idea to keep in good with the press.'

Jupiter wondered vaguely if there was ever a policeman who had shunned publicity. 'We can open the fire door to my room, and then you can keep popping in and out with the latest news flashes.'

'The fire door?'

'Yes, all these rooms are connected by fire doors. When a group of friends get together in adjoining entries, they open the fire doors to make connecting rooms. You're supposed to have the permission of the janitor to do it, but no one bothers about that. Have you got a knife?'

Dubiously the Sergeant handed Jupiter his knife, and in a moment the glass and red cardboard were removed from the lock and the door opened.

A light was on in the room, and in a chair sat a small Negro, smoking a cigarette.

Rankin managed: 'Good God!'

Jupiter said, 'Hello, Sylvester!'

The Negro arose. 'Ah thought yo' might need me, Mr. Jones.'

Sylvester was very black, with a touch of indigo. His head, a big head, was shaved and polished like a number-eight ball and on his nose he wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. In his junior year Jupiter had won Sylvester in a crap game: that is, he had won his wages from another student for three months. When the three months were up, Jupiter had been unable to get along minus Sylvester, so he had kept him ever since. There are many Negroes around Cambridge employed as valets for students living outside the House Plan in rooming

houses. They polish shoes, press clothes, run errands, and have become one of Harvard's little-known institutions. Although frowned on by House authorities, Jupiter kept Sylvester for these purposes. To him, Sylvester was indispensable; he had become a nurse, a confidant, and even a friend.

'Go ahead, Sylvester, slide into your white coat.'

'Yassir,' said Sylvester.

Illinois appeared in the fire door looking scared.

'I could n't find you, Chief.' He seemed relieved. 'There's a guy outside that's been trying to see you. He says it's important.'

'Who is it?'

'His name's Fitzgerald — you know, the painter.'

IV

'Harvard indifference' is a household word around Boston; it has become so mainly through the efforts of the *Boston Evening Transcript* and other papers which have seized on this as a method to explain any untoward action on the part of a student or group of students. It is difficult — no, impossible — to generalize about Harvard. That is not a new thought. But if only thirty-six undergraduates turn out to see East Providence High School beat the Harvard Varsity basketball team 45-8, there is a good chance that 'Harvard indifference' will crop up in the morning papers. As a matter of fact, only about 15 per cent of the entire university will know that a game has been played. The point is that Harvard, like anyone else, is indifferent to things that do not interest it. On the other hand, if ten students start throwing water at each other out of windows on a warm spring evening and a policeman is foolish enough to blow his whistle, 75 per cent of the student body will be there in twenty minutes. This sounds impossible, but it has happened.

Professor Singer's body was found at eight o'clock on a cold, wet March night. The police arrived at eight-fifteen. The undergraduates arrived at eight-sixteen. They continued to arrive, gape, and depart, until the police left.

The word went around: —

'Hey! There's been a murder!'

'There always is.'

'No, I mean here — a professor!'

'Really!'

'Who?'

'Don't know. In Hallowell House.'

'Let's go over.'

'O. K.'

'I hear someone was murdered.'

'Who was it?'

'Dunno.'

'Someone in Fine Arts.'

'Singer, I think.'

'Never heard of him.'

Mr. Swayle edged his way through the crowd of undergraduates that had formed outside Hallowell House. Many of them knew him and stopped him to ask questions.

'Yes, Professor Singer was killed — with his own knife — that's all I can tell you.' He said the same thing to everyone, as if he knew a lot more, too important to tell.

The House Master's lodgings, as they are called, were a separate building, connected to the main House on the opposite side from Singer's room. Swayle rang the bell and the door was opened by Professor Sampson himself.

'Oh, it's you, Swayle. What's the trouble?'

'Well, sir, it's — it's about Professor Singer — he's —'

'What about him?'

'He's been — he's dead — he's been murdered.'

'Murdered? You're quite sure?'

'Yes, sir, the police are there now in his room.'

'Good Lord! I'll come right over.'

'The police said you'd better tell the President, sir.'

'Yes, of course, of course. Thank you, Swayle. This is horrible!'

'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Swayle, departing.

Professor Sampson closed the door and leaned back against it, spreading out his hands at his sides. Tall and thin, with a narrow face, beaked nose, and lined mouth, he justified his name of 'The Eagle of Economics.' His hands moved slowly up and down the cool paneling of the door, then he called: —

'Ruth! Ruth!'

His wife appeared at the top of the stairs.

'Yes?' She had started slowly down the stairs.

'Albert — Albert Singer has been murdered.'

If I don't telephone, thought Miss Slade, if I just sit here and don't telephone —

'I've got to stop thinking,' she said definitely, getting up. She went into the kitchen, poured some milk into a saucepan, and put it on the floor for the cat. Idly she watched the animal stretch herself toward it, front legs bent, back legs out straight.

For twenty-three years Miss Slade had been at Harvard; before that she had taught school in a small town in New Hampshire. Twenty-three years as an underpaid, overworked secretary at Harvard. It was a long time, nearly six generations of students. And fifteen of those years as secretary to Albert Singer. That, too, was a long time. She was Miss Slade of the Fogg Museum; outside that, she had no identity. It being Wednesday, she wore a black dress with lace collar and cuffs. This was her Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday dress; on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday she wore a flowered print. Every Friday night she went to the movies at Loew's State Theatre in Boston; there were n't two people in Cambridge who knew this.

The cat had finished the milk. She picked up the dish, rinsed it in the sink, and went back to the other room. She lay down on the sofa and read three pages in a book called *Youthful Folly*, then she closed the book. She pressed both hands to her forehead and sighed. If I don't telephone, if I don't telephone — I should get up and wash those stockings, but if I don't telephone —

She got up, took a nickel from her purse, and went out to the hall telephone.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were playing backgammon. They rolled the dice and moved the checkers conventionally, hardly bothering to double. The radio was tuned to a symphony programme.

Mrs. Arthur Fairchild, as Illinois had pointed out, was 'the Society one.' She headed committees, attended luncheons and smart lectures, and entertained. Her Thursday evening buffet suppers and musicales were famous; they were *The Thing*. If she was n't mentioned three times a week in the Society columns, it was safe to say

she was out of town. She wore tweeds and skied at Peckett's. In time she would wear a 'choker' and look down her nose at unsteady freshmen at the Brattle Hall dances. The Fairchilds had a son at Milton, a daughter at Winsor, and a house at Gloucester. Once a year they went to Bermuda.

Arthur Fairchild had three subjects of conversation: the Roosevelt Administration, club life at Harvard, and yachting; but he had acquired sufficient wealth and looked very impressive in evening clothes.

A voice interrupted the music on the radio: '. . . bring you a special announcement. Professor Albert Singer of Harvard was found murdered in his room in Hallowell House at eight o'clock this evening, by Edmund Jones, graduate student. He was noted as an authority on Italian Art and had written several books on the subject. The police are at work on the case. For further details see your local newspaper.'

Mrs. Fairchild went completely limp and slipped sideways in her chair. She was on the floor before her husband could reach her.

It was the first time she had ever fainted.

Coming down from the Square, Betty Mahan overheard two undergraduates talking about the murder. She stopped them and asked for details. They were gladly given.

When Miss Mahan became an assistant librarian at the Fogg Museum, the influx of students using that library was noticeable. Officials were at a loss to explain it until Jupiter pointed out that the students did n't come to the library to study but to look at Miss Mahan. He stated further that, if pretty girls were placed in every library in college, professors would be amazed at the rise in scholastic standing; but that there was n't much chance of this, because the supply of pretty girls was limited and all the attractive ones were working in the Deans' Offices, anyway. Jupiter decided that it was his duty to look after Miss Mahan — his interest had exceeded the brotherly.

'Jupiter Jones found the body,' said an undergraduate, concluding his story.

'He did, did he?' murmured Miss Mahan. 'Thanks very much for telling me about it.'

She walked off.

'He would find the body,' she told herself. 'If there are any old bodies lying around, trust Jupiter to find them, the snake.'

That Singer had been murdered upset her very little, but that Jupiter should find the body and get in on all the fun was too much for her. She was that kind of girl.

'I'll bet he's being smug and conceited,' she muttered, 'and having the time of his life.'

V

Rankin had gone back to Singer's room. Uninvited, Jupiter followed him. Fitzgerald came in with Illinois. Like most good painters, Fitzgerald did n't look like an artist. He was short, middle-aged, getting fat, and now he appeared bewildered.

Rankin said, 'What can I do for you?'

'I just heard that Mr. Singer was murdered.' He seemed to feel that that explained everything.

'Yes, he was murdered, I think.'

'Well, I —' He was pretty nervous.

'You said you had something important to tell me.'

'I was just coming to see him and now he's dead. I mean, he's dead and I can't see him.'

'That's true.' The Sergeant was very patient. 'You saw him this afternoon, did n't you?'

Fitzgerald looked surprised. 'Why, yes. How did you know?'

Jupiter felt Rankin had been foolish to mention the visit first.

'I knew,' said Rankin. 'And you wanted to see him again. Was he expecting you?'

Fitzgerald tightened. 'Yes, he was.'

'What time did you leave here this afternoon?' Rankin asked the question pleasantly.

The artist thought for a minute. 'A little after six, I think; I had an appointment to see him at six. I did n't stay more than five minutes. He seemed to be expecting someone else and he asked if I would mind coming back this evening.'

'You're sure of the time? You left at five past six?'

'Yes, I should think so. Maybe a few minutes later.'

A strange policeman put his head in the door. 'Hey, Sergeant! There's a lady out

here says you want to see her. Name's Slade.'

'Tell her to wait a minute; I'll see her as soon as I can.' Then turning to Fitzgerald, 'Well, sir, I'm afraid there's not much more I can tell you about the murder; but if you'll leave your address I may want to talk with you again. You were n't planning to leave Cambridge right away?'

Fitzgerald was relieved. 'No, I have about two weeks' more work to do here. I'm doing a portrait of the President, you know. I'm staying at the Hotel Continental, room 303 — you can reach me there. I'm afraid I've caused you a lot of trouble coming here, but it was quite a shock. I expected to see Professor Singer, and I —'

'That's all right; I'm glad you came in.' He turned to Illinois. 'Ask Miss Slade to come in now.'

She must have been standing just outside the door in the hall, because Illinois did n't go out. Her gray hair straggled over her forehead and the only color in her face was a bit of red on the end of her nose. She stood in the doorway looking around the room. Then she saw Fitzgerald. Jupiter had seen a lot of movies, but he'd never seen such a look of hatred on any person's face in his life. He actually tingled.

'Make sure that man does n't get away,' she said quietly.

Fitzgerald turned white.

Rankin said, 'What the hell do you mean?'

Miss Slade looked at the Sergeant and hesitated, but not for long. 'I see you don't know who killed Singer. He did — just as sure as I'm standing here. I know it and he knows it.'

Fitzgerald coughed. 'This woman is obviously insane.'

Jupiter thought for a minute she was going to attack him. The Sergeant stepped closer to her.

'Insane — insane, am I? Not insane and not deaf, either.' She was hysterical. 'I heard you threaten him this afternoon. Do you deny that?'

Rankin put his hand on her arm. 'Please, Miss Slade, just a minute. You're making a serious charge.' Then to Fitzgerald, 'Do you know what she's talking about?'

'Mr. Singer and I had a few words this afternoon in the Museum which she seems

to have overheard. I assure you I did n't threaten his life.' He had grown much calmer.

Miss Slade had not. 'A few words! A few words! You said if he had n't made a logical explanation by to-night you would take action — drastic action; and now he's murdered.'

'Those were my words, I'll admit; but my action did not involve murder, Miss Slade.'

His tone was level; even Miss Slade was affected by it.

Rankin said, 'You don't have to answer now, but I'd like to know what explanation you demanded of Professor Singer.'

Fitzgerald nodded his head. 'In view of Miss Slade's accusation, I think some explanation is necessary. Some time ago I painted Mr. Singer's portrait, and I did not press him for payment. He had made no move to pay me and, knowing he had the money, I wanted an explanation. As you doubtless know, artists are always poor. I needed the money, that's all.'

'That sounds logical,' said Rankin. 'I'm afraid Miss Slade was shocked by the news of the Professor's death. Spoke a little hastily.'

A transformation had come over Miss Slade. She had wilted. Jupiter was sorry for her, but, watching the scene, he felt that she had stepped too far out of character. But then he could n't tell; maybe she was inclined to be hysterical. He'd seen her only drifting peacefully around the Museum. He really knew nothing about her.

Fitzgerald was leaving. Rankin went to the door with him.

'I'll be at the hotel when you want to see me. I hope I can be of some help.'

'Thanks,' answered Rankin. 'I've been working on this case only an hour and I don't know where I'm at. I'll probably call you in the morning.'

The artist went out. Miss Slade was sitting in a chair, blowing her nose. Very unattractively, thought Jupiter. The Sergeant went out into the hall. Illinois was mopping his face. There was quite a let-down in the atmosphere.

Rankin came back. 'I've told those reporters they could go to your room. I want to have a talk with Miss Slade. Don't tell them anything.'

Jupiter took the hint. He almost knocked Sylvester over when he opened the fire door.

'Must n't eavesdrop, Sylvester; it's very bad taste.' He went over and turned on the radio. 'The press is imminent. Are we prepared?'

Sylvester had whiskey, glasses, ice, and soda ready on a tray. Jupiter went to the door. There were about seven of them.

'Come in, gentlemen, come in,' he greeted them. 'It makes cold outside, *hein*?'

Sylvester was mixing.

One reporter said, 'What the hell is this, a murder or a party?'

Another said, 'Where's Rankin?'

'He's collecting data,' answered Jupiter, 'but will join us presently. Keep your hats on, but take off your coats. The evening is in swaddling clothes.'

'Who in God's name are you?' asked an outspoken scribe.

'My name is Jones; I discovered the deceased,' answered Jupiter. Immediately there was clamor.

Jupiter held up his hand. 'Sorry, but my lips are sealed. I am not to talk.'

'Who was the last person to see him alive?'

'What time did he get it?'

'Was there much blood?'

'Blood?' said Jupiter. 'I've never seen so much blood. It was ankle deep. They've got three scrubwomen in there now mopping it up.'

'Come on, kid, give us a break. What do you know about it?'

'Tell us how you found the body.'

'It was quite simple,' said Jupiter, and he told them his story. He was just finishing when the radio report came on.

'Oh, hell!' said a reporter disgustedly.

'For further details, see your local newspaper'!

'Radio's certainly knocked hell out of our stuff.' It was the old complaint. 'Everyone knows what the next day's headlines are going to be.'

'Look what it's done to advertising.'

Rankin came in through the fire door. They fell on his neck.

'Now wait a minute, you guys; there's not much I can give you — nothing definite now, no names. Here it is.' Rankin was enjoying himself. 'I am fairly sure Singer was murdered. He was stabbed with his own

paper cutter, an antique Italian dagger. He was killed between six and eight — that's as close as I can come now. There are several people I want to talk to. No one's directly under suspicion. You'll have to work on that. I've got to see Professor Sampson, the head of this building, now. I'll try and give you some more later.' He went back through the fire door.

'Well, that was a great help,' sneered a reporter. 'We knew all that half an hour ago.'

'We'll have to dig up some stuff on Singer ourselves,' said another. They seemed to be working together. 'You can't expect much more yet.'

The telephone rang. Jupiter answered it.

'Is that you, Jupiter?' said a voice. 'This is Mr. Fairchild.'

'Yes,' said Jupiter.

'We just heard about the murder over the radio — shocking.' He was upset.

'Yes,' said Jupiter again.

'It was you who found the — him?'

'Yes.'

'Mrs. Fairchild is naturally very shocked — upset, you know, coming so suddenly. She seems to want to see you.'

'Yes?'

'Do you suppose you could come up? Right away? She says it's important.'

'Yes, I think I can.'

'I wish you would. Thanks. Good-bye!' Jupiter hung up.

'Who was that?' asked a newspaper man.

Jupiter thought quickly. 'That was my mother. She wanted to know if my laundry was ready.' It was n't very good, but they took it.

He was putting on his hat and coat. 'Just make yourselves at home. Sylvester will look after you. You can use the telephone, if you want to.'

'Where are you going?' Three of them asked the question together.

'I'm going out to buy another bottle of Scotch.'

That held them.

'Tell teacher I'll be right back,' he said, going out.

'That guy's a nut,' commented one.

'Just a college boy,' explained another. 'Come on, Sylvester, we'll have another drink.'

VI

Jupiter's car was parked outside Hallowell House in an alley. He got in and drove out toward Brattle Street. He did n't know exactly what he expected to accomplish by visiting the Fairchilds, and if the Sergeant found out he would probably give him hell. His father had been a classmate of Mr. Fairchild's at Harvard, and when Jupiter had arrived as a freshman they had invited him to Sunday dinner. From then on, he had spent a good deal of time at the Fairchilds'.

He thought what a damn fool Mrs. Fairchild was to get mixed up with Singer. Singer, of all people! If she must have her fun, why not someone a little less obvious? She had been pretty clever about it, though; he doubted if even her husband knew about it.

He turned into the driveway. The house was set back from the street. It was large and yellow.

'You've got some explaining to do, lady,' he said, getting out.

A maid met him at the door. Mr. Fairchild was right behind her.

'Come in, Jupiter, come in. Awfully nice of you to come so soon.' The maid faded out. 'This is terrible, terrible! Must have been a shock, finding the body. Terrible!'

'Yes it was, sir — terrible!'

'I saw him a minute myself, this afternoon. Oh, it's frightful — unbelievable! Stabbed, you say?'

'Yes. Where's Mrs. Fairchild? I'm afraid I can't stay more than a minute.'

'Of course. Yes. She's upstairs. Don't know what she wants to see you about. Better go up. She's in the front sitting room.' He waved toward the stairs.

Jupiter expected to find her pale and nervous, but was impressed, as he always was at first seeing her, by her healthy color and tremendous energy. If she was shocked by the news, as she surely must be, she hid it well.

'Oh, Jupiter, you're here,' she said.

He sat down.

'Tell me about it,' she ordered.

'Why don't you tell me about it?' he asked.

'What do you mean, Jupiter?' She seemed sincere.

'Really, Connie,' — she liked him to call her that, — 'you did n't ask me to come up here to tell you the gruesome details.'

'Oh, Jupiter, don't joke now, please.' She was hurt.

'I'm sorry,' he said, and he was. 'But I can't stay long. What did you want to see me about?'

'Were you there when — when the police came?'

'Yes.'

'Did they find anything? I mean, did they find —'

He'd been expecting that.

'They did n't find this.' He showed her the purse.

'Oh, I'm so glad,' she whispered. 'Oh, I'm so glad!'

'But that is n't going to make much difference,' he added.

She stared at him wide-eyed. 'You did n't tell them?'

'No, I did n't tell them,' he answered. 'But maybe you'd better tell me how that purse happened to be in Singer's room.'

'I left it there. I did n't remember it until I got home.' She explained it simply, like a schoolgirl who had forgotten her rubbers. It seemed all right to her now that she knew the police did n't know.

'Listen, Connie,' said Jupiter softly. 'This is a murder — remember that. I don't know what you were doing in Singer's room, but the police will find out you were there. Someone probably saw you go in or come out. They will be up here asking questions. What time did you see Singer?'

'You don't think they'd suspect me?' She was beginning to realize the situation. 'Oh, if this gets in the papers!'

'They won't suspect you, and it won't get in the papers.' He said that to quiet her. 'What time did you see Singer?'

'About six, I guess. Just for a minute, though,' she said. 'I don't know — maybe it was later.'

'Try to make sure; it's pretty important.'

'Let's see. I got home at six-thirty. I must have left about six-fifteen. I was there only a very few minutes.'

Well, that clears Fitzgerald, thought Jupiter.

'Just for the records, Connie,' — he thought he'd have a try at it, — 'did you kill him?'

She glared at him. He had expected a reaction; he got it.

'That's not like you, Jupiter.' She spoke softly but intensely.

He sighed. 'I'm very young and unworldly, but you can't expect me to miss everything that goes on. I've known about you and Singer for some time.'

She broke down. She pulled out a handkerchief and began dabbing at her eyes.

'I'm a fool!' Jupiter realized he was in for it. 'I don't know why I thought no one would know. Oh, Jupiter, you say you've known about it, but you have n't — you're too young. You've read novels about married women with families who make fools of themselves with other men, but it was n't like that. Really it was n't. I love my family and my husband — I do. My life has been happy; I've had everything I want. But you know what Arthur is like; I don't have to tell you. He's a model husband, — everyone says so, — but he's sometimes tiresome, he really is.' Jupiter agreed with her. 'He has no feeling about the things I like; he pretends to like music and painting, but he does n't; he hates them. I've known Albert Singer a long time; we've always been friends. That's true; really, it was n't any more than that. He is — was a charming man. I know you don't think so, but from a woman's point of view he was. We saw a lot of each other, at dinner parties and here — never alone. And then, well, things changed. We went out alone together; lunches in the country — that sort. Oh, you know what happened. It was nobody's fault — no, I guess it was my fault. I was weak. After that, we had to be careful, and —' She was crying openly now. 'I never loved him, I never thought about divorce. He — he — I think he loved me; he wanted me to divorce Arthur and marry him. I told him I could n't — it would n't be fair — fair to Arthur and the children; so I told him it was over.'

She sank back in her chair, exhausted. Jupiter watched her; he hated to see a woman cry. He felt inadequate.

'God, what a mess!' he murmured. He wanted to say something that would help, but could n't think of anything. 'How long ago was this?'

She sat up; she was getting hold of her-

self. 'I don't know why I told you all that, but I feel better now that you know the truth. It was last week. I had n't seen him until to-day.'

'Does your husband know about it?'

'Yes, we had it out; I told him the truth.' She had stopped crying. 'He was wonderful; said it was n't my fault and that we would begin over again.'

'There must have been a good reason for your going to see Singer this afternoon?'

'I went to return some things he had given me. I should n't have.'

'I'm not trying to be inquisitive, Connie; but how did he take all this? I mean your giving him up?'

She frowned. 'He was nice, at first; but this afternoon he was different; said some nasty things I'd rather not repeat. Of course in a way I don't blame him; he got a bad deal. But then — oh, let's not talk about it. It's all over.'

'It's not all over, Connie,' said Jupiter seriously. 'It's only beginning. Did you know that Mr. Fairchild saw him this afternoon?'

'Yes, I know,' she said wearily. 'Albert said some nasty things about that, too — about crawling to my husband. Oh, it was terrible!'

'You've got to face facts now. I'm serious. When the police find out both you and your husband saw Singer just before he was murdered, they're going to wonder.'

She put her head in her hands. 'Oh, it's too awful,' she moaned. 'The papers will get hold of it and there will be a terrible mess.'

'Don't worry about the papers yet. Until they have some definite proof, the police won't publish any names, I know that.' He was doing some thinking. 'I want to talk to Mr. Fairchild.'

At the door he stopped. 'Tell me truthfully, Connie: did you kill him?'

She stood up. 'No, I did n't, Jupiter. I swear it.'

He smiled. 'I did n't think so, but I like to make sure. Let's go down and see Arthur.'

They went downstairs together. Mr. Fairchild was in his study, a small room decorated chiefly with pictures of racing yachts.

Jupiter was businesslike. 'Connie's told me everything. I can't stay here much

longer, and if the police find out I've been here at all I'll get in trouble. Did you know that she saw Singer after you did to-day?'

Evidently he did n't. 'No, no, I did n't. Why, Connie —'

Jupiter cut in. 'Don't bother about that now. She explained it to me. Did you keep your appointment with him this afternoon?'

'Yes, I left him a little before six.'

'All right. Now if you want my advice, Connie, you'd better tell the police you were there this afternoon. It's better than having them find out themselves later. Make up any excuse you like; tell them you went there to ask Professor Singer to come to your musicale to-morrow night — anything.'

Mrs. Fairchild gasped, 'Heavens! I'd forgotten all about to-morrow night. What shall we do about it?'

'Call it off, of course,' said Mr. Fairchild.

'But how can we?' She was bewildered. 'It's been planned for weeks. I've engaged those people from the Symphony; everyone's coming!'

'Hell!' said Jupiter. 'Have your musicale. Why not?'

'What will people say?' said Mrs. Fairchild. It was important to her.

'Never mind,' said Jupiter. 'If the usual crowd is coming, it will be fun.'

Mrs. Fairchild looked at him. 'Mr. and Mrs. Sampson always come, and Professor Hadley; but the others — Mr. Burnhart from the Boston Museum and, oh dear! that Frenchman from New York — Renier, I think his name is — what shall we do?'

Jupiter was amazed at her. The musicale seemed more important than the murder.

'Have you asked Fitzgerald, the painter?'

'Why, yes. Why?'

'Have your musicale, then,' Jupiter laughed. 'Don't worry; everyone will come. There won't be much music, but there'll be plenty of conversation.'

'It might be wiser,' put in Mr. Fairchild.

A maid appeared at the door. She was wild-eyed.

'There is a policeman at the door, sir. He wants to see you.'

'Good God!' said Jupiter. 'It's the Inspector. I'll go out the back door. Don't tell him I was here, and remember to tell most of the truth.'

He slid into the hall and out into the kitchen. Behind him he heard the Sergeant lumbering down the hall. He waited until the maid came back.

'Much excitement, Mary — much excitement. My hat and coat are in the hall. Sneak out and collect them, will you?'

She was back in a minute, panting. 'Here they are; he did n't see me.'

'Pretty work, Mary,' said Jupiter, smiling. 'What time did Mrs. Fairchild come in this evening?'

She hesitated.

'Come, tell Uncle Jupiter; it's all right.'

'I don't know as I ought.' She was building up suspense.

Jupiter had his coat on. 'Oh, well, it does n't matter. Good night, Mary.'

'She came in at half-past six, sir.'

'Thanks,' he said, going out.

His car was parked at the side of the house in the driveway. There was a police car on Brattle Street, directly opposite. He could n't tell if there was anyone in it.

'Thank God this driveway has a back entrance,' he murmured. 'See you later, Inspector.'

He drove out. On the way back to Hallowell House he reviewed his talk with Mrs. Fairchild. As much as he liked her, he could n't help thinking she was in a tough spot and that it was her fault she was there. He could understand her feeling about the papers. One word of scandal, the kind of scandal connected with a murder trial, and she would have to move away from Boston. He was not a native of Boston, but he knew something about the town — enough. Rankin would undoubtedly connect the two visits to Singer, — he could n't miss it, — but so far he had nothing to go on. The time of Singer's death had n't been established, although Jupiter was convinced that he never got any dinner. That would put the time between six-fifteen and seven, at the latest.

'Well,' he mused, 'if some good clean-living citizen does n't come forward and say he saw Singer alive after six-fifteen, Connie is going to have to answer a lot of questions and they won't be asked by Sergeant Rankin.'

There was a line of cars parked near Hallowell House. He had to hunt around for a space. He was just climbing out when

he saw the familiar figure of Professor Hadley approaching in the rain.

Professor Hadley was that extremely rare character, an absent-minded professor. All the hackneyed jokes ever made about absent-minded professors could be applied to him and nobody would be surprised. In the field of Fine Arts at Harvard he was at home.

'Good evening, Professor Hadley,' said Jupiter quietly.

He was startled. 'Oh — ah, good evening, sir. Oh, it's you, Jones. Excuse me.'

Coming from anyone else, this would be a crack. 'Yes,' said Jupiter.

'I've just seen a most lovely girl, Jones — most lovely. Something Botticelli about her, hard to define, and an extremely good actress.' He was excited.

Jupiter guessed his secret. 'You've been to the movies?'

'Yes — er, yes, at the University. As I was saying, this girl —'

'Professor Singer's been murdered.'

Nothing registered. 'Murdered? Oh, well, as I say, there was one scene, a scene in a field — What was that you said? Professor Singer? I think I misunderstood you.'

'Professor Singer was murdered sometime between six and eight, this evening.'

Jupiter could almost see his mind working.

'Murdered? There must be some mistake, Jones. That's impossible — really. Murdered? Oh no!'

'I'm afraid it's true, sir. I found him, and the police are there now.'

Hadley had accepted the fact. Jupiter was startled by the change in him. He had somehow expected him to go to pieces, but the little man seemed to grow stronger. He drew his coat tighter around his neck and started off toward his room. Jupiter went with him.

'Of course, Jones, this is a horrible thing for the University.' He spoke definitely; most of his stuttering and groping for words had gone. 'Professor Singer and I were friends — co-workers, you know. I shall miss him. Yes, I shall miss him. You have probably not been unaware of the animosity between Singer and myself, but that was inevitable. A few years ago — but I shan't mention that.'

Jupiter could n't figure it; it did n't add up. Here was old Professor Hadley, the timid rabbit, talking about a man who had been murdered three hours ago as if the whole thing had happened years before. There was no explanation. Or was there? Suppose Hadley had hoped for something like this — something that would remove the brilliant Singer from his field, make him the recognized leader in his work at Harvard. It sounded impossible, but, hell! professors must have some ambition; they could n't go on instilling the same old facts into unreceptive students unless they had something to look forward to. Jupiter had always thought Hadley must be reconciled to mediocrity. He was a dull lecturer, one of the dullest; he seemed happy enough pottering around the Museum, collecting slides for his next class. Do you suppose he hoped for the time when students would whisper, 'There goes Hadley. You'll have to take his course on sculpture; it's the only one given, but God help you!' Funny how little you know about your professors, thought Jupiter.

Hadley was still talking. 'The police are there, you say? I dare say they will find the guilty person. I have no idea how they go about it — not the slightest. Well, this will be a blow to the department. Yes, a distinct blow. I wonder who will take over his courses?'

There it is, thought Jupiter; he's thinking about it already.

'The police will want to talk to you,' said Jupiter. He thought he'd break it gently.

'Talk to me? Oh yes, of course. They will want to know if I heard the shot or something. I'm afraid I won't be able to help them much.'

Rankin will kill me for this, he thought, but then I'm far enough in it now. 'Did you have dinner at the House, sir?'

'Why, yes.' He looked at Jupiter sharply. 'Why did you ask that?'

'When did you last see Professor Singer?'

'Now just a minute, Jones. I think the police had better ask those questions.'

'They will,' he said. 'I was just preparing you.'

'Did you say you had found the body?'

'Yes. I'm working with the police,' he lied.

'Well, in that case, perhaps, it would be better if I told you and avoided the police altogether.'

Jupiter coughed. 'Well, there may be a few odds and ends they'd like to check up with you.'

They were approaching the crowd outside Singer's room. Jupiter did n't care about being seen with Hadley. After all, the police had been looking for him for a couple of hours.

He stopped. 'What time was it you last saw Professor Singer?'

'I came down with him from the Museum about four. I have n't seen him since.'

Jupiter had to work quickly. Mr. Swayle was mingling with the crowd.

'Do you remember that you had an appointment to have dinner with him tonight?'

He thought a minute. 'Yes. Yes, I do. To tell you the truth, I forgot about it. I forgot about it purposely.'

Jupiter almost collapsed. Why, the man seemed proud of the fact!

He managed, 'You forgot about it purposely?'

Hadley was excited. 'Yes, purposely. I was sick and tired of having Singer order me to eat with him. That's what he did — order me! I said to myself, I'll go over to the dining hall and he can join me if he will; but I won't call for him!'

Mr. Swayle had spotted Hadley; he was coming over.

'Maybe, sir, maybe you'd better just tell the police you forgot about it. They might not understand. I forgot something in my car; I'll see you later.'

He ran up the street. Mr. Swayle had n't seen him.

VII

He waited at a safe distance until Hadley and Mr. Swayle had gone into the building, then he walked quickly toward the House.

'So far,' he told himself, 'I'm doing all right. I've hidden evidence, told the Fairchilds what to say, and now I'm covering up Hadley. The Inspector will lock me up if he finds out and I can't say that I'd blame him.'

A small crap game was in progress on the floor of his room. Only three reporters remained. Sylvester was trying for a four.

'Don't let me interrupt,' said Jupiter, taking off his coat.

'Where ah yoo, little Joe!' said Sylvester, rolling. 'Ha!'

'Stop me if I'm wrong,' said Jupiter. 'But I thought there'd been a murder. Don't you guys have to write stories?'

'Hell, no, we're photographers,' explained one. They went on with the game.

Jupiter mixed a drink and came back to the game.

'Do you mind if I sit in?'

'Come ahead,' said one, moving over. 'But lay off Sylvester; he's having a heat wave.'

The gaming proceeded. He had another drink; they all did. The pleasant pastime was broken up by Rankin appearing in the fire door.

The Sergeant was not boisterous. 'I'd like to see you a minute, Jones.'

Jupiter thought he looked a trifle like an old headmaster he had once known.

The Sergeant closed the door in Singer's room.

'Now listen here, Jones, I'm in charge of this case and I'm supposed to question the witnesses. What's the idea of talking to Hadley?'

'So you've seen the good pedant?' He was feeling the last drink.

'You can cut the wisecracks. What did he tell you?'

'Probably the same thing he told you.'

Rankin was losing control. 'Listen, Jones, this murder may be a lot of fun for you, but it's my job — get that. I won't have anyone working against me. As I pointed out before, you can be of some help to me, but you've got to work with me, not against me.'

'I see your point,' said Jupiter. 'As a matter of fact, I just happened to bump into Hadley on the street. My curiosity got the better of my usual good judgment and I asked questions. I'm sorry.'

'That's better. Now what did he tell you?'

'I asked him if he'd had dinner at the House; he answered yes. Then I asked him if he remembered his date with Singer for dinner and he said he'd forgotten it. I did n't talk with him very long.'

'Is that all?' asked the Sergeant.

'All,' answered Jupiter.

'Did he know about the murder when you spoke to him?'

'No, I broke the news to him; he'd been to the movies.'

'How did he take it?'

'I'd swear on any amount of Bibles it was the first he'd heard of it.'

'Maybe,' said the Sergeant doubtfully. 'But forgetting about dinner was a hot one.'

'If you think Hadley killed Singer you're crazy.'

'I'm not thinking who killed him yet; I'm trying to find out the time of his death. As a matter of fact, Professor Sampson was with Hadley until quarter of seven.'

'You've been doing all right,' said Jupiter. He thought he'd sound him on the Fairchild situation. 'Well, then, the last person to see Singer was Fitzgerald.'

Rankin took the bait. 'No, I've found the person Singer was expecting. Mrs. Fairchild, the wife of the banker, paid him a short visit; left about six-fifteen, she says.'

Jupiter whistled. He hoped it sounded authentic.

'It looks bad for the lady,' he suggested.

'Not necessarily. I tell you I'm just trying to place the time, but their both seeing him to-night needs some explaining. He says he saw him on business and she says she was inviting him to some party she's throwing.'

They were both thinking.

Finally Rankin said, 'I'm convinced Singer did n't have dinner. I've checked with them over in the dining hall and they say he never appeared. The dining hall closes at seven, and so if he was n't dead before then he would have gone over. How does that strike you?'

'I'll admit that had occurred to me, Inspector.'

'That places it between six-fifteen and seven,' mused Rankin.

'What's the story on that dramatic little scene we had here a while ago featuring Miss Slade?' He wanted a change of subject.

'I had a talk with her about that. She's still convinced Fitzgerald killed him. Says for the last week, ever since he got here, Singer's been nervous, hardly able to do his work. There may be something in it.'

'Did Slade translate Singer's little note, "Con plus Mad"?''

'No, she could n't figure it out. . . . I don't think it's important, though — probably something to do with his work. I've been through the notes in his desk, but I can't connect it. . . . You go on back and look after those reporters, but don't tell them anything, remember that, and if you come across any more witnesses let me talk to them.'

Rankin was pleasant again. Jupiter figured he was satisfied with the way the case was going.

He had started through the fire door. 'I suppose you've already done it, Inspector, but how about checking up on Fitzgerald? Find out what time he got back to his hotel?'

The Sergeant smiled. 'Thanks, I'm checking everyone's alibi, don't worry about that. I'm going to talk to the students in this entry. Have n't had a chance yet. Tell the boys I'll give 'em their story as soon as I can.'

Back in his own room Jupiter found things much as he had left them. Sylvester was still dominating the game. A few more news hounds had wandered in; they wanted information.

'Sorry, no dice,' said Jupiter. 'Rankin has pledged me to silence, but he will appear in person directly.'

Time passed. Someone brought in the *American* extra. There was n't much to the story — an account of Jupiter finding the body, a picture of Singer, and a brief biographical sketch. It was going big outside; students were fighting for copies.

About twelve the Sergeant came back and said he was leaving for the night — he'd be back in the morning. Sylvester and Jupiter were alone.

Jupiter relaxed. 'Quite an evening, Sylvester.'

Sylvester was all smiles. 'Ah can't complain.'

Sylvester collected glasses and began washing them in the bathroom. Jupiter never thought of going to bed before one-thirty or two; it was against his principles. Idly, he reviewed the evening's events. He was convinced that Connie Fairchild was innocent; but if she had n't done it, who

had? Fitzgerald and Hadley were alibied, and after all the field of possible murderers was fairly limited.

'I'll have to wait until the Inspector has done more groundwork, then I can let my master intellect sift the facts,' he thought.

Puzzles fascinated him. He toyed with Singer's note, 'Con+Mad.' On the rare occasions when he actually studied, he let his thoughts out vocally.

"Con" — I have a feeling that must be Connie, but I kept that from the Inspector — "plus Mad." If "Mad" is a woman's name, it would be what? Madeline — marvelous, Jones, you're wasting your time at Harvard — Madeline who? I know no Madelines.' He scratched his head. 'But if it was Connie and Maddy, why would he write that down? If a man was trying to make up his mind about two women, why in God's name would he mark it important and write it out on a scratch pad? The man may have been queer, but not that queer. Forgetting for a minute that there are any women involved, what would Singer be apt to write on a pad. . . . Notes about his work, as the Inspector suggests? Very probably. What kind of work?' Suddenly he sat back in his chair and yelled. Sylvester dropped a glass. 'Oh, my God!' Jupiter was laughing. 'The boy detective at Harvard. Here I've been looking for women's names and the thing is juvenile.'

Sylvester stuck his head in the door. 'What is it, Mr. Jupiter?'

'It's nothing, Sylvester; this murder has gone to my head. I've been looking for mysterious messages and I've found a reminder of Singer's about his lecture for to-morrow. The plus sign fooled me. It's nothing but a cross, just a plain cross — Singer's own abbreviation for a Crucifixion, some painting he wanted to speak about. I might have known. I've seen it enough times. Of course "Mad" stands for Madonna and "Con" could mean a lot of things — Conversazione, Consecration, Condottiere.

'Sylvester,' he added, 'if you've finished, you'd better go home. Come in early and bring the papers.'

Sylvester departed happily. He was in twenty-three dollars.

(To be continued)

"I Have a Million Dollars to Leave"

1 1 1

If you had one million dollars to give to your community, how would you wish it spent?

This is not a hypothetical question. An *Atlantic* reader is studying that actual problem to-day. Feeling in need of counsel, he sent to the *Atlantic* a statement of his case, together with letters of endorsement from his bankers. Read his statement carefully: —

I am a retired business man, spending the last years of a long life in the town (now city) where I was born and have continuously lived. In one respect I am fortunate — I am, measured by local standards certainly, wealthy. In another respect I am most unfortunate — I have no near relatives. This fact has complicated the problem of what I shall do with my money, and I have spent many hours pondering it. I have reached no conclusion which satisfies me. After providing for certain old friends and distant relatives, I shall have a million dollars to leave. To whom — for what good purpose — shall I leave it? Perhaps the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* can help me.

The money was made in this community and I want it to go back to the community in some wise and beneficial manner. I shall attempt to describe the community as completely as I can without disclosing its identity. My city is close to 100,000 in population, is situated in the Middle West, surrounded by rich farm land. Although some sizable manufacturers are located here, we are not predominantly an industrial city. There is no large foreign population. Our growth has been slow and steady. I suppose we did not go quite so low in the depression as even the average American city; we did not fly quite so high in the "boom" days preceding. We have a good school system, good parks and playgrounds, swimming pools and golf courses, even a small art gallery. We have very adequate hospitals, well endowed. There is no local college or university. My problem of how best to dispose of my money is the more difficult because there is no single outstanding need which shows itself.

Certainly I am not looking for a useless decorative memorial. A dozen purposes suggest themselves, but there is always the disconcerting suspicion that a better purpose, a wiser memorial, has been overlooked. From the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* I hope the suggestion may come of this wise memorial which has eluded my own thinking.

1 1 1

The donor, who wishes to be anonymous, has authorized the *Atlantic* to award a prize of \$1000 for a paper of not more than a thousand words containing the best suggestion or plan for the disposal of this million-dollar gift.

The manuscripts will be judged by the editors, whose decision will be final. It is hoped that they will be typed, but those in *legible* handwriting will be acceptable.

Manuscripts must be submitted to the *Atlantic Monthly*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, on or before September 15, 1936. The prize-winning paper will be published in the magazine, if possible in the November issue. No employee of the *Atlantic* is eligible to compete.

Contestants are limited to a single entry; each manuscript should bear on its envelope the inscription, *The Million Dollar Community Contest*. All manuscripts submitted will become the property of the donor.

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

AN *Atlantic* pilot for twenty-eight years, **Ellery Sedgwick** (p. 129) recently crossed the Pacific to appraise for himself the hospitable anchorage and the seafaring experience of the Japanese.

After speaking his mind (in our January and April issues) on two subjects of concern to every New Englander, — the zest of skiing and the iniquity of Manhattan, — Mr. Pennyfeather has sailed down East to spend the best of the summer with his friend **Donald Moffat** (p. 139).

Educated at Columbia, **George E. Sokolsky** (p. 150) followed the yearnings of all young radicals when he journeyed to Russia in the months immediately following the Revolution. His next call took him to China, where he married and lived as a participant in the struggle between nationalism and Communism. On his return to the United States, theory and practice had converted him to a conservative philosophy.

In a Letter which Pope would have enjoyed, **Robert Hillyer** (p. 158) pays his respects to those who dwell on the Parnassian slope — and those who don't. Chiefly his words are addressed to the most highly esteemed poet in America to-day, Robert Frost.

Hugo Johanson (p. 164) has been in bread lines, flophouses, and on relief since 1931. He knows what continued exposure to such disheartenment can do to one's morale.

When not in Spain, **Geoffrey Household** (p. 177) is usually to be found at his London address. An Englishman now in his thirty-fifth year, he has had four short stories in the *Atlantic* since the turn of the year, evidence enough that we think his prose is worth discovering.

A Chicago lawyer, **Mitchell Dawson** (p. 184) reminds us of an imperative tax which most of us pay without knowing it.

It was while serving as a liaison officer with the British Expeditionary Force that **André Maurois** (p. 187) began seriously to study the English temperament. He created at that time a fictitious warrior, 'Colonel Bramble,' who was a central, if quiet, character in his first two books. The novelist promoted Bramble to a General in 1922.

In forty short stories, four novels, and one play, **Walter D. Edmonds** (p. 189) has made a good beginning on his lifelong ambition to tell the history of New York State in terms of fiction. His novel of the American Revolution, *Drums along the Mohawk*, is the August selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Timothy Fuller (p. 193) saw Harvard as a member of the class of 1936. The youngest contributor to this issue, he has contrived a story fresh, crisp, and colloquial, but one which is *not* based squarely on fact. No homicide has yet occurred to mar Harvard's three-hundredth birthday.

Within his country's borders, **Italicus** (p. 201) has watched those moves in international chess which have compelled Mussolini to take the initiative.

From the manuscript of **Agnes Repplier's** (p. 210) new book, *In Pursuit of Laughter*, we selected two delicious helpings. The first — entitled 'The House of Laughter' — appeared in the *Atlantic* for July.

A student of economics, **Clifford B. Reeves** (p. 217) is a business man with headquarters in New York City.

From Australia **Mrs. Ethel Anderson** (p. 226) sends us her design for a most romantic garden.

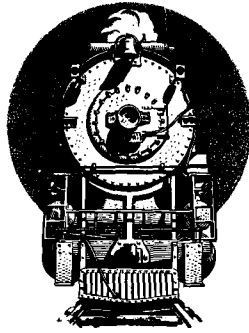
A native of Kenosha, Wisconsin, **Richard Sullivan** (p. 228) is a free lance with all the courage and zest of twenty-seven.

Stanley Casson (p. 233), a don at New College, Oxford, will be recognized by other authorities in archæology.

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In the Contributors' Column of the June *Atlantic*, we published a poem dedicated to New York — parentage unknown — a copy of which was forwarded to us by Dr. Dykes of Thomasville, Georgia. The author, Byron R. Newton, now steps forward to acknowledge his child. 'That little poem of mine on New York,' he writes, 'has been wandering about the world anonymously for thirty years and now appears in your magazine under the foster-fatherhood of a

New Standards in Rail Making



HUGE freight locomotives drawing cars at express speeds, stream-line trains shooting along the tracks at a new record pace, have given a new utility and service to railroad travel.

To meet this pace and permit further progress there has been developed the controlled-cooled rail.

The controlled-cooled rail does away with the invisible enemy of transportation known as transverse fissures. Transverse fissures are internal cracks in the steel structure which tend to grow larger under service conditions and ultimately cause rail breakages.

Throughout all the years of railroad-ing the transverse fissure has baffled both railway men and steel makers.

The occurrence of the transverse fissure seemed unpreventable. Invisible until the break reached the surface, it eluded ordinary track inspection and was detectable only by the use of elaborate special equipment.

In recent years the total of rail breakages or removals from track because of transverse fissures has been running between four and five thousand cases annually in the main line railroad systems, according to the American Railway Engineering Association.

For many years Bethlehem Steel Company facilities and Bethlehem metallurgists have been working on the problem. The controlled-cooling process utilizes the discovery that transverse fissures are caused by tiny shatter cracks which are frequently found in rails which have cooled from the red hot stage in ordinary atmospheric temperature. This is remedied by taking the rails from the hot bed and reducing their temperature gradually.

More than 300,000 tons of controlled-cooled rails have been put into service in major railroad systems in the United States and Canada without the reporting of a single transverse fissure failure.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

The COLUMN

doctor in Thomasville, Georgia. In its pilgrimage it has been claimed by or accredited to authors and poets of high and low degree from Kipling to Christopher Morley. In recent years it has been generally accredited to Sir Alfred Noyes.

'Naturally, in its tender years I felt a parental compassion for the homeless little urchin, but now, in its adolescence, it is quite comforting to know that it has found shelter and domicile with a kindly country doctor — hope he may be a real Dr. Dafoe to my little quinn.'

The time, the place, and the man.

Dear Atlantic, —

William Hard's article in the May *Atlantic* on 'Overburdened Men in the White House' is very interesting, but I think he missed one vital point. He compares the labors and responsibilities of the President and the Premiers of France and Britain, but does not mention that the latter, whether they take office at forty, sixty, seventy, or eighty, are taking a job which they are thoroughly familiar with, have probably held once or several times before, and have spent from twenty to fifty years preparing for.

The President, on the other hand, is thrown into his titanic responsibilities with no proper apprenticeship. In fact there is no office, series of offices, or any other means of education which even begins to prepare a man for the Presidency of the United States. Is it, then, any wonder that the Presidency is hard to handle?

The heads of the European democracies are recruited from only one source and by only one system — by the long grind of parliamentary procedure. They have spent long years in the ranks of the opposition and in minor positions in the government until their powers are thoroughly tried and known to their colleagues, their opponents, and themselves. Of course they are masters of the technique of their jobs, because they have been exercising the same technique in other positions for years, and if they did not have the special talent required in a superb degree they would never have arrived anywhere near the top.

Our Presidents are recruited from almost anywhere, and by such miracles of manipulation and fortuitousness as only an inscrutable providence can account for. They have been Governors, Senators, Representatives, Cabinet Members, Vice Presidents, and soldiers. None of these positions is anything like the Presidency, or prepares a man with either the knowledge, the technique, or the art to be a successful President. A Governor of a populous state with a diversity of interests does have a similar job on a much smaller scale, and probably this accounts for the fact that so many of our more successful Presidents have been Governors. A Congressman gets no experience in administration, so when one becomes President he is being tossed into a new field. Probably the poorest antecedent of all is a career of purely administrative positions, such as Cabinet or Army, for then there has been no experience

of dealing either with Congress or with the electorate.

Gladstone and Clemenceau were undeniably grand old men, but if there was anything that they were supremely able to do in their old age it was the same thing they had been able to do and had done in their younger days. It is certainly no injustice to them to doubt whether they would have been so successful in a new and untried field, either when they were making their last magnificent efforts or forty years before, when they were developing their powers.

If the European systems of government have any superiorities over our own, they probably are to be found in this difference in the roads to power. Yet America does seem to have a way of getting the right man in the right place at the right time once in a while when the need is greatest.

R. J. WILSON, JR.
Somerville, New Jersey

The 'Letters from the Dust Bowl' by Mrs. Caroline A. Henderson, which appeared in our May issue, brought to the author this gratifying response from Washington.

Dear Mrs. Henderson: —

Your article in the May *Atlantic* is very interesting. These 'Letters from the Dust Bowl' will give a good many of our city people a better understanding of some of our farm problems and the courage with which farmers are meeting them. You are certainly to be congratulated.

Sincerely,
(sgd) H. A. WALLACE, *Secretary*
Department of Agriculture, Washington

An archaeologist speaks.

Dear Atlantic, —

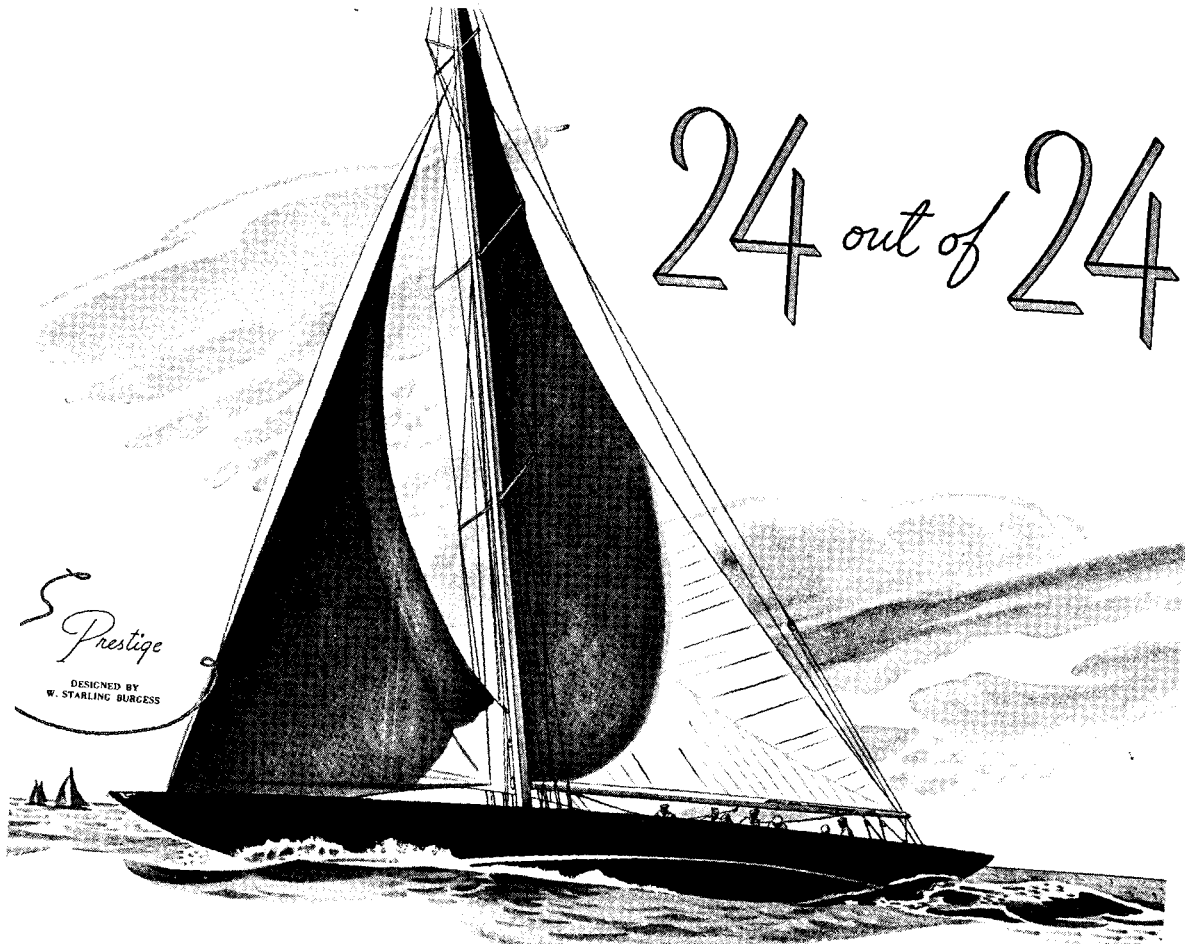
I read with great interest and sympathy Mrs. Caroline Henderson's article in the May issue of the magazine.

My work has taken me through some thirty states the past fifty years, particularly in the South and our great Southwest country. We are entirely responsible for dust storms and floods. We destroyed the buffalo grass, thus changing a grazing country into a wheat area. Buffalo grass was nutritious and furnished food for countless millions of buffaloes and antelopes — later for great herds of cattle. During the past twenty years our agriculturists have, through most of our states, industriously drained their acres; thus the surface water rushes off during winter and spring. There are protracted droughts throughout the summer. One of our most famous foresters told me a few years ago that we were cutting timber three times as fast as it grew.

Destruction of native grasses and timber results in lowering of what is termed the water table. This, persisted in, will not only destroy animal and vegetable life, but also drastically affect human existence in our country.

I ran several expeditions many years ago through the Great Plains and Southwest. There were occasional dust storms, especially on the upper Canadian and Arkansas rivers, but they were not nation-wide in scope. Old cattle men and Indians, who knew the

24 out of 24



Close hauled, sails high and full, in the almost imperceptible swell the white winged sloop carries a bone in her teeth.

Prestige is footing fast. Skipper Harold S. Vanderbilt, at the helm, eyes the set of her sails. Thus, accurately, might a reporter have written, as Prestige neared the finish line for her twenty-fourth victory in twenty-four starts during the racing season of 1935.

Prestige is a Class M Sloop. She was created in 1927 by W. Starling Burgess, famed as the designer of Enterprise and Rainbow, the two most recent America's Cup Defenders.

Both of these successful Defenders were skippered by Mr. Vanderbilt, owner of Prestige. His genius in yacht racing and his thoroughgoing sportsmanship are held in universal regard.

Mr. Vanderbilt first raced Prestige in 1931, using a mast of Alcoa Aluminum, designed by W. Starling Burgess and his brother C. P. Burgess, noted engineer.

Again in 1935, after an interim of three years devoted to racing still larger boats, Mr. Vanderbilt returned to Class M competition with Prestige. The mast was brought out of unheated storage; it was again stepped in Prestige and

her unmarred record of victories against keen competition was begun.

The technically minded reader will quickly recognize that the satisfactory performance of the mast of Alcoa Aluminum, after three years of uncoddled idleness, well proves its original strength not to have diminished.

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The COLUMN

past, informed me that we should have 'held' a Great Plains section for grazing.

Space does not permit a lengthy comment on the destruction of game, birds, and fish due to deforestation and pollution of streams. It should be mentioned that our laws are sufficient to prevent pollution of streams, yet they are not enforced. There is widespread destruction of bird life along our seaboard from Maine to New Orleans, due to the fact that oil tankers 'clean out' when a few miles offshore. Countless numbers of ducks, geese, snipe, and even the hardy gulls have perished.

A mining engineer who knows his America contends we should build small dams near heads of our small rivers. This would cost less than enormous dams downstream; thus we could minimize flood menace as it grew.

WARREN KING MOOREHEAD
Andover, Massachusetts

In praise of Ph.D.'s.

Dear Atlantic, —

'Extra Ribs in Pigs,' by F. Emerson Andrews, in your June issue, prompts the writer's first letter to the Column.

For your information, there are theses and there are theses (with profuse apologies to Gerty Stein), even as there are plumbers and there are plumbers — good and bad. Amongst the 20,000 theses submitted yearly, perhaps not more than an even dozen will be worth the paper written upon. However, if these dozen (or less) prove to be practical, then my premise is that the effort expended will have been *not* in vain. (Yes, I have been through the mill along with those score of thousands of *researchers*!) Marie Curie, in the early 1900's, received her Doctorate from the Sorbonne, on her epoch-making study in radium. A practical study? Thomas Minehan, at Wisconsin, won an advanced degree on his research (gained by first-hand experiences) of 'Boy and Girl Tramps of America.' A practical and interesting dissertation?

Sometimes the world hears, reads, and uses to practical advantage studies made by seekers of Masters' and Doctors' degrees; most often this is not the case. Witness the study recently made by a scholar, entitled 'Ventilation of Classrooms.' The author of this paper found, among other things, that instead of spending large sums of money and practically dismantling some school buildings in order to install expensive apparatus for ventilation, the most effective type of ventilation may be gained by *merely opening the windows!* Who, might you ask, was responsible for the shelving of this thesis?

As to the silly titles of theses on page 680, any pedagogue could, within five minutes' notice, by referring to government pamphlets on thesis titles, supply an even sillier and larger number. However, let us not condemn a thesis merely by its title, unless we desire to be consistent and condemn a book by its cover. Which reminds us of the excited patient about to undergo an operation, who asked, 'Doctor, how long after this is all over will I know anything?' To

which the doctor answered, 'Well, don't put too much faith in the anæsthetic.' Merely a case of poor grammar.

To end my *dissertation* — a young lady in an Eastern tower of learning received her Master's degree with a thesis, 'How to Bake an Apple Pie.' Silly? Hardly! If a *good* apple pie resulted, I vote to grant her a Ph.D. What this country needs is a bigger and better apple pie! And if studious young men and women can in any way point the way to progress — whether it be educationally, chemically, and/or in the culinary arts — let us view their earnest efforts with tolerance, and bid them godspeed!

HARRY FARKAS
Adrian, Michigan

A Generation that won't be Lost.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the June issue Joseph Barber, Jr., reviewed Maxine Davis's *The Lost Generation*, and in closing said, 'It [the lost generation] cannot afford to accept passively the implications bound up in Miss Davis's mass of evidence.'

We are not 'lost' any more than any other generation living to-day. A depression places all people under economic strain and to make such a hullabaloo about one class is like making headline material of a child's death from a wreck which killed a number of people.

It is implied that we are a race of weaklings — resigned to our fate and an easy mark for some hare-brained leader who promises an answer to our problems. We are Young America! For us to rebel is not a whit more probable than for all America to do such a thing. We have intelligence enough to recognize wartime conditions — and to accept them without sense of defeat. Nor have we been so terribly and pitifully idle as was implied. Of course we had no money, and no honest-to-goodness job — but we worked here, there, and everywhere. We learned a lot — and know the things a dollar can buy. We are sure to be the lightest losers of any generation living to-day. We've had only ourselves to worry about. Those older than us had families; those younger were not able to help themselves. What about them? What are their losses?

In other words, we are n't children any more. If we can't take a man's part in American life to-day, — come what may, — there's no need to waste time and effort on the weak impotent creatures we should surely be if we were to accept 'passively' the term 'Lost Generation.'

NEMA LITTLE
Blair, Oklahoma

P. S. I graduated from high school three years ago — and have yet to attend college. I should n't have even tried to write — but these propagandists make me sore. If Maxine Davis is young and a member of depression-hit youth, she ought to be shot for lying down and crying. A lot of youngsters are too young *not* to believe the things she says. Why could n't she have written something we could have used like a banner — instead of dissecting us like pigs and making us think we were the most pitiful objects in all creation! The book is an insult to clear thinking. Forgive this outburst.

N. L.

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The COLUMN

Pitcairn, ho!

Dear Atlantic, —

The article by Roy Palmer Clark in the *May Atlantic*, 'The Schoolmaster of Pitcairn,' interested me very much.

On Christmas day, 1882, the ship of which I was a junior officer — British ship *Illawarra* — hove to off Pitcairn Island. Four boatloads of the islanders came off to us and spent a couple of hours exchanging their products, baskets, native fruits, etc., for such books and clothing and stores as we had, and yarning of their life on the island in turn for our news. Very probably the man 'Coffin' Mr. Palmer speaks of was among them.

What has stayed in my memory longest was the incident in their leaving. When the ship squared away to continue her voyage round the Horn, the four boats 'tossed oars' and the occupants sang most melodiously 'Pull for the shore, sailors, pull for the shore' as long as we were within hearing.

I. CAMPBELL HAYWOOD
Warren, Connecticut

Around the World in Eleven Years, the original chronicle by Patience, Richard, and Johnny Abbe, has, since its serialization, attracted to us a number of characteristic utterances from other youngsters, one of the most entertaining of which was written by E. Moffat, who, in her fourteenth year, was studying abroad.

Darling Mummy and Daddy and family in general and Mary,

You'd be surprised but school is quite fun at times. But the first few days the meals were horrid. I'm getting used to them now. The beds are just as you described and the pillows are straw and lumpy and about an inch thick. The kids are frightfully nice and very pretty most of them.

There's Joan and Helen and Tati and Helga and Haya and Moi in the big dortoire. Then there's Debby and Mary and Marianne in another and Janine and Marthe and Suzanne and a couple more somewhere above up on the next floor. Suzanne is very pretty and fiery and with a lovely complexion and large dark bleu eyes and long black eyelashes.

Suzanne is arguing violently with the perfectly loathesome teacher who said she was whistling or rather trying to whistle through her tongue the way the guitarist at Stuben did. So that started one of the everyday quarrels that occur every single day. She gets sent to bed without her supper tonight and in consequence she keeps very slim.

And you ought to see my skating, the skates are lovely (feeling and looking), I go simply whizzing round the pond every time we go and I only fall down about three times par jour. Oh by the way we went to that theatre lecture que j'ai te dit sur le telephone. The lecture was awful. But the movie afterwards was wonderful. It was of the Arlberg and St. Christophe and St. Anton with Hannes Schneider for hero!!!! which topped it off beautifully. And

Willi Walch was in it in the ski school and the same girl and the two cowboys that were in the thing at Senlis.

We saw the Zürser See! but not Stuben! Wah!! We saw near the Ulmer Hütte and lovely views all around, oh and about the lecture the man kept telling about how many changes of underdraws he had in his rucksack and he read us his letters and télégrams and how when he slid down a small glacier with a small avalanche his head swoll up and his eyes closed and his face was all bloody and dirty from scratches and he said it was such a lovely sensation when the hands of a woman wiped his face and it was the loveliest thing he ever felt in all his life. By the way will you send me a few absorbent blotters and a couple of pencils and my fountain pen, maybe I told you that on the telephone.

(Next morning). We are going to a place called Gryon to ski and I'm sure it is not going to be half as good as Stuben. (6 in the evening). Home at last it was quite nice especially the snow. None of the kids are any good really cuz they can only go down hill straight.

By the way you know the gratings they had at Stuben well there was one of those at Gryon and I slipped and fell on the damn thing and I think I have broken something I mean when I move it around to much it clicks in a dull painful sort of way.

That dratted bottier at Lausanne made my boots too wide so I've got the skis on the opposite feet.

By the way the surprise was they had found another pond for skating nearer La Pelouse. The anatomic lesson with the Dr is very interesting. He's been telling us about artificial respiration. The victim lies on the back with something under the shoulder blades and then squeezes like anything. Guess what the temperature is in our house it is 10 degrees above zero and 5 below I should say in the dortoire so in consequence I wear 2 wool shirts all the time. I change socks only 2 times a week and I wear my bedslippers and ski-socks so my feet are warm anyway but my hands and face freeze.

For breakfast on Thursday morning we have bread and butter and honey all stuck in a sandwich and then a kind of cold cereal that smells heavenly and looks gorgeous but tastes like Odol toothpaste and so I gobble it in haste and then eat a couple of sandwiches. The lessons: daily news: I get up at 15 minutes of 7, shower, breakfast 7.30, clear up, make bed, read for 30 minutes in biblio then lessons till 10.30 or study, then 2 prunes (uncooked) and a piece of dry bread. Lessons till 12.00. 2.00 skating till 4.30 gouté then — um — lessons or study till 7.00. Supper, gaiety, sleep. Well, there's my schedule. I'm about to go over to supper. I'm being lectured on respiratoire very very fiercely in a very noisy study not crossly we are learning rapidly how to skate H. and I.

P. S. A girl going to Bex is going to get me 2 bars of chocolate with a few centimes I gave her and boy what isn't going to go on in the dortoire tonight.

All my very best love to you both and the kids and Mlle.

E. MOFFAT

La Pelouse, Bex (Vaud), Suisse